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FEMALE BIOGRAPHY;

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS AND CELEBRATED

WOMEN,

OF ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES.

Alphabetically arranged.

BY MARY HAYS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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MEMOIRS

OF

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

OCTAVIA,

WIFE TO ANTONY.

OCTAVIA, grand-niece of Julius Cæsar, and sister to Augustus, was the daughter of Caius Octavius and Atia, Romans of distinguished birth and virtue. She received in the house of her parents a strict and exemplary education; she was early accustomed to control her feelings, to discipline her imagination, to sacrifice her inclinations to others, and to impart the benefits she received. The modesty of her deportment, her unaffected and simple manners, the beauty of her person, her virtues and fine qualities, rendered her the boast and ornament of the court; while her splendid connections, and affinity to the adopted son of Cæsar, procured her the devotion of

the Roman youth, who eagerly aspired to her alliance. Octavia, humble and unambitious, shunned the public homage; dreading to be made a sacrifice to political motives, she sighed after that purer happiness, which, seated in the mind, gratifies the heart and its affections. It was proposed, during the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, that Octavia should be given to the latter as a pledge of union, and that a period might be put to the dissensions which desolated Rome: but other circumstances arising, interrupted this negociation, and, for the present, delivered the princess from a destiny which, however adverse to her feelings, she had determined not to oppose. That the happiness of individuals should yield to the public welfare, was a principle which had been early impressed upon her mind.

Claudius Marcellus at this time possessed the consular dignity, and with it the respect and confidence of the citizens. The reputation of his virtues had attracted the attention of Octavia; by a farther acquaintance with his character, esteem was softened into tenderness; the princess rejoiced when she found herself destined, by her brother, to be the wife of a man whom her judgment and her heart equally approved. Marcellus united to an agreeable person and engaging manners, the qualities of a Roman citizen, of a hero, and of a sage. In these nuptials, Octavia found realised the most sanguine

wishes of a virtuous and tender heart. Marcellus loved his wife with entire affection, and confided in her as a friend: they seemed animated but by one soul; while their affections, their pursuits, their taste, and their judgment, were in perfect unison.

This harmony received no other interruption than from the calamities with which the state was torn, when the proscription of the triumvirs deluged Rome with blood. Octavia exerted on this occasion her influence with her brother to humanise his heart, and put a stop to the effusion of Roman blood: she refused her protection and good offices to no one, while her house was the refuge of the unfortunate. When these troubles were in some degree allayed, Octaviva requested permission to retire, with her husband, from the tumults of the city, to devote themselves to the leisure of a tranquil and studious life: but the pleasure which Octavius experienced in their society frustrated the execution of this plan, and still detained them in the capital. Octavia took no share in the dissipations of the court, or the amusements common to her sex and rank: secluded in her house, and devoted to her husband, she assisted him in his serious occupations, shared his pleasures, and passed in his society her most delightful hours.

Weeks and months thus glided away in delicious

tranquillity, when Marcellus was suddenly seized with a fever, which, in its commencement, exhibited the most malignant symptoms: his physicians, at the expiration of two days, despaired of his recovery, and exhorted him to settle his affairs. Marcellus, receiving the sentence of his death with manly fortitude, employed the short remainder of an useful and exemplary life, in consoling his beloved wife, in entreating her to support with firmness their separation, and to transfer to the pledges of their affection her cares and tenderness. The best support of his dying moments, he assured her, would be the conviction, that she would bear with resignation her loss; that she would not indulge in weak because fruitless sorrow; but look forward to new scenes of happiness, which her virtues merited, and of which her youth, her rank, and the vicissitudes of human affairs, gave her a reasonable prospect. Having breathed his last, the sorrow which, while her services might be yet useful, Octavia had stifled in her bosom, burst forth uncontrolled, while overpowered by the acuteness of her anguish, she sunk into a trance, and remained for some hours insensible to her loss. Time only could soften a grief so sincere and reasonable: Octavia found in her widowhood no mitigation of her affliction, but in calling to mind the dying injunctions of her husband, and in the duties and cares which her children demanded. With

the consent of her brother she retired from Rome, for the purpose of devoting herself to the education of her offspring, the only object which now attached her to life.

Soon after this period, the civil war having commenced between Octavius and Antony, it was proposed, by the common friends of the triumvirs, that, as a pledge of conciliation, the widow of Marcellus should be bestowed on Antony. Octavia heard this proposal with horror and repugnance; she knew not how to promise to Antony, whose infatuation to the queen of Egypt and whose neglect of his former wife had been notorious, that affection and respect which the tenderness and virtues of Marcellus had made not less her duty than her happiness. She felt the dissimilarity of her own character to that of the man who now demanded her, and the sacrifice which was exacted from her; she foresaw the misery into which she was about to be plunged, while the peace of Rome, and the duties which she owed to her distracted country, struggled with her repugnance: after a severe internal conflict, hopeless of happiness, she determined to become a victim to the public safety.

By the Roman laws, widows were forbidden, within the first ten months of their widowhood, to contract a new engagement; but from motives of

state, a dispensation was on this occasion granted for the marriage of Octavia. A renewal of the civil war was dreaded by the people; the most auspicious hopes were, from the beauty and fine qualities of Octavia, entertained from this union; common forms appeared comparatively unimportant; the nuptials were accordingly hastened, and celebrated in Rome, in the year 714, amidst the joyful acclamations of the nation. The sadness which clouded the brow of the bride, seemed to yield to the public demonstrations of satisfaction: conscious of having bestowed on Antony, with an alienated heart, a reluctant hand, she determined to make up, by the attentive discharge of her duties, for the absence of those sentiments over which she felt she had no control.

A peace being thus concluded between the triumviri, Augustus continued in Italy, while Antony, with Octavia, passed into Greece, and remained during the winter at Athens. The Athenians omitted no respect due to the rank and virtues of Octavia, who, observing her husband at times emerging from the licentious habits in which he had but too habitually indulged, and seeking the society of men of science and learning, began to be better reconciled to her situation, and to cherish hopes of his reformation. While her youth and beauty, her gentleness, her complaisance, and watchful attentions, appeared to gain an influence over the mind of An-

tony, and to banish from his recollection his Egyptian mistress, the grateful sense which he manifested of her conduct awakened a real tenderness in the sensible heart of Octavia.

These promising appearances were of no long duration; the gentleness and affection of Octavia were of a nature too uniform for senses accustomed to the stimulus of licentious gratification: her virtues, her ingenuousness, her simplicity, were feeble attractions to a debauched imagination, corrupted by meretricious arts; even the zeal with which she entered into his interest, and the frankness with which she suggested plans for his advantage, disgusted the self-love of Antony: in the clear judgment and admirable understanding of his wife, he seemed to fear a rival, while the homage which her virtues exacted appeared a tacit reproach to his vices. Cleopatra had governed him by artifice and flattery; the sincerity of Octavia was offensive to his vanity.

Augustus, still engaged in a war with the son of Pompey, demanded succours from Antony, who, under pretence of assisting him, but for the real purpose of informing himself of the state of affairs at Rome, and of deriving from them advantage, returned to Italy. A mutual jealousy and coldness ensued; Antony, refused entrance into the haven of Brundusium, put into Tarentum, whence,

at her request, he sent Octavia to her brother. Augustus, touched by the remonstrances and supplications of a beloved sister, consented to wave the cause of his contention with her husband, and to return with her to Tarentum. On this occasion, reciprocal demonstrations of reconciliation and friendship, through the mediation of Octavia, passed between the princes.

After this interview, Antony, leaving Octavia with her brother in Italy, returned into the East, where he again fell into the snares of Cleopatra. While, occupied in the duties of her family (to which she had added the children of Antony, by his former marriage), Octavia continued at Rome, she heard with sorrow, but without anger, of the infatuation of her husband, and of the disastrous issue of the Parthian campaign. Having vainly attempted to palliate to her brother his conduct, alarmed for the safety of this unworthy husband, she resolved to return into the East, and to make a last effort to avert from him the evils by which he was menaced. Having prepared to execute her determination, she received letters from Antony, who had been informed of her design, commanding her to stop at Athens, where she soon learned that, absorbed in his passion for the queen of Egypt, he was solicitous to avoid the presence of his wife. To the harsh mandate which stopped her progress, she returned an answer

full of meekness and submission, requesting directions in what manner to dispose of the presents she had brought with her, and of which she solicited Antony's acceptance. By an answer still more severe and peremptory, her immediate return to Rome was commanded; proper orders, it was added, would be given for the disposal of the presents, which she might leave behind her in Athens. On receiving these commands, Octavia, without a murmur at the indignities which she had suffered, returned to Rome; and, taking up her residence in the house of her husband, notwithstanding the remonstrances and intreaties of her brother, who urged her to leave him to his fate, devoted herself to the education of her own and his children. She omitted no endeavours to soothe the pride and the resentment of Augustus, while she implored him not to make her wrongs, which she could sustain with fortitude, a pretence for involving Rome in the miseries of a civil war. When at length, at the instigation of her rival, she was, by the orders of Antony, compelled to quit his house, her tears flowed for the fatal consequences which she apprehended from this insult, rather than from her own peculiar sorrows.

Her heroic conduct tended but to accelerate those evils to her country which she was solicitous to avert;

The contempt and indignation of the people were roused by the infatuation of Antony, whom the artifices of a voluptuous woman held in disgraceful bondage, blinding him to the merits of his admirable wife, who surpassed her rival, not merely in the qualities of the heart and mind, but in the attractions of youth and beauty. In proportion as she exerted herself to lessen, by patient cheerfulness, and in kind offices to the children and friends of her husband, the public sense of her injuries, she added, without intending it, fuel to the hatred and rage of the nation. Being desirous of making one more effort to recal by her personal influence the affections of her husband, she obtained permission of her brother to execute her purpose, in the secret hope that, by the multiplied insults of Antony to his incomparable wife, the Romans might be roused to vengeance. Cleopatra, informed of the design of her rival, and dreading the effect of her merit and perseverance, put in practice every artifice to induce her lover to forbid her approach. She represented to him, that it was sufficient glory for Octavia to bear the title of his wife, while herself, a sovereign princess, submitted to that of mistress: nor, so ardent was the passion with which he had inspired her, could she think herself degraded by the proofs she had given him of her affection, while he did not, by separating himself from her, plunge her

into despair. The friends of Antony, on the other side, pressed him to send back Cleopatra from Ephesus, whither she had followed him, and to avert, by this measure, the storm which threatened him from Rome. But the influence of his mistress triumphed over the subjected mind of her lover, whom she prevailed on to take her with him wherever he should remove. On their arrival at Athens, where Octavia had been received with peculiar distinction, the queen of Egypt courted popularity by the most lavish generosity.

The war which the imprudence of Antony at length provoked, terminated in his ruin. After the battle of Actium, in which, betrayed by Cleopatra, he fled covered with disgrace, Octavia, by repeated messages, intreated him to authorise her mediation with her brother, and to allow her to be the pledge of his future conduct, while she assured him of her forgiveness of the past, and her determination never, by recrimination or reproach, to revive the memory of his disasters. But vain were all the efforts of this heroic and unfortunate woman; Antony, deaf to her supplications, chose rather to die with her perfidious rival.

Octavia, illustrious in virtue and in descent, to whom nature and fortune had been equally lavish, the dawn of whose life promised a brilliant and unclouded day, beheld the sun of her prosperity set

at noon: over the remainder of her life thick darkness rested; while, towards its close, the gloom deepened. Marcus Claudius Marcellus, her son by her former marriage, who inherited the virtues of his parents, was the pride and boast of Rome; while, united to the daughter of Augustus, he was regarded as presumptive heir to the empire. This son, so dear to Octavia, in whom his father appeared yet to survive, died in the flower of his age. From a blow thus severe, which seemed to fill up the measure of her calamities, Octavia never recovered. The eulogy of Marcellus, composed by Virgil, is inserted in the Æneid, book vi. verse 860, &c. On its recital by the poet, in the presence of Augustus and his sister, the emperor melted into tears, and the unhappy mother swooned away.

Octavia gave up the remainder of her life to solitude, in which, brooding incessantly over her misfortunes, her temper became soured, and her mind broken: cherishing a spirit of misanthropy, she even sickened at the glory of her brother. She could not endure to hear any woman named who possessed the happiness of being a mother; she would suffer no person to speak to her of her son, on whom, notwithstanding, her thoughts perpetually dwelt; she rejected all comfort and amusement, appeared buried in the most profound sadness, and sought darkness and solitude: clothed in deep mourning, she

appeared to have lost all interest in life, and to become indifferent respecting the fate of her children who survived. Repeated sorrows had exhausted her fortitude: the spring of her mind was weakened by suffering: if, at times she returned to the studies in which she had before delighted, philosophy was found ineffectual to heal the wound of a deeply lacerated spirit.

In this situation, she suffered life thirteen years, and died, universally esteemed and pitied, in 744, at Rome. She left two daughters, the offspring of her union with Antony, who formed advantageous alliances. A temple, it is said by Pausanias, was erected at Corinth, in honour of her constancy and virtues. She took into her own family the children of Antony by Cleopatra, whose daughter she gave in marriage to the king of Mauritania, celebrated for his wisdom and knowledge of the sciences.

Lives of Cleopatra and Octavia, by Sarah Fielding—Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Famineum, &c.

OCTAVIA,

WIFE TO NERO.

Octavia, the daughter of Claudius and of Messalina, born in the 795th year of Rome, maintained, in despite of the vices of her parents, and of the

contagion of a corrupt age and court, in the midst of licentiousness, and of unmerited misfortunes, the simplicity and innocence of an unsullied life. To personal charms, she added modesty, sweetness, beneficence, purity of manners, talents, and an irreproachable conduct. Her life was a series of calamities; a dark and deep cloud obscured her fate, through which a beam of joy scarcely ever penetrated. She was betrothed in early youth, by the emperor her father, to Lucius Silanus, a noble and illustrious Roman, great-grandson to Augustus. Claudius, who entertained for his intended son-in-law the esteem which his merit justified, lavished on him honours and privileges.

On the death of the empress Messalina, who perished violently, a victim to her vices, the emperor espoused his niece Agrippina, whose ambitious projects for the aggrandisement of her family, led her, with a view of uniting the princess to Domitius (her son by a former marriage), to oppose the fortune of Silanus. To effect this purpose, it was necessary to injure his credit with the emperor, by calumniating his character, and misrepresenting his actions. However atrocious their designs, the rich and powerful are seldom at a loss for instruments to assist in their accomplishment: Vitellius, the censor, a corrupt magistrate, sacrificed without scruple, for the advancement of his interest, and the favour of the new

empress, the laws of honour and of humanity. The reputation of Silanus was blasted by falsehoods; accusations the most odious were brought against him; which, though destitute of proof or rational evidence, terminated in his ruin. He was declared unworthy of his employments, and deprived of the prætorship, the duties of which he had discharged with fidelity and popular esteem. The weak emperor suffered his judgment to be imposed upon, and his affections alienated from a man who had, by a series of services, merited the distinctions he held. Silanus was disgraced, the nuptial contract cancelled, and the lovers torn asunder.

Pollio, a Roman nominated to the consulate, was, by the flatteries and promises of Agrippina, induced to propose a marriage between the princess and Domitius, to which the indolent and unsteady Claudius with facility yielded his assent. Silanus, on the day of these inauspicious nuptials, terminated, in despair, his existence.

Agrippina, encouraged by the weakness of the emperor, whose incapacity prevented him from penetrating her views, set no limits to her ambition. Having represented to him the infirm state of his health, the weight of government, and the youth of his son Britannicus, which required a support, she prevailed upon him, after the example of Augustus, who had adopted the sons of Livia, to receive Do-

mitius into his family, by adopting him under the name of Nero. While every man of integrity reprobated a step so pernicious to the interest of the heir, a venal senate confirmed the decree. Octavia wept in secret over the violence done to her heart, the fate of her lover, and the threatening destiny of her brother. By a mock adoption, she was herself engrafted on another family; a superstitious farce, to prevent the scandal of the supposititious affinity between her and her husband. Agrippina, triumphing in the success of her arts, bent all her intrigues for securing the succession to her son, which she at length effected. The emperor having fallen a victim to poison, Nero was declared his successor, to the prejudice of the rights of Britannicus.

Octavia, an alien in the palace of her father, the victim of an ambitious step-mother, the wife of a profligate, from whom she experienced neither tenderness nor confidence, bereaved of the man she had loved, indignant at the injustice suffered by her brother, and trembling for his fate, was compelled to stifle, in the bottom of her heart, a grief too poignant for words. Her unaffected beauty, her pure and simple manners, had no charm for the heart of Nero, vitiated by meretricious allurements: the wanton beauty of a slave, a woman of licentious manners and ignoble birth, had wholly fascinated his senses. The corruption of his manners had been

encouraged by his preceptors and counsellors, with a view of opposing to the authority of Agrippina the blandishments of the new favourite. In vain were the remonstrances of a few individuals, who, observing with apprehension the licentious propensities of the emperor, sought to stem the tide of corruption, by representing to him the merits and the claims of Octavia. Listening only to his appetites, Nero treated as enemies all who opposed them: he even meditated a divorce from his blameless consort: when Burrhus, his governor, bluntly reminded him, that, should he repudiate Octavia, it would be necessary to restore her dowry; thus intimating, plainly, that it was to her he owed the diadem. The wandering of her husband's affections was regarded by Octavia with indifference: she disdained any competition with her rival; and considered her injuries as sufficiently avenged in the contempt which, in every worthy mind, the conduct of the emperor excited. Not satisfied with supplanting the princess in the heart of her husband, his mistress meditated a more glorious triumph, and aspired to ascend the throne. With this view she redoubled her allurements, practising with success every fascination that might tend to increase and to secure her influence.

Nero, plunged in sensuality, and surrounded by dissolute companions, became every hour more insensible to the dictates of honour, and more callous

to the feelings of humanity: at length, throwing off all restraint, he abandoned himself to the most odious depravity. The ascendancy of his mother, who opposed his passion for Acte, had for a time obliged him to practise some reserve; till, wearied by constraint, impelled by the impetuosity of his character, and determined to burst every barrier, he prepared to repudiate his wife, and to raise her rival to the throne. But before these measures could be put in execution, his safety imposed on him the necessity of reflection. The senate and people, devoted to the family of the Cæsars, and with whom the virtues of Octavia had acquired popularity, might, it was probable, by a divorce, be incited to revolt: a marriage with Acte, a slave of obscure birth, would doubtless be considered as a degradation of the majesty of the purple: the hearts of the citizens would by such a step become alienated, and their views turned towards their rightful sovereign. By these ideas, which obtruded themselves on his mind, his purposes were suspended, and his passions checked. To gain over a venal senate, did not appear to be an enterprise of difficulty; persons might be suborned, nay, such had actually offered themselves, to fabricate, from a race of kings, a genealogy for the favourite. But Britannicus must first be removed, who had now entered his thirteenth year, and whose personal merit added claims to his birth. To these

considerations were joined the threats of Agrippina, who, incensed at the conduct of her son, scrupled not to declare her intention of disclosing the frauds which had advanced him to the throne, and of conducting to the Roman legions Britannicus their rightful master.

Urged by motives thus pressing, Nero hesitated not in the career of crimes, but determined on the destruction of his rival. Pollio, tribune of a prætorian cohort, retained in prison a woman named Locusta, famed for her skill in preparing the most subtle poisons. To this wretch, through the connivance of the tribune, freedom was offered upon condition of the murder of the prince. A potion was, by his preceptors, administered to the ill-fated Britannicus: whether its operation was too tardy for the impatience of the tyrant, or whether the vigour of the prince's constitution resisted its venom, it seemed to produce but little effect. Enraged at the disappointment of his barbarous purpose, Nero threatened with vengeance his infamous associates, who, to appease his fury, promised to procure a more potent drug, by which an instantaneous death should be produced. This engagement was but too well performed. The poison was prepared in the chamber, and in the presence of the emperor, and administered to the victim at table. To avert suspicion, when the prince called for liquor, it was brought to

him boiling, and tasted, according to the custom of the court, by the person who presented the cup. Britannicus, as had been foreseen, complaining of the heat, water, in which the poison had been previously infused, was brought to mingle with the beverage. The prince had scarcely taken the vessel from his lips, when he fell from his seat, and instantly expired. Octavia, who was present at this catastrophe, abandoned herself, in the first moment of surprise and horror, to grief and despair. Nero sought to persuade her, that her brother was merely seized with an epilepsy, to which, he affirmed, he had been subject. The unhappy Octavia, without doubting the truth, was compelled to smother her emotions, and to affect an acquiescence which did equal violence to her understanding and her heart. She saw, in the fate of Britannicus, the family of the Cladii extinct, and her own last hope and resource blasted. Her injuries had excited general sympathy, yet her friends were powerless to assist her; impotent pity and good wishes were all that remained to her.

Agrippina, unaffectedly shocked at an event which gave to her influence the finishing stroke, and in the barbarity of her son anticipating her own destiny, mingled her sorrows, whose source was less pure, with those of Octavia: she soothed the princess, with whom a similarity of fate seemed to unite

her, with every testimony of apparent affection and sympathy.

The capricious Nero had, in the mean time, become disgusted with the mistress for whom he had steeped his hands in blood, having conceived a new passion for Sabina Poppæa, whom he determined to espouse. Considering his mother as the only obstacle to this design, he revolved in his thoughts, now familiar with crimes, the monstrous project of shedding the blood of her to whom he owed life. This atrocious action, at which nature sickens, instigated by Poppæa, he at length perpetrated: habituated to the vicious indulgence of every passion, nature and human feeling had become extinct in his heart. To the vices she had herself implanted in his mind, Agrippina was at length the victim: in raising him to the throne she had violated every principle of justice and humanity, and, by her own example, prepared the way for that monstrous corruption which terminated in her own destruction.

Octavia now found herself alone and unprotected, exposed to the savage fury of her husband, and the vindictive malice of a jealous rival. Nero, not daring to commit open violence against a princess, whose birth, whose misfortunes, and whose virtues, rendered her the idol of the people, determined to be himself her executioner, and to strangle her in private with his own hands: but, by the danger and difficulty

attending this project, he was at length induced to abandon it, and to content himself with procuring a divorce from his blameless wife. This idea was suggested to him by Tigellinus, the parasite of his vices, and the companion of his debaucheries, a man of mean birth, destitute of education, of talents, and of virtues, a compound of every vice, and of every odious quality. The exemplary conduct of Octavia leaving her husband without a pretence for the injustice he meditated, it was determined to allege, as a ground for the separation, that she was incapable of giving an heir to the empire. On this pretext, she was deprived of the privileges of her rank and station, and, instead of the empire which she had brought as a dowry to Nero, the estate of Plautus, and the house of Burrhus, who had been governor to the emperor, were assigned to her use.

Poppæa, not satisfied with the degradation of her rival, and impatient of the vicinity of her virtues, was intent on convicting her of some misconduct, which might afford a pretence for exiling her from Rome. In this infamous purpose she was aided by Tigellinus, who suborned a domestic of the devoted princess, to accuse her of a criminal commerce with Eucer, an Alexandrian slave, and a maker of musical instruments. With this charge, destitute of probability as of proof, was the daughter of Claudius insulted. Her women and servants un-

derwent an examination, and, menaced with the torture, were exhorted to depose against her. If, among her domestics, the weakness of some induced them to subscribe implicitly to all that was demanded of them, others sustained with intrepidity the malice of her accusers, and, in the midst of the most cruel pangs, bore testimony to the worth and purity of their mistress. The innocence of Octavia acquired, in every unprejudiced eye, new lustre by this infamous transaction: the machinations of her enemies, predetermined to condemn her, nevertheless prevailed; she was banished to Campania as a state-prisoner, and a guard set over her.

An oppression so glaring did not escape the censures of the people, who loudly expressed their indignation: the murmurs of the populace, and their invectives against his mistress, to whom Octavia had been sacrificed, reached the ear of the tyrant: apprehensive of the consequences which seemed to menace the throne, and overwhelmed with the terrors of a base mind, Nero repealed the unjust sentence, and recalled from exile his injured wife. She was received by the people with acclamations and triumph: the statues erected to Poppæa were overthrown, and those of the empress, crowned with flowers, carried through the streets, and placed in the temples. The city was in a tumult of joy, the streets resounded with mirth and festivity, while

even the emperor acquired a momentary popularity for an act of justice to which he had been compelled.

Poppæa, irritated to fury by the insults of the populace and the honours paid to her rival, and aware that Nero had yielded but to his fears, determined on a last effort for the destruction of the empress. Bathed in tears, she rushed into the presence of her lover, and, prostrate at his feet, represented in language to which passion gave force, the indignities offered to his authority, the shameful pusillanimity of thus yielding to the tide of popular clamour, and suffering the woman whom he loved, helpless and unprotected, to become the scorn of a rabble, whose insults to his mistress were but the prelude of those they were about to shower upon himself. She insisted, that the power of Octavia, thus permitted to establish itself, would proceed to impose laws on the throne, the safety and honour of which were concerned in opposing barriers to a frenzy, to which, if suffered with impunity, it would become difficult to assign limits. Nero, weak and capricious, overpowered by the blandishments and expostulations of his mistress, allowed himself to be prevailed upon to sign the sentence of death, pronounced by Poppæa on her rival. As a prelude to this tragedy, it was resolved that Octavia should be again removed from Rome, when measures should be concerted for accomplishing, without hazard, their cruel purpose.

Solicitous to gloss over their barbarity with some colour of justice, the enemies of the empress were at a loss for an excuse: to their former calumnies no credit had been given; the testimony of her women, added to her unexceptionable manners, had evinced its falsehood. To the charge of incontinence, it was now determined to add that of treachery against the state, and to suborn in evidence some person, whose office should favour the accusation. Anicetus, commander of the galleys, the assassin of Agrippina, who hesitated at no crime by which his interest was advanced, was selected as a fit agent for the occasion. To this wretch the emperor, in person, imparted his design, observing, that having owed to him a deliverance from the treason of his mother, the benefit was yet imperfect, while he remained exposed to the more dangerous machinations of his wife. In the present case, neither blood nor violence were required of him; it was sufficient that he should declare the empress an adultress, and himself her paramour: on his compliance, he might rest assured of a magnificent recompence for the service exacted of him, while any hesitation must of necessity be followed with death, as security for a secret involving the safety of the emperor. Anicetus, whom no scruples of honour or humanity withheld, readily acceded to the proposal: in the pre-

sence of the companions and flatterers of the tyrant, assembled for the purpose, he asserted his criminal intercourse with the empress, and thus filled up the measure of his infamy. The innocent victim of a prejudiced tribunal, on the single testimony of an unprincipled ruffian, whose evidence, unsupported by circumstances, unestablished by even the shadow of fact, criminated himself, was at once accused, tried, and condemned; and, after this mockery of justice, again remanded into exile. The fictitious partner of her offence was, to save appearances, banished to Sardinia, where the means of an indolent and licentious life were amply afforded to him. No one gave credit to the farce, though the public indignation, exhausted perhaps by its former intemperance, for the present slumbered.

The next measure adopted by the tyrant and his adherents, was to fabricate and publish a project, which was attributed to the royal exile, of having bartered her honour to the commander of the galleys, for the purpose of having at her devotion the naval force. To this was added another charge, equally curious and consistent: it was pretended that Octavia, recently divorced from the throne on the pretence of sterility, had, to conceal her connection with Anicetus, and cover her shame, used means to procure an abortion, lest her pregnancy should announce to the public her incontinence.

Thus, overwhelmed with injury, and branded with infamy, alike unmerited, this unhappy princess was driven from her natal city and the throne of her ancestors; and, on her way to Pandataria, the place allotted for her retreat, exposed, amidst a guard of brutish soldiery, to every insult which wanton malignity could devise. Her misfortunes, her youth, her beauty, yet in its early bloom, failed to move the savage nature of her conductors, who were commissioned to aggravate her distress.

Scarcely had she reached the place of her destination, when she was warned to prepare for death, of which these insults had been but the prelude. In vain the innocent victim to the vices of her persecutors, timid in youth, her fortitude exhausted by suffering and fatigue, humbled herself before the barbarians into whose power she had been committed. In vain she declared her resignation to the injustice she had suffered, and to the triumph of her rival, with whom, content to be considered as the sister of Nero and cheerfully resigning every other claim, she wished not to dispute the heart of the emperor. As vainly she invoked the manes of her ancestors, and called on the name of Agrippina, the original cause of all her sorrows, whose severities, she declared, compared with her present sufferings, were tender mercies. Her supplications, her

appeals, her despair, her streaming eyes, her uplifted hands, availed her not. Having been seized and bound, her veins were opened, while the blood, which terror had congealed round her heart, flowed slowly and with difficulty. At length, suffocated in the bath, her miseries and her life were terminated together. She expired beneath the hands of these merciless barbarians, on the 11th day of June, having but just completed her twentieth year.

Poppæa glutted her malignity by viewing the head of her illustrious rival, which she caused to be sent to her for the purpose. The fate of Octavia plunged the city in sorrow and mourning: "curses deep not loud" were muttered; every heart was penetrated, every eye bathed in tears! Retribution was not far distant: Poppæa perished miserably by the brutal caprice of a monster who disgraced the throne and human nature, and who, exactly six years after the murder of his wife, became his own executioner.

Lives of the Roman Empresses, &c.—Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

MRS. OLDFIELD.

THIS lady, so celebrated in the annals of the drama, was born in Pall-Mall, London, in 1683. Her father had been an officer in the Guards, and

possessed a competent estate, which he squandered in dissipation, leaving at his death an helpless and unprovided family. In these circumstances, his widow was necessitated to accept the offer of residing with a sister, who kept a tavern in St. James's market; while her daughter was placed with a sempstress, in King-street, Westminster. The young lady had a particular predilection for reading plays; and was one day amusing her relations at the tavern by the exercise of her talent, when her voice reached the ear of captain George Farquhar, who happened to dine there, and who, struck with the flexibility and sweetness of her tones, and with her agreeable figure and air, immediately pronounced her admirably fitted for the stage. Her own inclinations concurring with this decision, her mother consulted sir John Vanbrugh on the occasion, who was a friend to the family. Sir John, finding upon trial her qualifications very promising, recommended her to Mr. Rich, patentee of the King's-theatre, who immediately received her. It was some time before her powers displayed themselves, till, in 1703, she established her reputation in the character of Leonora, in "Sir Courtly Nice." The following year she appeared with equal advantage in Lady Betty Modish, in "The Careless Husband." About this period she attracted the attention of Arthur Maynwar-

ing, esq. who greatly interested himself respecting her performance, and took pains to improve her natural genius. This gentleman dying in 1712, she afterwards entered into a connection with brigadier-general Churchill. She had one son by her former lover, and another by the brigadier. To both of these gentlemen she is said to have behaved with the fidelity, duty, and attachment, of a wife. Among many humane and generous actions for which Mrs. Oldfield was respected, may be mentioned the annuity of fifty pounds, which she allowed to Savage the poet, so celebrated for his genius, his misfortunes, and his imprudence. This annuity was regularly paid during her life. Mrs. Oldfield's talents in her profession rendered her a distinguished favourite with the town; while her taste in dress, elegance of manners, and powers of conversation, threw a veil over those parts of her conduct which were considered as reprehensible.

She died, October 23d, 1730; her body lay in state, in the Jerusalem-chamber, whence it was conveyed to Westminster-abbey. Her pall was borne by gentlemen of high rank and character. Her eldest son, Arthur Maynwaring, esq. was chief mourner. She was interred towards the west end of the south aisle, between the monuments of Mr. Craggs and Mr. Congreve. She was elegantly dressed in her coffin in fine Holland and Brussels

lace. She left the bulk of her fortune to her eldest son, through whose father she had received and acquired it; yet she did not neglect to shew a proper regard to her second son, Charles Churchill, and to her own relations.

Biographium Fœmineum.

MARIA PACHECO PADILLA.

DURING the civil wars in Castile, under the reign of the emperor Charles V. don John de Padilla, eldest son of the commendator of Castile, a young and gallant nobleman, distinguished for his talents, his ambition, and his courage, was the chief leader of the insurgents. In the course of their hostile operations against the government, they stood in need of money to satisfy their troops; a difficulty from which they were relieved by the boldness of the wife of their chief, donna Maria Pacheco Padilla, a woman of noble birth, high spirit, and great abilities, animated with an ardent zeal for the liberties of her country, and superior to those superstitious fears to which the dependent state of her sex, by weakening their minds, renders them peculiarly liable: donna Maria proposed that they should seize and appropriate the rich and magnificent ornaments in the cathedral of Toledo. But, lest this apparent sacrilege should

give offence to the prejudices of the people, the wife of Padilla, with her retinue, clad in mourning habits, their eyes filled with tears, and their hair dishevelled, marched in solemn procession to the church, where, falling on their knees, they implored pardon from the saints whose shrines they were compelled by necessity to violate. Under this artifice, they stripped the cathedral, appeased the populace, and procured for their cause the aid of a considerable sum.

In a subsequent engagement between the two parties, which a combination of circumstances had rendered disadvantageous to the insurgents, Padilla, determined not to survive a defeat and the ruin of his party, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, and, being wounded and dismounted, fell into their hands. His execution quickly followed, to which he submitted with the dauntless spirit of a man and a hero. One of his companions having expressed some indignation at hearing himself proclaimed a traitor, Padilla calmly observed, 'that yesterday was the time to have displayed the spirit of gentlemen, the present day to die with the meekness of Christians!' Being permitted to write to his wife, and to the community of Toledo, his native city, previous to his ascending the scaffold, he addressed and consoled the former in a strain of virtuous and manly tenderness, and the latter with the exultation of a martyr to freedom.

The dejected commons of Castile, depressed by this defeat, lost with their leader all their spirit and their zeal. Toledo alone, animated by the widow of Padilla, who despised unavailing lamentations, prepared, in prosecuting the cause in which their general had fallen, to redress their country and avenge his fate. Respect for her talents, admiration of her courage, sympathy with her misfortunes, and tenderness for her sex, combined to secure to donna Maria the same ascendant over the minds and affections of the people, which her husband had so recently possessed. Nor did she fail to justify by her conduct their attachment and confidence. She wrote to the French general in Navarre, whom, by an offer of powerful assistance, she sought to encourage to the invasion of Castile; while, by her letters and emissaries, she endeavoured to revive the hopes and the spirits of its cities. She raised soldiers, and, in order to defray the expence of keeping them on foot, exacted a large sum from the clergy belonging to the cathedral. To interest and excite the populace, she employed every artifice which could rouse or inflame. She ordered crucifixes instead of colours to be used by the troops, as if they had been at war with the enemies of their church. Seated on a mule, clad in deep mourning, her son in her arms, and having a standard borne before her on which was depictured

the fate of her husband, she marched solemnly through the city, in mournful pomp. The passions of the people, kept by these methods in continual agitation, had not leisure to subside: animated by a spirit of enthusiasm, they became insensible to the danger of their situation, and stood alone in opposition to the power of the throne.

While their army was employed in Navarre, the attempts of the enemy to reduce Toledo by force proved fruitless: neither were their endeavours to diminish the credit of donna Maria with the people, nor to gain her, through the influence of her brother*, by solicitations and promises, more successful. The French, at length, being expelled from Navarre, part of the army returned into Castile, and immediately invested Toledo. The obstinate courage of donna Maria was not yet subdued; she defended the town with vigour, while her troops, in several sallies, beat the royalists. No progress was made towards reducing the city, till the clergy, whom the invasion of their property had offended, withdrew their support from the citizens. Having soon after received information of the death of the archbishop † of Toledo, whose possession of

* The marquis de Mondeiar.

† William de Croy, a foreigner.

that see had been their principal grievance, and that the emperor had named a Castilian as his successor, they openly turned against donna Maria, whom, by the most absurd legends, they injured in the esteem of the people. The credulous multitude were taught to believe, that the influence which the widow of Padilla had acquired over them was by the force of enchantment; that a familiar demon, in the form of a negro maid, assisted her councils; and that it was by infernal suggestions that her conduct was regulated. Thus instigated, impatient of a long blockade, despairing of succours from the French, and from the other cities, their former confederates, the populace took up arms, and, having driven donna Maria from the city, surrendered it to the royalists. Retiring to the citadel, the widow of Padilla, with astonishing fortitude, defended it for four months longer; till, reduced to the last extremities, she was compelled to escape in disguise, and to flee to Portugal, in which she had many relations. After her flight, the citadel surrendered; tranquillity was re-established in Castile; and the power of the crown, from the unsuccessful opposition of the commons, confirmed and extended.

Robertson's History of Charles V.

DOROTHY, LADY PAKINGTON.

DOROTHY, LADY PAKINGTON, wife to sir John Pakington, baronet, and daughter of Thomas lord Coventry, keeper of the great-seal, was born in London, about the middle of the reign of James I. This lady, distinguished for her virtues and talents, is the reputed author of "The Whole Duty of Man." Of the circumstances of her private life, except as connected with the evidence for this opinion, we have little account. "The Whole Duty of Man" has been attributed to four different persons beside lady Pakington.—

To Mr. Abraham Woodhead, of whom it is sufficient to observe, that he lived and died a zealous Roman-catholic. To Mr. William Fulman, a learned clergyman of Penshurst in Kent, who died June 28th, 1688. In 1684, bishop Fell, in a preface to the folio edition of "The Works of the Author of The Whole Duty of Man," observes, "that, if God had given longer life to this eminent person, the world would have been benefited by a new work, a treatise designed and promised, "On the Government of the Thoughts." Mr. Fulman survived the date of this publication four years.

The third person to whom this celebrated production has been attributed, was Dr. Richard Sterne,

archbishop of York. It is observed by Mr. Drake, his biographer, that the archbishop was suspected of being the author of "The Whole Duty of Man." This suspicion seems to have been ill founded. The archbishop owned himself the writer of a book "On Logic," and "A Comment on the 103d Psalm;" why then should he affect concealment respecting a work of greater merit and celebrity? To this supposition there are also some chronological objections: when the treatise "On the Government of the Thoughts" was promised to the public, the archbishop had attained the advanced age of 87. "The Whole Duty of Man" likewise differs in its style and orthography from the writings of the archbishop. The fourth reputed author of the work in dispute was archbishop Frewen. In objection to this, among other reasons, it is remarked, that in a preface to "The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety," a production allowed to be written by the author of "The Whole Duty of Man," mention is made of the plague and fire of London, whence it appears that the writer was living at the latter end of the year 1666, whereas archbishop Frewen died in 1664.

By the adversaries of lady Pakington it is objected, that the learning displayed in "The Whole Duty of Man" can scarcely be attributable to a woman. "A learned man has observed to me in a letter," says Ballard, "that 'The Whole Duty of Man' could

not have been the production of a woman, from the great variation of style, and different manner of treating the subjects, which it contains; beside the many quotations from Hebrew writers, with which every page abounds. In the Christian's Birth-right, through which a close thread of logical reasoning runs, the language is particularly exalted. Both the arguments and diction of this work are such as the profoundest scholars would use." In reply to this, it may be recollected that, during the age of Elizabeth and James, it was the fashion to give to women a learned education; that the study of the languages, and even of the abstruse sciences, was the occupation of the most illustrious ladies of the court; and that in no period were there more numerous examples of female excellence and worth. Of the endowments and erudition of lady Pakington there are also various testimonies. Dr. George Hickes, a man of known probity, and intimate with the family, thus speaks of this lady, in a preface to his "Anglo-Saxon, and Mæso-Gothic Grammars," printed before his "Thesaurus," and inscribed to sir John Pakington, the descendant of lady Pakington: "Your grandmother, the daughter of Thomas lord Coventry, &c. was illustrious for every virtue, more especially such as consist in the practice of a christian life. She had moreover an excellent judgment, and a talent of speaking correctly, pertinently, clearly, and

gracefully; in which she was so accomplished, particularly in an evenness of style and consistent manner of writing, that she deserved to be called and reputed the author of a book concerning the duty of man, published anonymously, and well known through the christian world for its extraordinary completeness. Hammond, Morley, Fell, and Thomas, those eminently learned men, averred that she was as great an adept in the Scriptures as themselves, and as well versed in divinity, and in all those weighty and useful notions relating to DUTY, which have been recommended and handed down to us either by profane or christian philosophers. "She was also so far from being unacquainted with the antiquities of her own country, that she knew almost as much as the greatest proficients in that kind of knowledge. Nor is this to be wondered at; since she had in her youth the most excellently learned sir Norton Knatchbull for her tutor and preceptor; and, after she was married, the famous Hammond, and others, his contemporaries, very celebrated men, for her companions and instructors."

It was declared by a lady, not long deceased, that Dr. Hickes had assured her, he had himself seen "The Whole Duty of Man" in manuscript, written in the hand of lady Pakington, with many erasures, alterations, and interlineations. Various passages in

the work itself afford a presumption of the sex of the writer, who contends for the intellectual privileges of women and the equality of the sexes. The following are the direct evidences in favour of this opinion.

By the author of the "Baronettage," lady Pakington is spoken of as a bright example to her age, and one of the most learned and accomplished of her sex. "Her letters," says he, "and other discourses, still remaining in the hands of her family and friends, are an admirable proof of her genius and capacity. She had the reputation of being the writer of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' the truth of which none who knew her, or were competent judges of her abilities, would call in question. Though her modesty would not suffer her to claim the honour, yet as the manuscript, in her handwriting, now remains with the family, there is scarcely room for doubt. By her virtues and attainments she acquired the esteem of all our learned divines, who confessed themselves edified by her conversation, and instructed by her writings. These gentlemen never failed of an agreeable retreat and sanctuary at Westwood, as far as those dangerous times would permit. It ought to be remembered, to the honour of this lady and her husband, that Dr. Hammond found in their family a comfortable sub-

sistence for several years, and at last reposed his bones in their burial-place at Hampton-Lovett, in a chapel built by sir Thomas Pakington, in 1561."

Farther proofs respecting the subject in dispute may be found in " A Letter from a Clergyman in the Country, to a dignified Clergyman in London; vindicating the Bill brought the last Session of Parliament, for preventing the Translation of Bishops;" printed in London, 1702. The writer of this letter, after an eulogium on the ancestors of sir John Pakington *, adds, " but his grandfather's spending 40,000l. and being tried for his life during the late civil wars, because he vigorously endeavoured to prevent the martyrdom of king Charles I. and the destruction of episcopacy; the uninterrupted correspondence of his grandmother with the learned and pious Dr. Morley, bishop of Winton, and Dr. Hammond, and who is, by several eminent men (archbishop Dolben, bishop Fell, and Dr. Abbestry, declared this of their own knowledge after her death, which she obliged them to keep private during her life) allowed to be the author of the best and most masculine religious book extant in the English tongue, called 'The Whole Duty of Man;' will serve instead of a heap of instances to shew how great

* By whom the bill was brought into the house.

regards this family have formerly paid to the church and kingly government."

A transcript is also given, by Ballard, from a paper said to be in the possession of Dr. Snape, provost of King's-college, Cambridge, in which is the following attestation: "October 19th, 1698, Mr. Thomas Caulton, vicar of Worksop in Nottinghamshire, declared on his death-bed, in the presence of William Thornton, esq. and his lady, Mrs. Heathcote, Mrs. Ash, Mrs. Caulton, and others, as follows: viz. 'On the 5th of November, 1689, at Shire-Oaks, Mrs. Eyre * took me up into her chamber after dinner, and told me that her daughter Moyser of Beverly was dead. Afterwards, among other private affairs of the family, she told me who was the author of The Whole Duty of Man; at the same time pulling out of a private drawer a manuscript tied together, and stiched in octavo, which she declared was the original, written by

* The wife of Anthony Eyre, esq. of Rampton in Nottingham, who, after the revolution, wrote and published a pamphlet entitled, "The Opinion of Mrs. Eyre, Daughter of the excellent Lady Pakington, concerning the Doctrine of Passive Obedience, as the distinguishing Character of the Church of England; in a letter to a friend, occasioned by bishop Lake's declaration, that he died in the belief thereof:" London, 1689 and 1710, 8vo.

lady Pakington, her mother, who disowned ever having written the other books attributed to the same author, excepting The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety. She added, that the manuscript had been perused by Dr. Covil, master of Trinity college, Cambridge; Dr. Stamford, prebend of York; and Mr. Binks, rector of the great church of Hull.'"

By lady Pakington's disowning the works attributed to her, it seems merely to be implied, that she did not directly avow or claim them. "The Whole Duty of Man," was published by bishop Fell, with other treatises, as declaredly the production of the same author. Having thus stated the evidence on this subject, the decision must be left with the reader. The underwritten is a catalogue of the works attributed to the author of "The Whole Duty of Man," which was first printed in 1657, and translated into Latin by Dr. Richard Lucas, and into Welsh by Dr. William Bell.

"The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety, or an impartial Survey of the Ruins of the Christian Religion undermined by unchristian Practices," London, 1725.

"The Gentleman's Calling," London, 1725.

"The Lady's Calling, in two Parts," London, 1725.

"The Government of the Tongue," London, 1725.

"The Art of Contentment," London, 1725.

"The lively Oracles given to us, or the Christian's Birthright and Duty in the Custody and Use of the Holy Scriptures," London, 1725.

"A Prayer for King Charles II. in his Banishment," and a "Prayer for Resignation," are given by Ballard, copied by a lady from a manuscript of lady Pakington's at Westwood. She had, some time before her death, been engaged in a work entitled "The Government of the Thoughts," which was mentioned by Dr. Fell in high terms, but never finished. The following eulogium is given by Dr. Fell to the writer of these treatises: "She was wise, humble, temperate, chaste, patient, charitable, and devout; she lived a whole age of great austerities, and maintained in the midst of them an undisturbed serenity."

Lady Pakington died May 10th, 1679, and was interred in the church at Hampton-Lovett in Worcestershire; a memorial of her is inscribed at the bottom of a monument erected to her husband. Sir John Pakington expended the greater part of his fortune in the service of king Charles I. in adhering to whose cause he was tried for his life.

Ballard's British Ladies—The Female Worthies.

ANNE DE PARTHENAI.

ANNE DE PARTHENAI, wife to Anthony de Pons, count de Marennes, was the daughter of John de Parthenai l'Archenesque, and of Michelli de Sorbonne, a lady of Bretagne. Michelli, the mother of Anne, was a woman of wit and talents, and lady of honour to Anne of Bretagne, wife to Lewis XII. by whom she was appointed governess to her daughter, Renata, duchess of Ferrara. Anne received, under the superintendance of her mother, a learned education; she made great progress in the knowledge of the languages, and became a student in theology, respecting which she took a pleasure in reasoning and disputing with the most celebrated theologians of the times. She was also skilled in music, and an accomplished performer both vocal and instrumental. Her interest and favour with the duchess of Ferrara, added to her theological studies, drew on her, from the catholics, the suspicion of calvinism. On this subject we have from Theodorus Beza, in his "Ecclesiastical History," a direct testimony. By him we are informed, that Antony de Pons, count de Marennes, during the life of his firſt wife, the lady Anne de Parthenai, sister to the lord of Soubise, was a lover of truth and virtue, and particularly conversant with

the Scriptures, himself instructing, with great zeal and labour, his subjects and officers in the city of Pons. But that, after the decease of his excellent and amiable consort, "God so took away his understanding, that he espoused one of the most defamed ladies of France, Mary de Monchenu, the lady de Massey; and became, from that period, an enemy and persecutor of the truth, which he had before studiously promoted."

The influence of Anne de Parthenai over the mind of her husband, is also mentioned by Gregory Gyraldus, who testifies, that the count de Marennes and his wife pursued the same studies, with the same success. Count Marennes was first gentleman of the bedchamber to the duke of Ferrara, to whom Gyraldus dedicated the fourth dialogue of his "History of the Poets." Soubise, brother to Anne de Parthenai, was one of the principal supports of the huguenot party. The count de Marennes was obliged to leave the court of Ferrara, for presuming to compare the dignity and antiquity of his own family with that of the duchess of Ferrara, whom he served.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary, &c.

CATHERINE DE PARTHENAI.

CATHERINE, daughter and heiress of John de Parthenia lord of Soubise, and niece to Anne de Parthenai, was born in 1554. In 1568 she married Charles de Quellence, baron de Pons, who, three years afterwards, fell in the general massacre of the huguenots on the fatal night of St. Bartholomew, 1571. He fought bravely on this occasion, and sold his life dear. Catherine deplored his loss in several elegiac poems. In 1573, she entered a second time into the married state, and espoused Renatus viscount Rohan, the second of that name, by whom she had several children. In 1586, she was again left a widow, at thirty-two years of age. She refused to enter into any new engagement, determined to devote the remainder of her life to the care and education of her family.

Her maternal affection and solicitude were amply rewarded. The celebrated duke de Rohan, her eldest son, supported with great spirit and bravery the cause of the Reformation, during the civil wars, in the reign of Lewis XIII. Her second son was the duke of Soubise. She had three daughters: Henrietta, who died in 1629, unmarried; Catherine, who gave her hand to a duke of Deux-Ponts, and

who is celebrated for her reply to Henry IV. who, enamoured of her charms, solicited her love: 'I am too poor,' said she, 'to be your wife, and too nobly descended to be your mistress.' Her third daughter Anne, who also lived single, and who survived all her brothers and sisters, inherited the genius and magnanimity of her mother, with whom she bore all the calamities of the siege of Rochelle. The courage of Catherine de Parthenai, on this occasion, was the more worthy of admiration for her advanced age, being then in her seventy-fifth year. Reduced, for three months, to the necessity of living upon horse flesh and four ounces of bread a-day, in this situation she wrote to her son 'to go on as he had begun, nor suffer any extremities to which she might be reduced, however severe, to induce him to take measures that might prejudice the cause he had espoused.' Having, with her daughter, refused to be included in the articles of capitulation, they were conveyed, prisoners of war, to the castle of Niort, in 1628. She died at Poitou, 1631, greatly lamented.

She possessed a taste for poetical composition, and published some poems in 1572, when only eighteen years of age. In 1574, a tragedy of her composing, entitled "Holofernes," was represented on the theatre at Rochelle. "She understood

poetry," says La Croix du Main*, "and is much to be esteemed for the excellency of her wit, which her writings sufficiently testify. She composed several tragedies and comedies in French, among others the tragedy of Holofernes, publicly acted at Rochelle. She wrote also several poems or elegies, on the death of her first husband, who lost his life in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; likewise upon the admiral and other great and illustrious persons who perished on the same occasion. She translated the precepts of Isocrates to Demonicus, not yet printed. She is in great repute," continues he, "this year (1584)." If it be true, as asserted by a learned man, that madame de Parthenai, lady of Soubise, was spoken of as an author before madame de Rohan was known, she must indeed have written very young, since she married at fourteen years of age. A concealed but keen satire upon Henry IV. under the title of an apology, is generally attributed to this lady, and in the new edition of the Journal of Henry III. it is printed as hers. D'Aubigné thus speaks of this work: "The king shewed it some, as being in the style of madame de Rohan. It is a prevaricating apology, of which Roquelaire cried out, 'Oh, how well the authors of that piece

* La Croix du Main, Biblioth. Francoise, p. 478. Baillet.

are informed of what we do!'" Bayle declares, that whoever composed the *Apology* was a person of wit and talents.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum.

PAULINA.

SENECA having been condemned to death, his wife Paulina opened her veins, that she might die with her husband; but, having been compelled to live, she appeared (says Tacitus) the few years she survived, with an honourable paleness, which attested her conjugal attachment, and that a part of her blood had flowed with that of her husband.

PERILLA,

A ROMAN lady, who, in the age of Augustus, was distinguished for her erudition and poetical talents. She is celebrated by Ovid, whose scholar in poetry she appears to have been. Her reputation for chastity is, notwithstanding, unblemished.

SUSANNA PERWICH.

SUSANNA, daughter of Robert Perwich of Hackney, Middlesex, was born September 23d, 1636, in the parish of Aldermanbury, London. She displayed almost in infancy an uncommon capacity and thirst of knowledge. When under seven years of age she appeared eager for instruction, and delighted in acquiring information by her own exertions. In the eighth year of her age, her father undertook the superintendance of a school at Hackney, whither he removed his residence. In this situation, Susanna made rapid improvements in every accomplishment usually taught to her sex. She devoted herself more particularly to music: at fourteen years of age she was a perfect mistress of the treble viol, on which she played, whether singly or in concert, with exquisite skill and effect, giving promise of extraordinary musical powers. Her judgment and knowledge of the theory of music was not less excellent than her ear and execution: she studied her favourite art as a science, and was skilful in composition. She played also on the lute with great taste and sweetness, accompanying the instrument with her voice, which was fine and melodious. She learned some lessons on the harpsichord, on which

she wanted only leisure and practice to become a proficient. She was a graceful and incomparable dancer, and carried to excellence every thing which she undertook.

The fame of her musical powers attracted the connoisseurs and masters of the art, both foreigners and natives, who visited her in great numbers, and to whom she gave by her performance universal satisfaction. She excelled likewise in needlework, in writing, in arithmetic, and in domestic order and management. Nor was she less distinguished for intellectual powers, for quickness of apprehension, wit, imagination, judgment, memory, invention, and taste. To these advantages she added a sweetness and gentleness of temper, modesty, courtesy, prudence, and good sense. Her person was beautiful, and her manners graceful and engaging.

She suffered an early disappointment in her affections, from the death of a young man to whom she was tenderly attached, and to whom she was about to have been united. This misfortune seized on her spirits, while grief and sensibility prepared her mind for the reception of ardent devotional impressions. Her education and habits had been pious, and her heart, disappointed in its object, yielded itself to that sublime and flattering enthusiasm so congenial to fervent and susceptible tempers. Neglecting those elegant and liberal pursuits which had former-

ly engaged her time and attention, she devoted herself wholly to those studies and observances which she fondly believed would fit her to meet the friend she had lost in a world of more stable enjoyment. The fanatic character of the times gave strength to these dispositions, and tinged her ideas with its sombre colouring; dwelling on the calvinistic notions of original sin, predestination, and sovereign grace, she tortured her pure and innocent mind with fancied sins, doubts, and omissions. Among the books which she perused with the greatest avidity were "Shepard's True Convert" and "Sound Believer," "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," "Goodwin's Triumph of Faith," "Brooke's Riches of Grace," and others of a similar character. As her scrupulosity increased with these pursuits, she denied herself the recreation of music, or practised it only for spiritual uses and occasions. The necessary and daily occupations of the family at length became burthensome to her, as an interruption of her pious exercises. She abjured all innocent relaxation, nor could longer be prevailed upon to join in the dance, or in the amusements of her young companions. Rigidly severe to herself, she dreaded lest vanity, or complacency in her acquirements, should unwarily obtrude itself on her mind; she renounced every ornament of dress, and imposed on herself the most

austere observances: all the energy of her character was directed against her own happiness; she seemed to believe that the God of Nature required of his creatures a moral martyrdom, and a perpetual suicide of every natural and laudable propensity. But this morose and cruel system, to which she offered herself a voluntary victim, was yet insufficient to sour the natural amenity and sweetness of her temper: amidst the sacrifice of her reason, her duties, and her happiness, she was still gentle, amiable, and affectionate.

She rejected several solicitations of marriage, declaring that no worldly advantages should induce her to change her situation: she required a certain spiritual perfection in the person to whom she should give her hand, that probably was not easily to be met with.

In June, 1661, during the Whitsuntide vacation, she was prevailed upon to visit a friend in London, where, from sleeping in damp linen, she contracted a cold, that brought on a fever, which terminated in her death. On the 8th of June she returned to the house of her father, fully persuaded, from the symptoms she experienced, that the hour of her dissolution approached: as her disorder increased she displayed great fortitude, patience, and resignation, conversing calmly with her friends on religious subjects, and distributing to them small presents to

be kept as memorials of her. She gave orders respecting her funeral, and preserved, notwithstanding severe sufferings, her gentleness and equanimity to the last. She died with courage and composure, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, lamented by her family and regretted by her friends. Her relations and the young ladies her companions, six of whom bore up the pall, attended her remains to the grave, which were followed by persons of the first rank and respectability in the neighbourhood. Her funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Spurstow, from 1 Cor. iii. 22. Her praises were celebrated in verse and prose, in elegy, acrostic, and anagram.

The Life of Mrs. Susanna Perwich, written in Prose and Verse, by John Batchiler, London, 1661, and dedicated to "all the young Ladies of the several Schools in and about London, more particularly to those of Mrs. Perwich's School at Hackney."

PHILA.

PHILA, the daughter of Antipater, governor of Macedonia during the absence of Alexander, was the most beautiful and accomplished women of the age. The dignity of her manners and the lustre of her charms, were softened by an air of modesty and sweetness that engaged all hearts. She possessed,

with uncommon prudence and judgment, a superior genius, and a capacity for the most important affairs. Her father never engaged in any enterprise without consulting her; while she used her influence with him in the cause only of virtue and humanity. Her liberality procured her absolute power among the troops; all cabals were dissolved in her presence, and all revolts appeased by her mediation. By her knowledge of the human heart, her address, and facility of accommodating her measures to various tempers and characters, she prevented an insurrection in an army full of turbulence and faction. Nor was her administration in civil affairs less skilful and admirable. She portioned young women at her own expence, protected innocence, and opposed oppression. She seems to have been but little indebted to experience for her capacity; her father, distinguished for his political abilities, entrusted to the management of Phila, when at a very early age, the juridical affairs of the kingdom.

She gave her hand to Craterus, one of the captains of Alexander, and the most popular among the Macedonians. Craterus fell in battle, and, after his decease, his widow became the chief wife of Demetrius, who, according to the custom of the East, in which polygamy was allowed, possessed several of inferior merit and quality. This marriage proved unhappy: Phila suffered, not merely from the di-

vided affections of her husband, but by his dissolute conduct. Attached to the celebrated Lamia, and corrupted by her seductions, Demetrius treated his wife with coldness and disrespect. Yet he confided in her abilities, and deputed her to Cassander, her brother, to justify his conduct towards Plistarchus, whom he had offended. He also shewed high indignation against the Rhodians, who had presented to the king of Egypt a ship which they had captured, in which was a letter, accompanied by a magnificent present, addressed to him by Phila.

Demetrius having lost his dominions, the fortitude of Phila sunk under the prospect of impending calamities: unable to see the husband, who had treated her unworthily, a fugitive and an exile, she swallowed poison, and terminated her sorrows with her life. She left by her second marriage two children, a son and a daughter, the celebrated Stratonice, wife to Seleucus, and by him yielded to his son Antiochus, who had conceived a passion for his stepmother.

Rollin's Ancient History—Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum.

PHILIPPA.

PHILIPPA, daughter to the count of Hainault, was espoused to Edward III. king of England. During the absence of Edward in France, David king of Scotland, with 50,000 men, invaded the northern counties of England. Philippa, superior to the weakness of her sex, prepared, on this occasion, with spirit, to repel the enemy. Having assembled an army of 12,000 men, and appointed lord Percy to the supreme command, she rode through the ranks, and, in person, exhorted the troops to fulfil, with courage, their duty; nor would she be persuaded to retire from the field, till the armies were on the point of engaging. In this battle the king of Scots was taken prisoner. Philippa, having secured her royal captive, crossed the sea at Dover, and was received at Calais with triumph and enthusiasm.

The story of the burghers of Calais, who had devoted themselves for the salvation of their fellow-citizens, and who were indebted for the mercy of Edward to the tears and supplications of Philippa, appears to have been romantic and ill-founded. It accords but little with the temper of the times, or with the brave and generous character of Edward. Many

extraordinary women appeared with lustre at this period, which was the reign of gallantry and chivalry.

Hume's History of England.

KATHERINE PHILLIPS.

KATHERINE, celebrated under the poetical name of Orinda, daughter of John Fowler, of Bucklersbury, London, merchant, and of Katherine, daughter of Daniel Oxenbridge, M.D. was born in the parish of St. Mary Wool-church, London, January 1, 1631. A female relation, Mrs. Blacket, had the charge of her infancy and early childhood. At eight years of age, she was placed in a school at Hackney, under the care of Mrs. Salmon, where her improvements were singular and rapid. She displayed an early taste for poetical composition, and a devotional turn of mind, somewhat enthusiastic, originating probably in the sensibility of temper inseparable from genius, and in the spirit and manners of the times. She had perused the Bible throughout before she was four years of age, and had committed to memory many passages and chapters. At ten years of age she would repeat, with scarce any omissions, entire sermons, of which she was a frequent hearer. She also began early to exercise her fancy in poetical composition. She acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language,

and applied herself successfully to the Italian, with the assistance of an ingenious friend, sir Charles Cotterel. She was educated in the principles of the presbyterian dissenters, but became afterwards a proselyte to the established church, and the royalist party.

In the year 1647, she gave her hand to James Phillips, esq. of the priory of Cardigan. A son and a daughter were the fruit of this union: the former died in his infancy, the latter became the wife of —— Wogan, esq. of Pembrokeshire. The fortune of Mr. Phillips being encumbered and embarrassed, Mrs. Phillips, by her economy, prudence, and excellent management, added to her interest with sir Charles Cotterel, whose friendship for her rendered him zealous in the cause of her husband, nearly extricated him, in the course of a few years, from the difficulties in which he had been involved. Mrs. Phillips, in a letter to sir Charles, after speaking of her husband with respect and attachment, adds, "and I hope God will enable me to answer his expectations, by making me an instrument of doing him essential service, which is the only ambition I have in the world, and which I would purchase with the hazard of my life. I am exceedingly obliged to my lady Cork, for remembering me with so much indulgence; but above all for her readiness to assist my endeavours for Antenor *,

* Mr. Phillips.

which is the most generous kindness that can be done to me."

During her retirement at Cardigan, she cultivated poetry as an amusement, to beguile her solitary hours. Copies of her poems being dispersed among her friends, they were collected and published anonymously, in 8vo. 1663, without the knowledge or consent of the author. Mrs. Phillips's vexation at this circumstance, which she appears acutely to feel, and sensibly laments in a letter to sir Charles Cotterel, occasioned her a severe fit of illness.

The charms of her conversation, her modesty, sweetness, and unassuming manners, rendered her the delight of her acquaintance, while her genius and talents procured her the friendship of men distinguished for their merit, their talents, and their rank, among whom may be mentioned the earls of Ormond, Orrery, and Roscommon. The affairs of Mr. Phillips having rendered the presence of his wife necessary in Ireland, she accompanied thither the viscountess Dungannon, and was received with distinction and esteem. During her residence in that kingdom, she was induced, by the importunity of the before-mentioned noblemen, to translate into English, from the French of Corneille, the tragedy of Pompey, which was acted with applause on the Irish stage, in 1663, also in 1664, when it was printed and given to the public. It was likewise

again performed, with considerable success, at the duke of York's theatre, in 1678. This play, to which a prologue was added by lord Roscommon, was then published, dedicated to the countess of Cork.

Mrs. Phillips also translated, from the French of Corneille, the tragedy of Horace, to which a fifth act was added by sir John Denham, and which was represented by persons of rank at court, with a prologue, spoken by the duke of Monmouth.

In Ireland, Mrs. Phillips renewed a former friendship with the celebrated Dr. Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Down and Connor, who some time previously had published and inscribed to her, " A Discourse of the Nature, Offices, and Measures, of Friendship, with Rules of conducting it; in a Letter to the most ingenious and excellent Mrs. Katherine Phillips." In this production many high compliments are paid to the sex, to their capacity for friendship, and the more elevated virtues, exemplified by allusions to the celebrated characters of antiquity.

July 15th, 1663, Mrs. Phillips left Ireland, and returned to Cardigan, where she appears to have laboured under a depression of spirits, occasioned by some untoward circumstances in her husband's affairs. She continued in the country through the remainder of that year, and a part of the following,

when she made a visit to London, with a view of unbending her mind, and softening her anxieties, in the society and conversation of her friends. In London she was unfortunately seized with the small-pox, which proving fatal, she expired, universally regretted, in apartments in Fleet-street, June 22, 1664, in the thirty-fourth year of her age, and was interred in the church of St. Bennet Sheer-hog, in her family vault, under a large monumental stone.

She was of middle stature, as described by Mr. Aubry, inclining to fat; her complexion was fair and ruddy. Her poems and translations were, after her decease, collected and published in one volume folio, 1667, and entitled "Poems, by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Katherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda: to which are added, M. Corneille's Pompey and Horace, Tragedies, with several other Translations from the French; and her picture before them, engraved by Faithorne." A second edition was printed in 1678, in the preface to which the reader is told, "that Mrs. Phillips wrote familiar letters with facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography; which, if collected, with the excellent discourses written by her on various subjects, would make a volume much larger than her poems." In 1705, a small volume of her letters to sir Charles Cotterel was published, under the title of "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus." In one

of these letters, Mrs. Phillips mentions the insertion of some of her Poems in a miscellaneous collection published in Ireland. The following testimony to the merit of the Letters of Orinda to Poliarchus, is given by major Puck, in his Essay on Study: "The best letters I have met with in our English tongue, are those of the celebrated Mrs. Phillips, to sir Charles Cotterel. They are all addressed to the same person, so they run all in the same strain, and seem to have been employed in the service of a refined and generous friendship. In a word, they are such as a woman of spirit and virtue should write to a courtier of honour and true gallantry." Mrs. Phillips is said, by Mr. Langbain, to have equalled the Lesbian Sappho in genius, and the Roman Sulpicia in virtue. To this he adds, "as they were praised by Horace, Martial, Ausonius, and other eminent poets, so was this lady commended by the earls of Orrery and Roscommon, by Cowley, and other eminent men." An anonymous writer, in the second volume of the duke of Wharton's works, thus speaks of Mrs. Phillips: "I have been looking into the writings of Mrs. Phillips, and have been wonderfully pleased with her solid and masculine thoughts, in no feminine style. Her refined and rational ideas of friendship, a subject she delights in, shew a soul above the common level of mankind, and raise my desire of practising what is

thus nobly described. Though I know nothing of Mrs. Phillips but what I have learned from her Poems, I am persuaded she was not less discreet, good-humoured, modest, constant, and virtuous, than ingenious. Her "Country Life" is a sweet poem, sprinkled with profound philosophical thoughts, expressed in very poetical language."

To the praise of talents, universally allowed to this lady by her contemporaries, is added that of generosity and benevolence. The qualities of the heart, united to those of the mind, form a combination equally admirable and rare. Four letters from Mrs. Phillips to the hon. Berenice, are inserted in a collection of letters published by Mr. Thomas Brown, 1697. A tribute of respect is paid to her memory by Mr. Thomas Rowe, in his "Epistle to Daphnis."

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum, &c.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LÆTITIA, the daughter of Dr. Vanlewin, a physician, was born in Dublin, 1712. She married young to the rev. Matthew Pilkington, a poet. This union was not happy. Mr. Pilkington was jealous of his wife, in whose chamber he one day found a gentleman, and from whom he obtained a separation. Mrs. Pilkington, in her Memoirs, not-

withstanding that appearances were against her, asserts her innocence. She had afterwards recourse to her pen for her support, and raised a considerable subscription on her Memoirs, in which many anecdotes are given of Dr. Swift, with whom the writer was intimately acquainted. She died in poverty, in July, 1750, in consequence of the pernicious habit of intoxication, into which she had fallen, to lose the sense of her misfortunes. She left several children, whom her husband renounced. John, the eldest, was the author of some poems; he also wrote his own Memoirs, and died in 1763. Mrs. Pilkington, beside her poems and Memoirs, wrote a burlesque piece, entitled "The Turkish Court, or the London Prentice," acted in Dublin, 1748. She also wrote one act of "The Roman Father," which is printed in her Memoirs.

Biographium Fœmineum.

MRS. PIX.

MARY GRIFFITH, the daughter of a clergyman, and descended on the side of her mother from the family of Wallis, was born at Nettlebed, in Oxfordshire, in the reign of William III. She was a contemporary with Mrs. Manley, and with Mrs. Cockburne, and was satirised with them in a little dramatic piece, called "The Female Wits." She was the

author of the following plays: "The Spanish Wives," 4to. 1696: "Ibrahim XIII. Emperor of the Turks," 4to. 1696: "The Innocent Mistress," 4to, 1697: "The Deceiver deceived," 4to. 1698: "Queen Catherine, or the Ruins of Love," 4to. 1698: "The False Friend, or the Fate of Disobedience," 4to. 1699: "The Czar of Muscovy," 4to. 1701: "The Double Distress," 4to. 1701: "The Conquest of Spain," 4to. 1705: "The Beau defeated, or the Lucky Younger Brother," 4to*. She married a Mr. Pix, by which name only she was known.

DIANA DE POITIERS.

JOHN DE POITIERS, seigneur de St. Vallier, was in 1523 condemned to die, as an accomplice in the revolt of the constable of Bourbon. His sentence was however changed; he escaped with life, and suffered a degradation from his rank, with the confiscation of his estates. According to Mezerai, the president Henault, and other writers, the life of her father was saved by Diana de Poitiers, by the sacrifice of her chastity to Francis I. from whose embraces she passed into those of his son, Henry II. This story is, however, very doubtful, and most

* The latter is in some catalogues ascribed to Mr. Barker.

probably false, as, at the time of her father's disgrace, Diana had been married ten years to Louis de Breze, count de Maulevrier, and grand-senechal of Normandy, to whom she bore two daughters. Beside which, the punishment of St. Vallier, though delivered from death, was commuted into one not less terrible: he was sentenced, after his degradation, to be perpetually immured between four walls, in which was only one small window, through which he might receive his provisions. The horror he experienced at the idea of his fate, brought on a fever, which in a short time terminated his life.

Diana had been married to the senechal of Normandy, in the last year of the reign of Lewis XII.: at what time her connection with Henry II. commenced, is uncertain; but, before he had completed his eighteenth year, her ascendency over him was established. To personal endowments she added talents, vivacity, and a cultivated understanding: she was warmly devoted to her friends, but a dangerous and implacable enemy: her spirit was high and unyielding, and she transfused into the mind of her lover the firmness and vigour of her own character. Not more fond of power than of flattery and homage, she received with pleasure the adulation of the court, while the nobles crowded around her to express their devotion. Even the constable Montmorenci, notwithstanding his severe and haughty

manners, condescended to mix in her train. In vain had the duchess d'Estampes*, during the life of Francis, essayed every art of hatred and of rivalry to disunite from Diana her youthful lover: in vain did she publish, that the mistress of the prince was married in the same year which gave birth to herself: the passion of Henry, which was carried to the utmost extravagance, appeared to be increased rather than diminished by these efforts. He seemed to delight in giving testimonies of his attachment, both in public and in private, and in displaying to the world the influence of Diana. The furniture of the palace, after he ascended the throne, the public edifices, his own armour, were all ornamented and emblazoned by a "moon, bow and arrows," the emblems and the device of his mistress. Through her mediation every favour was obtained: at her request Brassac, a gallant and amiable nobleman, who was supposed to stand high in her favour, was created grand-master of the artillery. She may be said to have divided the crown with her lover, of whose council she was the directing principle, and of whose tender and ardent attachment she was the sole object. Her influence, both personal and political, was carried to an unbounded extent. Time

* The favourite mistress of Francis I.

seemed to have no power over her attractions: her beauty appeared undiminished even in the autumn of her life: she was forty-eight years of age when Henry had scarcely attained his twenty-ninth year.

After the death of Francis, the duchess d'Estrampes was compelled to quit the court, but Diana, who succeeded to her honours, had either the magnanimity or the prudence to forbear to deprive her of the possessions lavished on her by the late monarch: she was content to suffer her to retire, disgraced and neglected, to one of her country seats, where she lived in obscurity many years.

While the duke of Guise and the constable Montmorenci were in Guienne, employed in quelling an insurrection, festivals and carousals engaged the court, in which Diana de Poitiers (created by her lover duchess de Valentinois), in whose honour they were given, presided as a tutelar deity. On these occasions the young queen, Catherine de Medicis, whose genius, taste, and beauty, rendered her inferior to no one, acted a subordinate and humiliating part. Catherine, notwithstanding her talents and superior powers of mind, was never admitted by her husband to any real participation in the government. These entertainments and tournaments were, in the spirit of the age, succeeded by spectacles of a very different nature. A number of proselytes to

the doctrines of the Reformation were publicly and solemnly burnt at the stake, while the court attended these barbarous exhibitions.

The house of Guise, which had firmly united itself with the duchess de Valentinois, whose ascendancy over the king seemed daily to acquire strength, continued to establish and aggrandise itself. The profusion of the court, added to the expence of the wars in which France was engaged, rendered it necessary to increase the revenues by taxes and imposts; while the odium of these exactions chiefly rested on the duchess. Henry, amiable, magnificent, and flexible to those he loved, was wholly governed by the suggestions of his mistress, whom he enabled to erect the superb palace of Anet, to which the lovers frequently retired. The people, ignorant and superstitious, attributed to magic and sorcery the attachment of the king, and the fascinations of Diana: it was reported that she wore magical rings, which preserved her beauty from decay, and kept alive the passion of her lover. This opinion, so soothing to her own pride, was supported and confirmed by Catherine de Medicis. Anet was situated near Dreux, in the Isle of France, upon the river Eure. Philibert de Lorme was the architect employed in its construction: the emblems and devices of the duchess de Valentinois were exhibited in every part. Voltaire, in the ninth canto

of the Henriade, depictures love as on his flight to the palace of Anet.

Brantome, who was personally acquainted with the duchess, describes her beauty in its most advanced periods. "I beheld Diana," says he, "only six months before her death. Even then she was so lovely, that the most insensible could not behold her without emotion. She was recovering from a severe indisposition, occasioned by the fracture of her leg, which had been broken by a fall from her horse in riding through the streets of Orleans: yet neither the accident nor the pain had diminished her charms." The duchess was at this time sixty-five years of age.

After the death of Henry, who was accidentally killed in a tournament, his mistress received orders from the queen to retire to her own house, which command she thought proper to obey. A second mandate followed, enjoining her to deliver up the jewels of the crown, with other rich effects in her possession. She enquired if the monarch yet breathed, 'for know,' said she, 'so long as he shall retain the appearance of life, I neither fear my enemies, however powerful, nor will shew any deference to their menaces or commands. Carry this answer to the queen.' The duchess had borne to her lover no children. The Guises, after the death of the king, sacrificed Diana to make their court to the

queen; while, abandoned by the flatterers and parasites who had surrounded her, the duchess in her turn suffered humiliation. She retired from a situation where her power was extinguished, and her presence become odious, and passed the remainder of her life at the palace of Anet. Catherine, from respect to the memory of her husband, permitted her rival to retain the rich presents which his bounty had lavished upon her.

The maréchal de Tavannes, with a brutal and unmanly adulation, offered to the queen to cut off the nose of Diana; while the Guises, connected with her by marriage, and principally indebted to her for their elevation and favour, became her open enemies. The cardinal of Lorrain * would have been her bitterest persecutor, had he not been restrained by his brother, the duke of Aumale, who had married the daughter of the duchess, and who reminded him, that he would by such conduct draw down infamy upon himself. The constable of Montmorenci alone remained faithful to her, and, from respect to the memory of the king his benefactor, withstood the enemies of his beloved mistress. Diana expressed her gratitude for the queen's forbearance, by presenting to her the palace of Chaumont sur

* One of the princes of the house of Guise.

Loire, and received from her in return the castle of Chenonceaux.

The last public act of the duchess of Valentinois was the being recalled to court, by Catherine, to try her powers of persuasion upon Montmorenci, whom the queen was desirous of attaching to her party. Diana succeeded, and, after this proof of her influence over the constable, returned to Anet. She survived this event five years, and died in the sixty-seventh year of her age, April 26, 1566. Her body reposes under a marble mausoleum, in the centre of the choir of the great chapel of Anet, which she had herself erected.

Wraxall's History of the House of Valois—Bayle's Historical Dictionary—History of France.

PORCIA.

Porcia, the daughter of Cato of Utica, inherited the virtues and the magnanimity of her father. She strengthened her mind, and cultivated her understanding, by the study of philosophy. She married Bibulus, and, after his death, gave her hand to Brutus, of whom she was worthy, and to whom she proved her fidelity and courage. Having observed that her husband appeared to be meditating some important enterprise, she was solicitous to share in his glory, or in his cares, and to deserve his confidence, which

she resolved not to ask till she had made trial of her own fortitude. With this view, she inflicted a deep wound on her thigh, the pain of which, added to the loss of blood, brought on a dangerous malady. She carefully concealed for some time the cause of her illness; till, observing her husband overwhelmed with grief and concern on her account, she seized this opportunity of addressing him. As the daughter of Cato, she told him, she had a claim to expect, not merely the common courtesies and civilities of an ordinary wife or concubine, but to share in the thoughts and counsels, in the good and evil fortune, of her husband: and that, whatever weakness might be imputed to her sex, her birth, education, and honourable connections, had strengthened her mind, and formed her to superior qualities. But, though the daughter of Cato, and the wife of Brutus, titles in which she gloried, she had not boasted of her fortitude, but upon trial, that had proved her invincible to pain and inconvenience. Having thus spoken, she discovered to Brutus her wound, and related the cause in which it had originated.

Brutus, affected, and struck with tenderness and admiration, raised his hands to heaven, and implored the gods to assist his enterprise, that he might live to prove himself worthy a wife like Porcia. He

then imparted to her the project of freeing Rome, and restoring the republic, by the death of Julius Cæsar.

The courage which had sustained the daughter of Cato under her own sufferings, deserted her in the danger of her husband. On the day appointed for the assassination of Cæsar, Porcia, previous to its execution, sunk under the agitation of her spirits: she was seized with a succession of fainting fits, when her attendants, believing her dead, abandoned themselves to grief and lamentation. The rumour of her death reached Brutus, who, notwithstanding his grief and concern, shrunk not from the purpose he had undertaken. Cæsar fell, a victim to a virtuous, but mistaken, patriotism: a combination of causes had conspired to the ruin of the republic, and to the subjugation of the Roman people, which the death of an individual was insufficient to counteract.

Brutus, perceiving he had failed in the end for which means so questionable had been adopted, resolved to leave Italy: passing by land through Lucania to Elea, by the sea-side, he there took leave of his wife, it being judged necessary that she should return to Rome. The daughter of Cato, struggling with her feelings, assumed on this separation an appearance of firmness; but a picture which hung on the wall, representing the parting of Hector and Andromache, accidentally meeting

her eyes, overcame her resolution. Gazing earnestly on the figure of Hector, delivering the young Astyanax into the arms of his mother, she melted into tenderness and tears. A friend of Brutus, who was present on this occasion, repeated from Homer the address of the Trojan princess to her husband—

"Be careful, Hector, for with thee my *all*,
My father, mother, brother, husband, fall."

Brutus replied, smiling, 'I must not answer Porcia in the words of Hector to Andromache,

"Mind you your wheel, and to your maids give law."

For, if the weakness of her frame seconds not her mind, in courage, in activity, in concern for the cause of freedom, and for the welfare of her country, she is not inferior to any of us.'

When Porcia was informed that her husband had fallen by his own hand, she determined not to survive him. Being watched by her friends, who sought to prevent her fatal purpose, she snatched burning coals from the fire, and held them in her mouth till they produced suffocation.

Plutarch's Lives—Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

MODESTO POZZO.

Modesto Pozzo, born at Venice, 1555, and left early an orphan, was educated in the convent of St.

Martha of Venice, where she studied Latin and poetical composition. She possessed extraordinary powers of memory, and was able to repeat literally the sermons on which she was obliged to attend. She married Philip de Georgiis, with whom she lived happily twenty years, and died in child-bed, 1592. She was the author of an Italian poem, entitled "*Floridoro;*" also of a poem upon the passion and resurrection of Christ. She published a prose composition, entitled "*De Meriti delle Donne,*" in which she contended for sexual equality. In her publications, she assumed the name of Moderata Fonte *. Her book On the Merit of Women appeared not till after her death. Her husband raised a monument to her memory, on which was engraven a Latin epitaph in her praise. N. di Lorzi, her daughter, wrote a preface to her works. A panegyric on her learning and talents is inserted by Peter Paul Ribera, in his "Theatre of Learned Women." She is also mentioned by father Hilarion de Coste, in his "*Eloges des Dames Illustres.*"

Bayle's Historical Dictionary, &c.

* Moderata answers to Modesto, and Fonte to Pozzo.

PRAXILLA.

PRAXILLA, a Sycionian dithyrambic poetess, is said to have flourished in the 32d Olympiad; and is reckoned among the nine most celebrated lyrics. There is a work of hers entitled "*Metrum Praxilleum.*"

PROBA.

PROBA (Valeria Falconia), was the wife of Adelphus the Roman proconsul, in the reigns of Honorius and Theodosius, junior. She composed a Virgilian cento upon the Books of the Old and New Testament, which was printed at Frankfort, 1541. She also wrote an epitaph upon her husband.

Biographium Famineum.

RENATA,

DUCHESS OF FERRARA.

RENATA, daughter of Lewis XII. and of Anne of Bretagne, was born at Blois, October 25, 1510. In 1513, she was engaged to Charles of Austria; and, in 1515, promised to Joachim marquis of Brandenburg; but, in 1527, she was married to Hercules d'Este, the second of that name, duke of Ferrara and of Modena. She is said to have possessed "a

refined and delicate wit;" and to have acquired, without difficulty, the most abstruse sciences. M. Varillas declares, that she had great erudition, that she excelled in every branch of the mathematics, particularly in astronomy. Her person was somewhat deformed: but elegant manners, and a graceful and flowing eloquence, more than compensated for this disadvantage. She bore to her husband five beautiful children. She was no less distinguished for learning and talents, than for her virtues and attachment to the Reformation. It is said by Varillas, that Calvin was accessary to the conversion of this princess from the errors of the church of Rome; but it is believed that Marot, who had before been a refugee in her court, had a still greater influence over her mind and principles. Resentment for the ill offices which her father had received from the papal court, might probably, as alleged by Brantome, lay the foundation for her abjuration of popery.

In the year 1559 she lost her husband, whose neglect and infidelities she had supported with exemplary mildness. In 1560 she left Italy, on the account of her religion, where she had been permitted, as a princess of the blood, to profess Huguenotism. She retired to her castle at Montargis, where she afforded protection and an asylum to the reformed, who flocked to her from all quarters.

The duke of Guise, who had married her daughter, Anne d'Este, sent John de Sourches Milicovne, with four troops of horse, in 1569 *, who summoned her to deliver to him the chiefs of the factions, who had taken refuge at Montargis, threatening, in case of her refusal, to bring his cannon before the castle and take them by force. 'Take care what you do,' replied the spirited Renata, 'and learn that the king only hath a right to command me. Should you proceed to extremities, I will myself stand in the breach, and try if you will dare to murder the daughter of a king, whose death heaven and earth will avenge upon you, and upon your children.' Checked by her resolution, John de Sourches desisted from his purpose.

At the same time, it was represented to the duchess, by the duke of Alençon, that her castle being a harbour for heretics, where plots against his majesty were daily devised, she must either send from her the huguenot ministers, and forbear the exercise of their religion, or depart to some other abode. To this she answered, 'that she was too nearly related to the crown to treat it with disrespect; that the persons with her were a poor

* Some historians place this event in 1562; and, in 1569, the actual departure of the Protestants.

harmless people, who troubled not themselves with the affairs of the state; that she would not quit a place that belonged to her, and in which she was resolved to live and die, even in the exercise of that religion which the king had permitted her to profess.' She was, however, afterwards obliged, with whatever reluctance, to withdraw her protection from the fugitives; and, in dread of having an immediate garrison brought into the town, to send from her castle four hundred and sixty persons, two thirds of whom were women and children. She dismissed them with tears, in carts and travelling coaches, which she had provided for their acommodation. These poor people escaped with difficulty a stratagem planned to destroy them on the road.

The duchess had always manifested a laudable desire to succour the distressed. In Ferrara, the subjects of her husband loved and praised her for her bounty and goodness. She displayed her tenderness and compassion more particularly towards her countrymen: every Frenchman, who in travelling through Ferrara was exposed to want or sickness, experienced her benevolence and liberality. After the return of the duke of Guise from Italy, she saved, as the army passed through Ferrara, more than ten thousand of the French from perishing by want and hardships. Her steward representing to her the enormous sums which her bounty thus expended—

'What,' replied she, 'would you have me do? These are my countrymen, who would have been my subjects, but for the vile Salic-law *.' During the civil wars in France, when retired into her city and castle of Montargis, she received and supported numbers of distressed persons, who had been driven from their homes and estates.

"I myself," says Brantome, "during the second period of these troubles, when the forces of Gascogne, consisting of eight thousand men, headed by Messrs. De Terrides and De Monsales, were marching towards the king, and passing by Montargis, stopped, as in duty bound, to pay my respects to her. I myself saw in her castle above three hundred Protestants, who had fled thither from all parts of the country. An old steward, whom I had known at Ferrara and in France, protested to me, that she fed daily more than three hundred people, who had taken refuge with her."

It is also related by the same author, that when the prince of Condé was imprisoned at Orleans, during the early part of the reign of Francis, she came from Ferrara to court, to intercede for his release: she was, on this occasion, met by the king and his train, and received with honour and respect. She expressed to the duke of Guise, her son-in-law,

* Brantome.

in strong terms, her concern for the imprisonment of the prince; adding, 'that whoever had advised the young king to this measure was very reprehensible; that it was no small matter to treat in this manner a prince of the blood.' This incident is also mentioned by Thuanus. "Having come to Orleans," says he, speaking of this princess, "to compliment the king, after deploring the melancholy aspect of his affairs, she warmly reprimanded the duke of Guise, respecting the imprisonment of the prince of Condé; declaring, that had she arrived earlier, she would have prevented it, and advising him for the future to use more moderation towards princes of the blood: she added, that this wound would not soon heal; and that few men had prospered, who, without provocation, offered violence to those allied to kings." Notwithstanding the interest she took in the prince of Condé, she afterwards broke with him, disapproving of the huguenots taking up arms.

Henry II. and the duke of Ferrara had in vain used every method to engage the duchess to relinquish the cause she had espoused, and to abjure the doctrines of the Reformers. She resisted with equal firmness their persuasions and menaces. A curious account has been published by M. Laboureur, respecting the commission given by Henry II. to Dr. Oriz, one of the pope's penitentiaries, whom he

sent to Ferrara to convert the duchess. He was ordered to inform her, 'that the king had, to his inexpressible sorrow, learned that she had suffered herself to be entangled in the labyrinth of those wicked and damnable opinions, which are repugnant to the holy faith. That, could he hear of her reconciliation with the church, and that she had returned to true obedience, it would afford him not less satisfaction and joy, than were he to see her raised from death to life. But that if, instead of treading in the footsteps of her progenitors, who by their exemplary zeal had protected the holy catholic faith, she still remained stubborn and obstinate, nothing could more offend and displease the king; who, in that case, would be obliged wholly to forget the respect and duties of a kinsman; as nothing was so odious to him as those reprobate sects,' of which he declared himself the mortal enemy. Should these remonstrances fail to produce the desired effect, Dr. Oriz had orders to preach before the duchess on polemical questions, which she and her household should be compelled to attend. Should the lady, after these methods had been pursued some days, still prove contumacious, the doctor was to declare, before the duke her husband, 'that it was the will of his majesty, that he should separate his duchess from all company and conversation, by immuring her in some place at a distance from her children,

from her friends, and those of her servants, of whatever nation, who were suspected of heresies and false doctrines. That such delinquents should be brought to justice, and, after sentence passed upon them, be delivered over to exemplary punishment.'

All these sagacious methods of convincing the judgments of the duchess and her household proved abortive: she persevered in her heretical opinions; in consequence of which an alienation, for a period, ensued between her and the duke, who took from her the education of her children. Her daughter, Anne d'Este, notwithstanding these rigorous proceedings, betrayed a predilection for the new doctrines: her mother, who had caused her to be instructed in the sciences, had given her for the companion of her studies Olympia Fulvia Morata, a young woman of talents, who afterwards imbibed the lutheran faith. John Sinapius, a man of eminence, was their tutor. The duchess, in placing Olympia with her daughter, wished to inspire her with a generous emulation. This young woman lived several years at court greatly esteemed. From her conversation, Anne was led to exercise her understanding on theological subjects, and to sympathise with the new sect in their afflictions and persecutions.

Thuanus informs us, that Anne d'Este, wife to the duke of Guise, who from her infancy had, by her mother, been predisposed to the tenets of the

Reformers, a disposition that had been strengthened by her intercourse with Olympia Morata, interceded, with tears, with Catherine of Medicis, in behalf of the oppressed Huguenots, while she entreated the queen, as she tendered the welfare of the king and kingdom, to divert his majesty from shedding innocent blood. Yet this princess, during the League, was zealous against the Protestants; family interest, and the assassination of her husband, having combined to effect a change in her feelings.

The duchess, her mother, Renata of Ferrara, died at Montargis, June 12th, 1575, in the profession of the protestant faith.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Faminеum, &c.

ANNE DE ROHAN.

ANNE, daughter of Renatus de Rohan, and of Catherine de Parthenai, heiress of the house of Soubise, and sister to the duke of Rohan, was not less distinguished for her virtues and talents than for her illustrious descent. She was the support of the reformed religion during the civil wars of Lewis XIII. in which period she sustained with heroic constancy the hardships of the siege of Rochelle; when the inhabitants lived three months on the flesh of horses, and four ounces of bread per day. Anne and her mother refused to be comprehended in the

capitulation, choosing rather to remain prisoners of war. She was celebrated among her party for her piety and courage, and generally respected for her learning and capacity. She was also admired for her poetical talents; particularly for a poem written on the death of Henry IV. of France. She studied the Old Testament in the original language, and used in her devotions the Hebrew Psalms. She died unmarried, September 20, 1646, at Paris, in the sixty-second year of her age. The celebrated Anna Maria Shurman addressed some letters to this lady, which are in the collection of her works.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary, &c.

MARIE ELEONORE DE ROHAN.

THIS lady, celebrated for her piety and her talents, was the daughter of Hercule de Rohan-Guémené, duke de Montbazon. She was born in 1628, and educated in a convent, where she contracted a predilection for the monastic life. Of high birth and fortunes, beautiful and accomplished, the young Eléonore, at the age of eighteen, withstood the solicitations of her friends, the tears of her father, and the allurements of the world, to devote herself to a studious and secluded life. She was professed in the benedictine convent at Montargis, where, by her virtues, the sweetness of her manners, her ge-

nius, and her talents, she extorted the respect and affection of the community. She was soon after named abbess of La Trinité de Caen. This dignity her humility led her to decline, till compelled to accept it by the entreaties of the superiors of the convent. Without ambition, she fulfilled the duties of her charge with gentleness, propriety, and wisdom. Her heart was tender, susceptible, and kind; her temper sweet and modest; her mind elevated, sublime, and firm, of which she gave singular proofs in maintaining the rights and privileges of the abbey.

The air of the sea, near which the convent was situated, being unfavourable to her health, she became languid and weak: her physicians declared that a change of air only could restore her. On this occasion she was with difficulty prevailed upon to exchange her abbey for that of Malnoue, near Paris. Her distress on her separation from her charge, to whom she was affectionately attached, was affecting and extreme. Incapable of speaking, she embraced them with tenderness, and bedewed them with her tears. Attestations of the piety and virtue of our amiable enthusiast were sent to Rome, where a declaration was made by the pope of his intention to canonise so young and so exemplary an abbess.

In 1669, madame de Rohan was solicited by the religious of the Benedictines *de Notre Dame de Consolation du Chasse-midi*, to take upon her the govern-

ment of their community; to which request, without neglecting the management of De Malnoue, she was induced to consent. In the intervals of her duties, she exercised her talents, and applied herself to study. She composed, under the title of "*Morale de Salomon*," a Paraphrase on the Proverbs, a Discourse on Wisdom, and various other tracts, in which proofs were manifested of a superior understanding. It was said of this lady, "*que le sang des rois avoit trouvé en elle une ame royale.*" To the modesty and softness of her own sex, she united the wisdom and learning of the other. She died 1681, in the convent Du Chasse-Midi, generally beloved, and sincerely regretted.

Anne Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France.—Dictionnaire Historique des Femmes Célèbres.

MARGARET ROPER.

In favour of the liberal cultivation of the minds of women, it may be observed, that at no period of the English history does there appear to have been greater attention paid to the culture of the female mind, than during the age of Elizabeth; and at no time has there existed a greater number of amiable and respectable women. Even the domestic affections and appropriate virtues of the sex, modesty, prudence, and conjugal fidelity, far from being su-

perseded by study and the liberal sciences, are, on the contrary, both strengthened and embellished. The habits of reflection and retirement which grow out of the exercise of the understanding, are equally favourable to virtue and to the cultivation of the heart. While the mind, by seeking resources in itself, acquires a character of dignity and independence, a sentiment of grandeur and generosity is communicated to its affections and sympathies. Dissipation and frivolous pursuits, by enfeebling the understanding, have a tendency to harden and to narrow the heart. If the concentrated passions of stronger minds, and these examples among women, are rare, have sometimes been productive of fatal effects, an impressive and affecting lesson, as in the sublimer devastations of nature, may be derived even from their failures. But the being, restless in the pursuit of novelty, irritable, dependent, unstable, and vain, who lives only to be amused, becomes necessarily selfish and worthless, the contempt and burthen of society, the reproach of one sex and the scorn of the other. Among women distinguished for their virtues and acquirements, in the 16th century, the three daughters of sir Thomas More hold an elevated rank.

Margaret, eldest daughter of sir Thomas More, lord high chancellor of England, and of Jane, daughter of Mr. John Colte of Newhall, Essex, was born

in London, in the year 1508. She received, in the fashion of the times, a learned education, while men of the first literary reputation were procured by her father for her preceptors. The following interesting and patriarchal description of the family of the chancellor, is given by Erasmus. "More," says he, in a letter to a friend, "has built, near London, on the banks of the Thames (Chelsea), a commodious house, where he converses affably with his family, consisting of his wife, his son and daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is no man living so fond of his children, or who possesses a more excellent temper. You would call his house the academy of Plato.—But I should do it an injury by such a comparison: it is rather a school of christian goodness; in which piety, virtue, and the liberal sciences, are studied by every individual of the family. No wrangling, or intemperate language, is ever heard; no one is idle; the discipline of the household is courtesy and benevolence. Every one performs his duty with cheerfulness and alacrity, &c." What a charming picture, contrasted with modern seminaries of vanity and dissipation!

Margaret, the eldest daughter of this amiable family, was more peculiarly distinguished for her talents and genius. Dr. Clement, and Mr. William Gonell, who ranked with the most celebrated lin-

guists of the age, were her tutors in the languages: from Mr. Drue, Mr. Nicolas, and Mr. Richard Hart, she acquired a knowledge of the arts and sciences. Under the care of these gentlemen, she became mistress of the Greek and Latin; and made considerable progress in astronomy, philosophy, physics, logic, rhetoric, music, and arithmetic. Sir Thomas, to whom all his children were dear, regarded his eldest daughter, in whose attainments and powers he felt a laudable pride, with peculiar tenderness. She is said to have written a pure and elegant Latin style: her father delighted in holding with her an epistolary correspondence: some of her letters, which he communicated in confidence to persons of the most distinguished abilities and learning, received high and just praise. The erudition and talents of these admirable sisters were celebrated, in a Latin epigram, by Mr. John Leland the antiquarian poet. The affection of the chancellor for his daughter Margaret, is particularly mentioned in Mr. More's Life of sir Thomas, and in Lewis's edition of the same Life, by Roper.

During the extraordinary malady called the sweating-sickness, which commenced in the army of Henry VII. 1483, and, spreading its contagious influence to London, appeared again at intervals, five times, till 1528, Margaret was seized with this disorder: her father, while her recovery was doubtful, aban-

doned himself to the most violent sorrow; and protested, on her restoration to health, that had the malady proved fatal, it was his determination to have resigned all business, and for ever to have abjured the world.

In 1528, in the twentieth year of her age, Margaret gave her hand to William Roper, esq. of Wellhall, Eltham in Kent, a man of talents and learning, amiable, and accomplished, whose congenial qualities had united him with the family of the chancellor, by the most cordial and indissoluble ties. The young couple continued to live at Chelsea, with the family, till its worthy head, after being taken into custody, was confined in the Tower. Two sons and three daughters were the fruit of this marriage, whose education was superintended by their mother with the most assiduous care. Drs. Cole and Christopherson, afterwards bishop of Chichester, men eminent for their skill as Grecians, were procured by Mrs. Roper, as preceptors to her children. This lady corresponded, and was personally acquainted, with Erasmus, the restorer of learning, by whom she was styled *Britanniæ decus*, and in whose estimation she held a high place. Sir Thomas having presented to Erasmus a valuable picture, drawn by Hans Holbein, in which he was himself represented, surrounded by his children, Erasmus returned his acknowledgments in a Latin epistle, which he ad

dressed to Margaret. In his letter he expresses the pleasure he felt in receiving a representation of a family which he so truly respected; and more especially that of a lady, whose resemblance could not be beheld without being reminded of her excellent and admirable qualities. Margaret replied to this compliment in an elegant Latin epistle; in which, after expressing her pleasure in the satisfaction the picture had afforded to her learned friend, she acknowledges him as an instructor to whom she should ever feel herself grateful.

At different periods, Erasmus addressed himself also to her sisters, Elizabeth and Cecilia; but Margaret, to whom he dedicated some hymns of Prudentius, appears to have been his favourite. Having, in the early part of her life, applied herself to the languages, she now prosecuted, with no less assiduity, the study of philosophy, of the sciences, of physics, and of theology. The two latter branches of knowledge were more particularly recommended to her by her father. Till this period, her life glided on serenely, a calm unruffled stream, in the acquisition of science, and in the bosom of her family. It became now agitated and perturbed, by the tragical fate of her beloved and invaluable father.

The chancellor, having disapproved the conduct of Henry VIII. in the business of his divorce from

Catherine, his first wife, thought proper to resign the seals, and incurred, by this measure, the displeasure of a capricious tyrant. Sir Thomas, living under the same roof and in the midst of his family, the expences of which he had hitherto defrayed from his revenue, knew not how, on the resignation of his office, to support the idea of a separation from them. Having assembled his children together, he advised with them respecting the measures which it would be necessary to pursue: and, while they listened to him in mournful and respectful silence, thus addressed them: "I have been brought up at Oxford, at an inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and in the king's court, from the lowest degree to the highest; and yet have I, in yearly revenues, at this present time, little left me above one hundred pounds a-year. If therefore we continue to live together, we must all become contributers. But my counsel is, that we descend not to the lowest fare first: we will not yet comply with Oxford fare, nor that of New-inn; but we will begin with Lincoln's-inn diet, where many persons of distinction live very agreeably. And, should we find ourselves incapacitated from living thus the first year, we will, the next, conform ourselves to that of Oxford. Should our purses not even allow us that, we may afterwards, with bag and wallet, go and beg together—hoping, that, for pity, some good people will give us their charity; and,

at every man's door, we will sing a *salve regina*, whereby we shall still keep company, and be merry together." This excellent family was soon after dispersed; but Margaret and her husband still continued to reside near their father.

Sir Thomas refusing to take the oath of supremacy, the prospect now became darker; he was committed to the custody of the abbot of Westminster, whence, continuing inflexible, he was removed to the Tower. Overwhelmed with grief, his daughter was, through incessant importunity, at length allowed to visit him: admitted to his presence, she left no argument, expostulation, or intreaty, unessayed, to induce him to relent from his purpose. But her eloquence, her tenderness, and her tears, proved alike ineffectual; the principles and constancy of this great, but unfortunate man, were not to be shaken. Margaret, less tenacious, or less bigotted, had herself taken the oath, with the following reservation—"*As far as would stand with the law of God.*"

The family, on this affecting occasion, seem again, from a letter addressed by Mrs. Roper to her father, to have assembled at Chelsea. "What think you, my most dear father," says she, "doth comfort us, in this your absence, at Chelsea? Surely, the remembrance of your manner of life passed among us, your holy conversation, your wholesome counsels, your examples of virtue; of which there is

hope, that they do not only persevere with you, but that they are, by God's grace, much more increased.' During the imprisonment of sir Thomas, a frequent intercourse of letters passed between him and this beloved daughter; and, when deprived of pen and ink, he contrived to write to her with a coal. These letters are of an affecting nature, and are printed at the conclusion of the works of sir Thomas More, published by his nephew, Mr. Rastell: many of them are also reprinted by the last editor of the Life of sir Thomas, Mr. Roper, 1731.

It is related by Dr. Knight, in his Life of Erasmus, that sentence having been passed on the chancellor, his daughter, as he was returning towards the Tower, rushing through the populace and guards, threw herself upon his neck, and, without speaking, in a stupor of despair, strained him closely in her arms. Even the guards, at this affecting scene, melted into compassion, while the fortitude of the illustrious prisoner nearly yielded. 'My dear Margaret,' said he, 'submit with patience, grieve no longer for me, it is the will of God, and must be borne.' Tenderly embracing her, he withdrew himself from her arms. He had not proceeded many paces, when she again rushed towards him; again, in a paroxysm of sorrow more eloquent than words, threw herself on his bosom. Tears flowed down the venerable cheeks of sir Thomas, while he gazed

on her with tender earnestness; yet his heroic purpose continued unmoved. Having intreated her prayers for him, he bade her affectionately farewel, while every spectator dissolved in tender sympathy.

The cares of Margaret extended to the lifeless remains of her beloved parent: by her interests and exertions, his body was, after his execution, interred in the chapel of St. Peter's *ad vincula*, within the precincts of the Tower; and was afterwards removed, according to the appointment of sir Thomas during his life, to the chancel of the church at Chelsea. His head, having remained fourteen days exposed upon London bridge, in conformity to his sentence, was about to be cast into the Thames, when it was purchased by his daughter. Being, on this occasion, inhumanly summoned before the council, she firmly avowed and justified her conduct. This boldness did not escape the vengeance of the king; she was committed to prison; whence, after a short restraint, and vain attempts to subdue her courage by menaces, she was liberated, and restored to her husband and family.

The remainder of her life was passed in domestic retirement, in the bosom of her family, and in the education of her children. She is described by Mr. More, in his Life of sir Thomas, as a woman of singular powers and endowments, and as chosen by her father, for her sagacity and prudence, as his friend

and confidant. She corrected, by her own discernment, without the assistance of any manuscript, a corruption in St. Cyprian, restoring *nervos severitatis*, for *nisi vos severitatis*, as testified by Pamelion and John Coster. She composed many Latin epistles, poems, and orations, which were dispersed among the learned of her acquaintance. She wrote, in reply to Quintilian, an oration, in defence of the rich man, whom he accuses of having poisoned, with certain venomous flowers in his garden, the poor man's bees. This performance is said to have rivalled in eloquence the production to which it was in answer. Two declamations were likewise written by her, and translated both by herself and her father, with equal spirit and eloquence, into Latin. She also composed a treatise, "*Of the four last Things*," with so much justness of thought, and strong reasoning, as obliged sir Thomas to confess its superiority to a discourse in which he was himself employed on the same subject, and which, it is supposed, on that account, he never concluded. The ecclesiastical history of Eusebius was translated by this lady from the Greek into Latin: its publication was superseded by that of bishop Christopherson, a celebrated Grecian of that period. This labour of learning was afterwards translated from the Latin into English by Mary, the daughter of Margaret Roper, who inherited the talents of her mother.

Mrs. Roper, whose learning and genius procured

her the respect and admiration of the most distinguished characters of her country, and of the age in which she lived, survived her father only nine years; she had been a wife sixteen years, and died in 1544, in her thirty-sixth year. In compliance with her desire, the head of her father was interred with her; in her arms, as related by some; or, according to others, deposited in a leaden box, and placed upon her coffin. She was buried in St. Dunstan's church, in the city of Canterbury, in a vault under a chapel joining to the chancel, the burying-place of the Roper family. Her husband remained a widower thirty-three years after his irreparable loss; when he expired January 4th, 1577, and was interred with his beloved wife.

The following is a translation of a Latin inscription to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Roper.

"Here lieth interred William Roper, esq. a venerable and worthy man, the son and successor of the late John Roper, esq.—Also, Margaret his wife (daughter of sir Thomas More, knight, once high-chancellor of England), a woman excellently well skilled in the Greek and Latin tongues. The above-mentioned William Roper succeeded his father, John Roper, in the office of prothonotary of the high court of King's-bench; and, after having discharged the duties of it faithfully fifty-four years, he left it to his son Thomas. The said William Roper was liberal both in his domestic and public conduct. Kind and compassionate in his temper, the support of the prisoner, the poor, and the oppressed. He had issue by Margaret, his only wife, two sons and three daughters, whose children and grandchildren he lived to see,

He lost his wife in the bloom of his years, and lived a widower thirty-three years. At length (his days being fulfilled in peace) he died, lamented by all, in a good old age, on the 4th day of January, in the year of our redemption 1557, and of his age eighty-two."

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum, &c.

MARY ROPER.

MARY, youngest daughter of Margaret Roper, and grand-daughter of sir Thomas More, was educated by her mother, whose talents she emulated. Under the tuition of doctors Cole and Christopherson, and Mr. John Morwen, a celebrated Grecian, she became mistress of the Greek and Latin languages, in which she composed orations highly commended by Mr. Morwen, and translated by him into English. She translated into English her mother's Latin version of Eusebius's Church History, which she dedicated to queen Mary. She also translated a part of sir Thomas More's Latin exposition of the passion of Jesus Christ, imitating the style of her grandfather so successfully, that her production has been mistaken for an original. Mr. Roger Ascham styles this lady an ornament of the court and of her sex. She was one of the ladies of the queen's privy-chamber. She was twice married; first to Mr. Stephen Clarke, and, after his decease, to Mr. James Basset.

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum.

MADAME ROLAND.

It is a task not less painful than difficult to *abridge* the memoirs of this admirable woman, the heroine of the French revolution, and the martyr of liberty, to rob them of those graces, that spirit and interest, that glow through every page, and awaken in the heart of the reader the most affecting and elevated sentiments.

Born in an obscure station, the daughter of Gatien Phlipon, an artist, and of Margaret Bimont, his wife, madame Roland passed her youth in the bosom of retirement, occupied in acquiring those virtues and talents by which she became afterwards so eminently distinguished. M. Phlipon was, by profession, an engraver; he also practised painting and enamelling, but the heat which the latter required, proving prejudicial to his sight, he determined to relinquish it, and to confine himself wholly to the art of engraving, in which he employed, in an extensive business, a considerable number of workmen. By the desire of making a rapid fortune, he was also induced to enter into trade; to purchase diamonds and other jewels, for the purpose of acquiring a profit by their sale. Active and vain, but without erudition, he possessed that degree of taste and superficial knowledge which an employment connected with the

arts seldom fails to inspire, and which led him to court the acquaintance of professional men. While his ambition, kept within limits, had not yet injured his circumstances, he led a temperate, regular life, and piqued himself on his honour and commercial punctuality.

His wife, with a small fortune, brought him a charming figure, and a "celestial mind*." The eldest of six children, to whom she had been a second mother, she resigned, at six-and-twenty, her place to her sister, and married M. Phlipon, whom her parents presented to her as an honest man, whose talents ensured her subsistence, and whom her reason, rather than her heart, accepted. "It is a proof of wisdom," observes madame Roland, "to be able to contract our desires: enjoyments are more rare than is imagined; but virtue is never without its consolation."

Madame Roland was the second of seven children, and the only one who survived: her mother frequently remarked, with pleasure, that, of all her children, she alone had never caused her sorrow or regret: her pregnancy and her delivery of this beloved daughter had been equally happy; and had even appeared to contribute towards the re-establishment of her health. The

* The language of madame Roland will be adopted in this memoir whenever it is practicable.

nurse selected by madame Besnard, an aunt of M. Phlipon's, in the neighbourhood of Arpajon, to take the charge of the infant, was a healthy and well-disposed woman, much esteemed for the propriety of her conduct in an unhappy marriage with a man of brutal temper. Madame Besnard had no children; her husband stood godfather to their little niece, whom they both loved as a daughter, with constant and invariable affection. Their kindness recompensed the vigilance of the nurse, whose zeal and success procured for her the friendship of the whole family of her charge. Madame Roland preserved through life an affectionate intercourse with her foster-mother, to whose simple and tender tales, of the little incidents and frolics of her infancy, she never failed to listen with patience and pleasure. This good woman never suffered two years to elapse without taking a journey to Paris to visit her foster-child.

The little *Manon*, for so was she called, was brought home to her father's at two years of age, a lively little brunette, with dark hair falling in graceful ringlets over an animated and glowing face. The prudence and fine qualities of madame Phlipon soon gave her an ascendancy over the mild and affectionate temper of *Manon*, whom it was never found necessary to punish, otherwise

than by gravely applying to her the title of *mademoiselle*, which was substituted by her mother, with heart-rending dignity, for kinder and more familiar appellations. Lively without being turbulent, and of a reflective temper, *Manon* desired only to be employed, while she quickly seized every idea that was presented to her. "This disposition," says madame Roland, "was turned to so good an account, that I never remember having been taught to read."—"At four years old the business was in a manner completed; all that was necessary in future was only to supply me with books, which, whenever they were put into my hands, were sure to engross all my attention; which nothing but a nosegay could divert."—"Under the tranquil shelter of my paternal roof, I was happy, from my infancy, with flowers and books. In the narrow confines of a prison, amidst chains, imposed by the most shocking tyranny, I forget the injustice of men, their follies, and my own misfortunes, with books and flowers."

The parents of mademoiselle Phlipon availed themselves of her studious turn, to put into her hands the catechisms, with the Old and New Testaments; while she learned with facility every thing which was taught her. Guibol, a painter, whose panegyric on Poussin obtained the prize from the academy at Rouen, frequently visited at

M. Phlipon's; where he delighted in amusing the little *Manon* with extravagant and marvellous tales. "I think I see him now," says she, "with a figure bordering on the grotesque, sitting in an armed chair, taking me between his knees, and making me repeat the creed of St. Athanasius: then rewarding my compliance with the story of *Tanger*; whose nose was so long, that he was obliged, when walking, to twist it round his arm."

At seven years of age *Manon* was sent to the parish church to attend *catechism*, in order to prepare her for *confirmation*. The children, on this occasion, repeated, as their weekly task, the epistle and gospel, a portion of the catechism, and the collect for the day. A young priest gave them instructions, and explained to them the questions necessary to the subject. The pastors were also sometimes seen among their youthful flock, whom they interrogated respecting the progress they had made. Mr. Garat, the rector of the parish, accosted *Manon* on one of these days, in order to sound the depth of her erudition, and to display, at the same time, his own sagacity. 'How many orders of spirits are there,' enquired he, with an ironical tone and air, 'in the celestial hierarchy?' 'Though many,' replied the little theologist, with a smile, 'are enumerated in the preface to the Missal, I have found, from other

books, that there are only nine—*angels, archangels, thrones, dominions,*' &c. She went on, marshalling the spirits in their proper order, and establishing her reputation, as a chosen vessel, among all the devout matrons in the neighbourhood.

Possibly the good sense of madame Phlipon might have operated against these public exhibitions, and lessons of vanity and superstition, had not these ceremonies been committed to the care of her younger brother, an ecclesiastic belonging to the parish, who found, in the presence of his niece, a stimulus to persons, above the inferior ranks, who, by this example, were induced to send their children also. The capacity of mademoiselle Phlipon, and even the neatness and elegance of her appearance, were additional sources of gratification to the pride of her indulgent parents. At the distribution of prizes, at the end of the year, mademoiselle Phlipon appeared without a competitor; her uncle was congratulated on the talents of his niece, and obtained, through her means, greater notice and distinction. The eagerness of *Manon* to learn, suggested to her uncle the idea of teaching her Latin; while, delighted with a new study, she received his instructions with ardour. At home, masters for geography, for writing, for music, for dancing,

were provided for her: she received from her father also lessons in drawing. Amidst these various occupations she still found time for her lessons and her books: rising at five in the morning, when a profound repose reigned throughout the house, she was accustomed to steal softly, regardless of stockings or shoes, with a night-gown thrown over her, to the chamber of her mother, in a corner of which, on a table, her books were deposited. In this situation she either read or repeated and copied her lessons, with an assiduity that surprised her teachers. Her diligence and rapid progress rendered her the favourite of her masters; while the interest and pleasure they felt in assisting her, redoubled her industry and attention. Her tutors, at length, flattered by the capacity of their scholar, universally agreed, that their instructions were no longer necessary, and that they ought not to be paid, though they should gladly continue to visit at the house, to converse with their pupil, and, as friends, to behold her progress.

The influence of M. Phlipon, over the education of his daughter, was fortunately but slight, as that little was calculated to do mischief. *Manon* was somewhat obstinate, or rather she did not readily submit to authority or caprice, when her judgment resisted its dictates. Her mother, who

had studied a temper, which doubtless she had contributed to form, governed her by reason, or drew her by the chords of affection; nor did she often experience opposition to her will. Her father, who issued his mandates in a higher tone, found them sometimes disputed, and seldom obeyed without reluctance. If, on these occasions, he attempted force, the affectionate and gentle *Manon* was converted into a lion. More than once, during the operation of a whipping, she bit the thigh across which she was laid, protesting, with violence, against a chastisement so degrading. One day, being a little indisposed, it was thought proper that she should take medicine. The draught was accordingly presented, and, from its nauseous scent, rejected with abhorrence: madame Phlipon tried to overcome the repugnance of her daughter, and, by her expostulations, inspired her with the desire of obedience. But, her senses still revolting, the effort proved vain. M. Phlipon, on hearing what had passed, put himself in a rage, and, ascribing to stubbornness the resistance offered to the medicine, had once more recourse to his remedy of the rod. The resolution of *Manon* was, from that instant, taken; she determined against a compliance that was to be thus extorted. A violent struggle ensued, followed by new menaces and a second whipping. The mischief was increased:

Manon, more indignant and more resolved, uttered terrible shrieks, and, raising her eyes to heaven, prepared to throw from her the bitter potion. Her gestures indicated her design, and her father, in a transport of fury, threatened a third flagellation. All at once her tears ceased to flow, she sobbed no longer, her passions were concentrated in a single resolution. Fortitude was developed by the extremity of injustice. Turning to the bed-side, and leaning her head against the wall, she presented herself to the rod in silence and meek determination. "My father," said she, "might have killed me on the spot, but he would not have drawn from me a single sigh." Her mother, dreadfully agitated by the scene, at length drew her husband from the room, and, without uttering a word, put to bed the refractory daughter, and left her to repose. Having returned at the end of two hours she conjured her, while her eyes were filled with tears, to comply with their wishes. *Manon*, looking steadfastly in the face of her mother, made an extraordinary effort, and swallowed the medicine at a draught. In a quarter of an hour it was, however, thrown back; a violent paroxysm of fever ensued, for the cure of which it was necessary to have recourse to other means. Mademoiselle Phlipon was, at this time, but little more than six years of age. After relating this

anecdote, she thus observes: "I experienced the same inflexible firmness that I have since felt on great and trying occasions; nor would it at this moment cost me more to ascend undauntedly the scaffold, than it then did to resign myself to brutal treatment, which might have killed, but could not conquer me." This anecdote is related at large, as an affecting lesson to parents and tutors.

The conduct of his daughter seemed to have produced on M. Phlipon its proper effect. From that instant she never received another blow, nor did he even undertake to control her: on the contrary, he caressed her frequently; taught her to draw; took her out to walk; and treated her with a kindness that ensured her respect and submission. The seventh anniversary of her birth was celebrated as the attainment of the age of reason; when it was intimated to her, that she was expected to follow its dictates. This politic compliment, without increasing her vanity, gave her confidence in herself. The discretion of children is increased by an obligation to its early exercise.

Her days now glided on in domestic peace and mental activity. Her mother, almost always at home, received but little company. Two days were however appropriated to going abroad: one to visit the relations of her father; and the other,

which was Sunday, to go to church, to take a walk, and to see her maternal grandmother, who, from an attack of the palsy, had gradually declined into a state of dotage. This, to the lively spirits of *Manon*, was rather a painful task: no books were to be found at her grandmother's, or none but the Psalter; which, for want of other amusement, she used to read over twenty times, in French, and chant the Latin. When she was gay the old lady would weep, and laugh if she happened to get a blow or a fall. This, though told it was the effect of disease, did not please *Manon*: she could have borne with the laughter of her grandmother; but her grievous and imbecile cries rent her heart, and inspired her with terror. Madame Phlipon, who considered these visits as an indispensable though a painful duty, refused to yield to the weariness and disgust of her daughter, whom she laboured to convince of the propriety of her conduct. "I know not how she managed it," says this daughter, "but my *heart* received her lessons with emotion." Happy, thrice happy and respectable mother! When her uncle Bimont (the young ecclesiastic), met *Manon* at his mother's, her joy was inexpressible: with him she danced, sung, played, and romped.

The studies which occupied her time rendered

the days short: she soon exhausted, with the elementary books, the little family library. When new books were not to be procured, the old ones were devoured again and again. Two folio Lives of the Saints, a Bible, in an old version of the same size, a translation of Appian's Civil Wars, and a description of Turkey, written in a wretched style, were thus read. Also the comical romances of Scarron, a collection of pretended *bon mots* (which however were perused but once), the Memoirs of the brave De Pontis (a great favourite), those of mademoiselle de Montpensier, whose pride did not displease the young lady, with several other antiquated works. In her passion for knowledge, she picked up a treatise on heraldry, which she instantly began to study; its little figures and coloured plates having excited and amused her curiosity. Her father was, soon after, astonished on her giving him a specimen of her science, in some remarks on a seal not engraven according to the rules of art. She became afterwards, on this occasion, his oracle, nor did she ever mislead him. A treatise on contracts fell into her hands, which she likewise endeavoured to understand, but, from weariness, soon resigned her purpose. The Bible, of which she frequently returned to the perusal, had, for her, peculiar attractions: if, by the simplicity of

its language, it gave her on some subjects premature information, it at least exercised her thoughts, without seducing her imagination. In searching the house for books, she at length discovered a new and unforeseen supply. The workshop of her father joined to the room in which she sat with her mother: in this apartment, which was handsome and neatly furnished, she was accustomed to receive her lessons. A recess, on one side the fire-place, was converted into a light closet, in which stood a bed, a chair, a small table, and a few shelves. This was the sanctuary of *Manon*. In an evening, or at hours when the workmen were absent, she used to steal into the shop, where the different instruments of her father's art, and various pieces of sculpture, were deposited. One day she remarked there a recess, in which one of the young men kept his books. Volume by volume was carried off by *Manon* to her little closet, eagerly read, and again, in silence, deposited in its place. Fortunately these books were inoffensive, and generally well chosen. Madame Phlipon had made the same discovery; and *Manon* one day recognised in the hands of her mother a book which had previously passed through her own. No longer considering herself as under any restraint, she felt emancipated by this example from all future compunction. The

young man took no notice of the occasional disappearance of his books; all parties seemed agreed by a tacit convention. In this way *Manon* perused many volumes of travels, of which she became passionately fond; and also some plays of second-rate authors, and the Plutarch of Dacier. This last work proved more to her taste than any thing she had yet read, without excepting even pathetic histories, with which however she was greatly affected. "Plutarch," says she in her Memoirs, "was the intellectual food that exactly suited me. Never shall I forget the Lent of 1763, at which time I was nine years of age: I carried Plutarch with me to church, instead of the Exercises of the Holy Week. It is from that period that I may date the impressions and ideas which, without my dreaming of ever becoming one, made me a republican." Telemachus, and the Jerusalem Delivered, impeded for a time the current of these sublime impressions, by a majesty of a different kind: the tender Fenelon touched her heart; while Tasso fired her imagination. Sometimes, at the request of her mother, she read aloud; but this, by diverting her from that close attention in which she delighted to indulge, proved irksome. "Rather," says she, "would I have plucked out my tongue, than have so read the episodes of the island of

Calypso, and a number of passages in Tasso.—With Telemachus I was Eucharis, and with Tancred, Erminia. Completely metamorphosed into these heroines, I thought not as yet of being, with some other personage, something myself.—None of my reflections came home to me.—I was the very identical characters, and saw only, on their account, the objects which existed."

A young painter, notwithstanding, named *Taberal*, with a soft voice, languishing features, and a fine complexion, who came about this period occasionally to the house of M. Phlipon, seems to have called, in some degree, the contemplation of his daughter from fictitious heroes: but this emotion, neither strengthened by indolence, nor improper society, was transient and fleeting.

The powerful impressions produced on the mind of mademoiselle Phlipon by the works enumerated, were soon after diverted by different productions, among which may be named the writings of Voltaire. Employed one day in perusing Candide, a lady who had just laid down her cards, with which she had been playing in the same room, desired to see the book which engaged the attention of her young friend. On the return of madame Phlipon, who had quitted the apartment, she expressed her surprise at the subject of her daughter's studies. *Manon* was

ordered by her mother, who to the observation of her visitor had made no reply, to replace the book where she had found it. From that day forward never was the officious lady favoured with one smile from our little student. The conduct of madame Phlipon was unaltered by this incident: her daughter was allowed to read all the books which came in her way, not without the knowledge, but without the interference, of her mother. No mischief appears to have ensued from this privilege; *Manon* read no immoral publications, which were probably withheld from her; but the taste which she acquired from intellectual improvement superseded the necessity of any particular watchfulness.

Her father also, perceiving her love of letters, presented her with books; of which, piquing himself on confirming the serious habits of her mind, his choice was curious: Fenelon on the education of females, and Locke on that of children in general, were put into the hands of a student who was herself a child. But this incongruity was not without its benefits. "I loved to reflect," says this truly admirable woman: "I seriously desired to improve myself:—I studied the movements of my mind:—I felt that I had a destination which it was requisite I should enable myself to fulfil. Religious notions began to fer-

ment in my brain, and soon produced a violent explosion."

The progress of mademoiselle Phlipon in the Latin seems not to have been very great; "her little uncle," as she was accustomed to call the abbé Bimont, young, indolent, and sprightly, took more pleasure in prattling and sporting with his niece, than in teaching her to decline nouns, and conjugate verbs: she however acquired sufficient Latin to chant and understand the psalms, and to give her facility in the study of language: a few years after she learned the Italian, without a master, and with little difficulty. In drawing, her father rather amused himself with her aptitude, than cultivated her talent in the art, in which her mother, from prudential motives, was not desirous that she should excel. "I would not have her become a painter," said she; "it would require an intercommunity of studies and of connections, that we can well dispense with." She also was taught to hold the graver, of which she soon overcame the first difficulties. Her drawings and engravings served for little presents to her relations on the anniversary of their birth-days, kept with great solemnity.

Little *Manon* was fond of dress, and her mother, though plain in her own attire, took pleasure in adorning her daughter, whom she clothed

with a degree of richness and elegance not perfectly suited to her condition. On a Sunday this finery was exhibited in the *Tuilleries*, where the *bourgeoise* of Paris were accustomed to parade; and, on other occasions, at festivals and family visits. The vanity of youth is content with simple gratifications. Contrasted with these exhibitions, the young lady, so elegant on a Sunday, at church, and in the public walks, with a demeanor and language suited to her appearance, would, nevertheless, during the week, attend her mother to market in a linen frock; or step out alone to purchase any little article that had been omitted or forgotten. This contrast was yet farther extended: the child who was set to study science and systems; who could explain the circles of the spheres, and enumerate the celestial hierarchy; who handled the crayon and the graver; and who, at eight years of age, was the best dancer in the youthful parties that met on extraordinary occasions;—this child, so intelligent and accomplished, knew how, in the kitchen, to make an omelet, to pick the herbs, or skim the pot. Happy simplicity! in which the useful, the ornamental, the gay, and the serious, so delightfully blend. "It was this mixture of occupation," says madame Roland, "properly ordered, and rendered agreeable by my mother's good

management, that made me fit for every thing, that seemed to forbode the vicissitudes of my fortune, and enable me to support them."

Madame Phlipon, who was serious without bigotry, who conformed to the rules of the church, and endeavoured to believe, did not neglect to present to her daughter religious considerations, which were received with respect and attention. "These notions," says madame Roland, "were of a nature calculated to impress a lively imagination, notwithstanding the doubts suggested by my infant reason, which regarded with surprise the transformation of the Devil into a serpent, and thought it cruel in God to permit it." Having received confirmation with the temper of a mind that reflects on its duties, *Manon* prepared herself, with real awe and sacred terror, to receive her first communion. Being well read in books of devotion, her thoughts were wholly occupied with the importance of a future state, unalterable, and eternal. The age of sentiment was by religious fervors prematurely brought forward; an extraordinary revolution agitated her feelings, and introduced into her mind a timid scrupulosity. Watching over her thoughts, lest any profane image should introduce itself, these solicitudes were also extended to her studies: for the rational desire of acquiring know-

ledge was substituted the feelings of a devotee.

But a life which became every day more strict and retired, appeared yet too worldly for the first ardours of a young enthusiast, who had acquired a taste for divine communications, who passed her hours in perusing the lives of the saints, and the explanation of the church ceremonies, with all their mystic signification; and who unfeignedly regretted, that the persecuting fury of pagans no longer conferred the crown of martyrdom on heroic christians. After profound meditation, *Manon* began to think seriously of embracing a new vocation: the idea of parting with her mother had, till this period, never failed to overwhelm with affliction her affectionate and susceptible mind; but now the silence and solitude of a cloister presented a grand and romantic image of sacrifice and seclusion, which seized on her imagination, and captivated her senses. In this disposition of mind, one evening after supper, falling at the feet of her parents, she shed in silence a torrent of tears. Alarmed at this sudden emotion, they earnestly intreated her to explain the cause of her distress; when, in a voice interrupted with sobs, she implored them to send her to a convent; a measure which, however painful to her feelings, her conscience irresistibly demanded. Her excellent mother, much affected

at her request, having raised her from the ground, enquired what it was that made her desirous of leaving them; while she observed, at the same time, that they had never refused to her any reasonable demand. *Manon*, in reply, declared it was her wish to communicate, for the first time, in a disposition suited to the solemnity of the occasion. M. Phlipon, having commended her zeal, and expressed his readiness to comply with her desire, she was accordingly placed in a respectable house, of a mild order, in which the education of youth was professed by the nuns. "While pressing my dear mother in my arms," says she, "at the moment of our first separation, I thought my heart would have burst; but I was acting in obedience to the voice of God, and passed the threshold of the cloister, offering up to him with tears the greatest sacrifice I was capable of making. This was the 7th of May, 1765, when I was eleven years and two months old."— "How," adds she, "shall I recal to my mind, in the gloom of a prison, and amidst commotions which ravage my country, and sweep away all that is dear to me, that period of rapture and tranquillity? What lively colours can express the soft emotions of a young heart, endued with tenderness and sensibility, greedy of happiness,

awakening to the feelings of nature, and perceiving only the Deity!"

The scholars of the cloister were, from the age of six to that of seventeen or eighteen, divided into two classes, which took their meals at separate tables. The capacity and gravity of the little *Manon* secured her, notwithstanding her youth, a place in the first. The regularity of a life which the variety of her studies only diversified, was suited to her active, yet methodical mind: her diligence still left her leisure, while she improved every moment of her time. In the hours set apart for recreation, she was accustomed to retire from the crowd, to read or reflect in some solitary spot. "Every-where," said she, "I perceived the hand of the Deity; in the beauty of the foliage, the breath of the zephyrs, and the fragrance of the flowers. I was sensible of his beneficent care, and I admired his wonderful works." The majestic sounds of the organ, with the melodious voices of the nuns, chanting their devotions, completed the transport of a young enthusiast. Beside the mass, to which the boarders, in the morning, were regularly conducted, half an hour in every day was consecrated to meditation, to which those only who appeared capacitated to improve it were admitted. This privilege was conferred with zeal

upon mademoiselle Phlipon, who, not content with this distinction, earnestly intreated to receive her first communion at the approaching festival of the Assumption. This request, notwithstanding her short residence in the convent, was, with the unanimous consent of the superiors, readily granted. The monk who officiated at the cloister, an upright and enlightened man, whose good sense and mildness of temper softened the austerities of his demeanor, was well fitted for his office. While he directed the pious affections of his new charge to all that was great and sublime in morality, he took a pleasure in developing the germs of virtue, by the instrumentality of religion, without any mixture of its absurd mysticism. Mademoiselle Phlipon loved him as a father, and during the three years that he survived, after she had quitted the convent, went regularly to confess to him, from a considerable distance, at the eve of great festivals.

A young novice took the veil soon after the arrival of mademoiselle Phlipon at the convent, whose sensations on this occasion were affecting, mingled, and acute. " I was myself," said she, " the very victim of the sacrifice. I thought they were tearing me from my mother; and I shed a torrent of tears. With sensibility, that renders

impressions so profound, and occasions so many things to strike us, that pass like shadows before common eyes, our existence never becomes languid. If life be measured by the sentiment which has marked every moment of its duration, I have already lived to a prodigious age."

Prepared by every means which the catholic religion, so striking and so impressive, can devise to raise the imagination, and move the senses of a youthful votary, the little *Manon* was called to communicate at the altar; while transported with divine love, and bathed in tears, two nuns were obliged to support her to the sacred table. These unfeigned marks of devout sensibility obtained her great consideration among the pious sisterhood, who failed not to recommend themselves to her prayers. "Dwell with me awhile," says she, "in those peaceful days of holy delusion. Think you, that in an age so corrupt, and in a social order so perverse as the present, it is possible to taste the delights of nature and innocence? Vulgar souls may find pleasure in such an age; but those for whom pleasure alone would be too little, impelled on the one hand by passions that promise them more, and restrained on the other by duties which, however severe or absurd, they are bound to respect, their enjoyments consist of little else

than the dear-bought glory of sacrificing the feelings of nature to the tyrannical institutions of mankind." Some months had elapsed since the residence of mademoiselle Phlipon at the cloister: once a-week she was visited by her parents, who took her out on a Sunday, after service, to walk in the *Jardin du Roi*. Though she never parted from them without tears, she yet returned with pleasure to the cloister, which she walked through with measured steps, the better to enjoy its solitude, while a melancholy, full of charms, penetrated and absorbed her soul.—"I longed," said she, "to be received into the bosom of the Deity; where I hoped to find that perfect felicity of which I felt the want."

The arrival of two young ladies from Amiens, about this period, gave a turn to her thoughts. In the society of the youngest, about three years older than herself, who possessed a sedate and reflecting temper, she first experienced the charms of confidence and friendship. Sophia Cannet, with feelings less acute than those of her new friend, possessed a cool and composed mind: gentle, without being forward in her demonstrations of kindness, she courted the good-will, of no one; but, when opportunities occurred, obliged every body. She was fond of working, of reading, and of reasoning: she was

of a pious turn, and, with less tenderness than mademoiselle Phlipon, was equally sincere. Sophia loved to analyse, to discuss, to know every thing: she was fond of talking, and spoke fluently. The two friends, though different in temper, yet united by a congeniality of character, shared in the occupations and pursuits of each other; and, in the transports of a common zeal, and a common affection, assisted each other in the attainment of all that was praise-worthy. Mademoiselle Phlipon had also inspired in the breast of a nun a very tender attachment. Angelica Boufflers, who had taken the veil at seventeen: full of vivacity and sensibility, the acuteness of her feelings, and the sentiments of her heart, were exalted by compression and restraint. Born to no inheritance, the want of fortune had placed her in a state of servitude among the lay-sisters, with whom she had nothing but her station in common. Her active disposition, and superior qualities of mind, rendered her, in the convent, equally useful and respectable: while she enjoyed the esteem that was her due, she was appointed to offices of distinction and trust. Her affection for mademoiselle Phlipon was not less tender than constant; it followed her through life, and rendered her a sincere participator in all the vicissitudes of her fortune.

At the entrance of *Manon* into the cloister, it had been determined that she should remain there only a twelvemonth; the time having elapsed, she took leave of her companions, with a promise of frequent visits. Some family circumstances induced her parents to place her for the present with her paternal grandmother; a lively, good-humoured, and agreeable woman, who with pleasure accepted the charge. A little estate, which, devolving by inheritance to the elder madame Phlipon, had rendered her independent, enabled her, with a younger sister, a devout, simple, and worthy woman, to occupy decent apartments in the island of St. Louis, whither she had retired after the death of her husband. Pleased with the society of young people, of whose attentions she was proud, with her *Manon* lived happy; while, from her lively and polished manners, she received considerable improvement. Her promise of visiting the convent was too dear to the heart of mademoiselle Phlipon to be easily forgotten; thither, accompanied by her aunt, or her father, who took a pleasure in indulging her, her walks were frequently directed. In the intervals of these visits, she entered into an epistolary correspondence with her friend Sophia. "This correspondence," says she, "was the origin of

my fondness for writing; and one of the causes of the facility which I acquired in composition."

Mademoiselle Phlipon had completed her twelfth year, and the thirteenth glided tranquilly away under the roof of her grandmother; the quiet of whose house accorded admirably with the tender and contemplative disposition which *Manon* had brought with her from the convent.

She accompanied her aunt every morning to mass, where her gravity and devotion obtained the notice of those who hope to gratify the Deity by peopling the cloisters with victims, and violating the first principles and duties of nature. Though the piety of *Manon* was sincere, her understanding was too good to suffer her to be a bigot; nevertheless, she secretly cherished in her heart a design of taking the veil. St. Francis de Sales, one of the most amiable of the saints in the calendar, had made a conquest of her affections; and the ladies of the Visitation, of which he was the founder, were already her adopted sisters. Lest she should give pain to her parents, whose consent, during her minority, she was assured would be withheld, she was unwilling yet to disclose to them her plan: beside, should her resolution fail during the days of probation, she felt that to reveal it would be giving a triumph to the profane.

Her grandmother's little library was laid by her under contribution, while the *Philotée* of St. Francis de Sales, and the Manual of St. Augustin, became her favourite studies. Delicious aliment for a fervent spirit abandoned to celestial illusions! The controversial writings of Bossuet, which, about this period, fell into her hands, furnished fresh food for her mind; while, in defending the faith, they let her into the secret of the objections opposed against it, and led her to investigate the grounds of her belief. This first step gradually conducted her, in a course of years, after having been Jansenist, Cartesian, Stoic, and Deist, to complete scepticism. "What a route," observes she "to terminate at last in patriotism, which has brought me to a dungeon!" In the intervals of her theological studies, she amused herself with some old books of travels, and mythology in abundance: but the Letters of madame de Sevigné, by their ease, their elegance, their vivacity, and their tenderness, fixed her taste.

Her grandmother saw but little company, and seldom went from home, but her vivacity animated their domestic circle: the old lady, who set a high value upon the graces, and upon every thing that embellishes social life, was delighted with the complaisance, the desire of

pleasing, and the gentle and amiable manners of her pupil, who, placed in the midst of *kind hearts* that studied her happiness, became every day more affectionate and docile.

The following curious account is given by madame Roland of a visit paid, with her grandmother, to a distant and opulent relation, whose children had been placed under the care of madame Phlipon. 'I am very glad to see you,' cried this voluble lady (madame de Boismorel) on their entrance, in a loud and frigid tone. 'And who is this fine girl? Your grand-daughter, I suppose? She promises to make a pretty woman! Come hither, my dear, and sit down by my side. She is a little bashful. How old is she? She is somewhat brown, to be sure; but her skin is clear, and will grow fairer a year or two hence. She is quite the woman already. I will lay my life that hand must be a lucky one. Did you ever venture in the lottery?' 'Never, madam; I am not fond of gaming.' 'I dare say not: at your age, children are apt to think their game a sure one. What an admirable voice!—So sweet, and yet so full-toned. But how grave she is. Pray, my dear, are you not a little of the devotee?' 'I know my duty to my God; which I endeavour to fulfil.' 'That's a good girl! You wish to take the veil, don't you?' 'I know not what may be my de-

stination; nor do I seek as yet to divine it.' 'Very sententious, indeed! Your grand-daughter reads a great deal, does she not?' 'Reading, madam, is her greatest delight; she always devotes to it some part of the day.' 'Ay, ay, I see how it is: but take care she does not turn author; that would indeed be a pity.' *Manon* felt as much joy when an end was put to this visit, as if relieved from some grievous suffering. 'Mind now,' said the lady, at parting, 'that you don't forget to buy me a ticket in the lottery; and, do you hear, let your grand-daughter choose the number. I am determined to try her hand. Come, give me a kiss, my little dear; and don't look so much upon the ground. You have very good eyes; even your confessor will not blame you for opening them. Yes, yes, many a fine bow will come to your share, take my word for it, and that before you are much older.'

This behaviour appeared to our little philosopher very strange; she asked her grandmother many questions respecting this fashionable lady; but kept to herself the impressions which had been made on her mind. With the son of this lady, who afterwards visited them, a sensible and amiable man, of a gentle and serious character, *Manon* was much better pleased. This gentleman was suspected of derangement, from his

conduct in bringing up his son, whose education, which he superintended himself, was directed by philosophical views. "I began," says madame Roland, "to suspect that there were two sorts of reason; one for the closet, another for the world: a morality of principle, and a morality of practice; from the contradiction of which resulted many absurdities, which did not escape my observation. In short, it appeared to me, that persons of the gay world call every one insane who is not affected with the common madness. Thus did materials for reflection gradually accumulate in my active brain."

The year allotted for mademoiselle Phlipon to remain with her grandmother passed away; and she returned to the arms of her excellent mother. It was not without regret that she quitted the isle of St. Louis, its pleasant quays, and the tranquil banks of the Seine, where she met no objects to interrupt her meditations, as, in the fervency of her zeal, she repaired with her aunt to pour forth her devotions at the foot of the altar. Notwithstanding her attachment to her mother, whose merit, accompanied with reserve, was of a more solid kind, she took leave of her kind hostess with a torrent of tears. It was still upon the banks of the Seine that she was to reside; but the house of her father was not quiet

and solitary like that she had quitted: the moving picture of the Pont-Neuf varied the scene every moment. In returning to the parental roof, she seemed literally to be entering the world: yet a free air, and an unconfined space, still gave scope to the reveries of a romantic imagination; while her sensibility, which powerfully contributed to develope her mind, gave to every object, and to every situation, a more striking and vivid hue. She still continued to to take lessons in music; her master, who, though somewhat of a composer, understood but little of science, was ambitious of communicating to his pupil all he knew. 'Put soul into it!' he was frequently exclaiming; not less afflicted at her want of expression in singing, than at the facility with which she pursued a chain of reasoning. 'You sing an air,' said he, 'as nuns chant an anthem.' He perceived not that his scholar possessed too much genuine feeling to be able, thus mechanically, and without embarrassment, to give to the sentiment of the song its proper tone. Her geography, history, arithmetic, writing, and dancing, were resumed: her father also made her again take up the graver, to which he wished to attach her by the tie of interest, sharing with her, at the end of the week, the profits of some trifling details in the art. But of this

occupation she soon became weary; nor did she conceal her disgust. No restraints being imposed upon her inclinations, she quickly threw aside the graver, which she never resumed. In the morning she accompanied her mother to hear mass, and when the hours devoted to her masters were over, retired to her closet to read, write, and meditate. In the long evenings she joined her mother, who read to her while she employed herself with the needle. For the purpose of digesting what she had heard, she committed to paper, on the succeeding mornings, what had most forcibly struck her in the evening readings, and returned to the book to copy the passage, or to recover the connection. This habit becoming a passion, she borrowed and hired books, which she returned not till she had made their best passages her own. In this manner she went over *Pluche*, *Rollin*, *Crevier*, the *Père d'Orleans*, *St. Real*, the abbé *de Vertot*, and *Mezeray*, the driest of writers, but the historian of her country; with the annals of which she wished to acquaint herself. Her uncle, the ecclesiastic, who had formerly taught her Latin, had improved his situation: he boarded with the first vicar, the abbé le Jay; at whose house *Manon*, with her parents, was accustomed to pass the evenings on Sundays and holydays. The abbé received his company in a

large library, which afforded to mademoiselle Phlipon a new and delightful resource.

With her friends, at the convent, she still kept up her intercourse: Sophia had returned to her family; but, before her departure, had prevailed on her mother to meet madame Phlipon. In this interview the friendship of the young people was consecrated and confirmed, while their parents smiled at their promises of perpetual amity; which were, however, never violated. A correspondence was settled between them, in which they mutually imparted their observations and reflections.

By the death of the abbé Jay, *Manon* was deprived of the use of his library, in which she had found literati and historians, mythologists, and fathers of the church. This source failing, she was obliged to have recourse to the booksellers, where her father, ill qualified himself for selection, asked for whatever his daughter pointed out; whose choice generally fell on works respecting which her curiosity had been excited by quotations or extracts. She thus perused translations of Diodorus Siculus, and other ancient historians; the abbé Velly's history of France, with the continuations; Pascal, Montesquieu, Locke, Burlamaqui, and the principal French dramatists. To improve herself, and to acquire knowledge, were the only ends which she had in view. "I felt,"

says she, "a sort of necessity of exercising the activity of my mind, and of gratifying my serious propensities. I panted after happiness, which I could find only in the powerful exertion of my faculties. Placed in the hands of a skilful preceptor, and applying solely to a particular study, I might have extended some branch of science, or have acquired talents of a superior kind. But should I have been better or more useful? Certainly, I should not have been more happy. I know of nothing comparable to that plenitude of life, of peace, of satisfaction, to those days of innocence and of study."

On holidays, in fine weather, mademoiselle Phlipon was taken by her father to the public walks, where he was proud of displaying his daughter: he accompanied her also to every exhibition or work of art, in those days of luxury, so frequent in Paris. On these occasions, while he pointed out to her what was worthy of notice, he visibly enjoyed his own superiority. These worldly amusements, and the images they called up, agreed but ill with the devotion and studies of a sober recluse, upon whose mind, accustomed to reflection, they could not fail of producing a contrariety of impressions. Mademoiselle Phlipon, while she opposed to the principles she had acquired in the closet the maxims and manners of

the world, became disturbed and uneasy; her reason received a shock that urged her to the investigation of the grounds of her faith. The first thing which confounded her in the religion which she professed, was the universality of its pretensions, which condemned to destruction all those by whom it was denied, or to whom it remained unknown. When, instructed by history, she considered the extent of the earth, the succession of ages, the diversities of human character, and of human opinion, the absurdity of this idea forcibly struck her mind, to which it appeared not less impious than absurd. "I am deceived," says she, "in this article of my creed, it is evident; am I not in some other equally wrong? Let me examine"—From this moment she was lost to the church: when an enthusiast begins to reason, emancipation is not far distant. Next to the cruelty of damnation came the folly of infallibility, which was also in its turn disapproved and rejected. What then remained? The search went on, through a number of years, with an activity and anxiety not difficult to conceive by those who have traced a similar path. Critical, moral, philosophical, and metaphysical writers, next engaged the attention of our young student; while comparison and analysis became her employment. She had lost her good confessor, the monk of

the convent; it was necessary to make another choice. The abbé Morel, who belonged to the parish, was selected on this occasion: with austere principles, the abbé was not wanting in good sense. When informed of the doubts of his penitent, he was eager to put into her hands the apologists and champions of the christian church. "Behold me, then," says she, "closetted with the abbés *Gauchet* and *Bergier*, with *Abbadie*, *Holland*, and *Clarke*, with the rest of the reverend phalanx. I perused them with critical severity, sometimes making notes, which I left in the books when I returned them to my spiritual guide. The abbé enquired, with astonishment, if I had written and conceived these notes! But the most whimsical part of the story is, that from these works I first got an idea of those they pretended to refute, and noted down their titles in order. In this way did the treatise on *Toleration*, the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, questions concerning the *Encyclopédie*, the *Bon Sens* of the marquis d'Argens, the *Jewish Letters*, the *Turkish Spy*, *Les Mœurs*, *L'Esprit*, Diderot, d'Alembert, Raynal, and the *Système de la Nature*, pass in succession through my hands."

While thus exercising her understanding on important subjects, the person of mademoiselle Phlipon approached fast towards maturity: her serious and studious habits had given to her cha-

racter a certain rectitude and severity, which a timid and scrupulous conscience had confirmed: she became mistress of her imagination by learning to control it, and to resist the first impulse of what appeared dangerous or wrong. "Pleasure, like happiness," said she, "I can see only in the union of what charms the heart with the senses, and leaves behind it no regret. With such sentiments, it is difficult to forget, and impossible to degrade oneself."—"In the mean time that renunciation of the world, and contempt for its pomps and vanities, so strongly recommended by christian morality, accorded but ill with the feelings of nature. These contradictions at first tormented me, but my reasoning necessarily extended itself to rules of conduct, as well as to articles of faith. With equal attention I applied myself to the investigation of what I ought to *do*, and the examination of what it was possible for me to *believe*. The study of philosophy, considered as the moral science and the basis of happiness, became now the only one to which I referred my reading and observations."

In philosophy, as in poetry, the lively imagination of mademoiselle Phlipon converted her into a personage of the drama: in reading Telemachus, she was Eucharis; and in Tasso, Erminia. In controversy she took the part of the authors of

Port Royal, whose logic and austerity agreed with her temper: her aversion to the jesuit character, sophistical, evasive, and flexible, was strong and instinctive. Among the sects of the ancients she gave the palm to the stoics, and, like them, absurdly endeavoured to consider pain as no evil. In studying *Descartes* and *Malebranche*, she beheld in every animal a machine, mechanically performing its evolutions. While delighted with the sagacity of Helvetius, his system of self-interest excited her disgust. She persuaded herself that he delineated mankind not from nature, but as corrupted by society; she studied him that she might not become the dupe of the world, but without adopting his principles as the standard for her own actions; she opposed to his system the sublime traits of history, and the virtues of its heroes. "It is thus," said she, "on the recital of a glorious deed, that I should have acted." She became a passionate admirer of republics, because it was in them that she found the most heroic actions, and the men most worthy of respect. She rejected, with disdain, the idea of uniting herself to an inferior man; and asked, with a sigh, why she was not born a republican?

She made, with her family, a journey to Versailles, and, for one entire week, was a spectator of the court; where her reason was offended by

the homage paid to rank, and the exclusive privileges of the great. When asked, by her mother, if she was pleased with her excursion—'Yes,' replied she, 'if it terminate speedily; but should we remain here a few days longer, I shall so perfectly detest the people whom I see, that I shall not know what to do with my hatred.' 'Why, what harm do they do you?' enquired madame Phlipon. 'They give me a feeling of injustice, and oblige me every moment to contemplate absurdity.' She recollected Athens, where, without the spectacle of despotism, she might have admired the fine arts: she thought of Greece, and sighed: fancy transported her to the Olympic games, and she lost all patience at being a Frenchwoman. Dazzled by the history of the golden periods of republics, she forgot their storms, their errors, and their crimes; to which she was at length fated to become a victim. "The sphere of my ideas," says she, "continually enlarged. At an early period of my life, my own happiness, and the duties to which it might be attached, occupied my mind; afterwards, the love of knowledge made me study history, and turn my thoughts to all that surrounded me: the relation of my species to the Deity, so variously represented, disfigured, and caricatured, next attracted my attention; but the welfare of man, in society, fixed it to a determi-

nate point." Amidst investigation and uncertainty the following conclusions were impressed on her mind: that individual consistency, or an entire harmony between our principles and our actions, is necessary to personal happiness: that it is incumbent on every man, as a justice due to himself, so to regulate his affections and habits, that he may not become the slave of any one: that a being is *good* in itself, when all its parts concur to its preservation, its maintenance, or its perfection;—a principle not less true in the moral, than in the physical world. She believed that the due proportion of our desires, and the harmony of the passions, formed the moral constitution, of which wisdom only could secure the excellence and duration. That virtue and prudence, as it respected the individual, was nothing more than good sense, applied to moral purposes. But that virtue, properly so called, could spring only from the relation of a being with his fellows: "a man, therefore," said she, "is prudent as far as self is concerned, and virtuous in what regards others. In society there is no independent happiness; there every thing is relative; we sacrifice a part of our enjoyments that we may not risk the whole. But even here the balance is in favour of reason. If the life of the honest is laborious, that of the vicious is still more so: the man who stands

in opposition to the interest of the majority, can seldom be tranquil, because he is surrounded by enemies; a situation, always painful, however flattering in appearance. To these considerations may be added that sublime instinct, which corruption may mislead, but which no sophistry can annihilate; which impels us to admire wisdom and generosity of conduct, as we do grandeur in nature, and symmetry in the arts. These principles appeared to our young philosopher, to comprise the whole of human virtue, independent of all systems, whether religious or metaphysical. "Having combined and demonstrated these truths," says she, "my heart expanded with joy; they offered me a port in the storm, where I could now examine with less anxiety the errors of national creeds and social institutions."—"It was not all at once," adds she, "that I fixed myself in this firm and peaceful seat, in which, enjoying the truths demonstrated to me, I am content to remain ignorant of what cannot be known, giving myself no disturbance about the opinions of others. I have here comprised, in a few words, the result of the studies and meditations of several years; in the course of which, if I have sometimes shared in the sentiments of the deist, sometimes in the incredulity of the atheist, and sometimes in the

sceptic's indifference, I have been always *sincere*, because I had no inducement to change my faith, in order to relax my morals, which were fixed upon a foundation that no prejudice could shake. I therefore sometimes felt the agitation of doubt, but never the torment of fear." Thus reasoning, mademoiselle Phlipon thought fit to conform to the established worship, and to go to confession, for the edification of her neighbour, and to preserve the peace of her mother, while she frankly declared to her confessor, that she scarcely knew of what to accuse herself, so moderate were her desires, and so quiet was her life. The worthy priest, who, to keep his charge in the faith, had exhausted his library and his rhetoric, had the good sense not to complain, while he contented himself with exhorting her to distrust the spirit of pride. Satisfied with her attendance at the holy table three or four times a-year, he thought proper, in a spirit of philosophical toleration, to give her absolution. On these occasions, mademoiselle Phlipon recollected the words of Cicero, who observes, " that to complete the folly of mankind, with respect to the Deity, it remained only for them to transform him into food, and then to devour him."

The abbé le Grand, the friend of her uncle, frequently visited at the house of M. Phlipon.

The abbé, who, with an excellent understanding, had little of his profession besides the gown, was fond of talking with the daughter of his host, to whom he brought books and works of philosophy, the principles of which he discussed with great freedom. "Philosophy," says madame Roland, "in calling forth the powers of my soul, and giving firmness to my mind, did not diminish the scruples of sentiment, or the susceptibility of my imagination, against which I had reason to be so much on my guard." From morals mademoiselle Phlipon turned her attention to physics, to which the mathematics succeeded. She amused herself with geometry, while there was no need of algebra; with the dryness of which, or the absurd contradictions in which it has been involved, she soon became disgusted.

Her correspondence with Sophia, was still one of her greatest pleasures; several journeys which had been made by her friend to Paris, had drawn closer between them the bonds of amity. Thus in offices of social kindness, or in solitary studies, transported by her imagination to distant ages, the days of this admirable young woman glided tranquilly away. Sundays and holidays were devoted to bodily exercise; to an excursion in the country, or a parade in the public walks. "During these walks," says she, "in which my vanity, power-

fully excited, was on the watch for whatever might shew me off to advantage, an insupportable vacuity, uneasiness, and disgust, made the pleasure purchased seem always too dear. Accustomed to reflect, and to render to myself an account of my sensations, I enquired into the cause of this inquietude—Is it, said I to myself, to please the eye, like the flowers of a parterre, and receive a few transient praises, that persons of my sex are brought up in the practice of virtue, and that their minds are enriched with talents? What means this desire of pleasure, so intense, which preys upon me, and even when it should seem that it ought to be most gratified, fails to make me happy? What are to me the admiration or the compliments of a crowd of persons, of whom I have no knowledge, and whom, did I know, I should probably despise? Is it to waste my existence in frivolous cares, or tumultuous sensations, that I am placed in the world? No! I have doubtless a nobler destination. That admiration which I so ardently feel for whatever is excellent, generous, and exalted, tells me, that it is to practise these things I am called. The sublime and affecting duties of a wife and a mother will, on some future day, be mine: it is in rendering myself capable of fulfilling these, that my early years should be employed: by keeping within bounds my own inclina-

tions, I shall learn to direct those of my children. By the habit of governing my passions, and by the care of cultivating my mind, I shall secure to myself the means of giving happiness to the most delightful of societies; of providing for the man who shall deserve my heart a never-failing source of felicity, and of communicating to all about us a portion of the same bliss. Such were the thoughts that agitated my bosom. Overcome by my emotion, I shed a flood of tears, while my heart exalted itself to the supreme Intelligence, the principle of thought, and the source of sentiment—'Oh, thou, who hast placed me on the earth, enable me to fulfil my destination, in the manner most conformable to thy will, and most beneficial to my fellow-creatures!' This unaffected prayer, simple as the heart that dictated it, is now my only one. In the tumult of the world, in the depths of the dungeon, I have pronounced it with equal fervor. I have pronounced it with transport in the most brilliant circumstances of my life. I repeat it, in fetters, with resignation.—Persuaded that, in the course of these things, there are events which human wisdom cannot prevent; and convinced that the most calamitous are impotent to overturn the firm mind; that peace at home, and submission to necessity, are the ele-

ments of happiness, and constitute the true independence of the hero and the sage."

In the country, mademoiselle Phlipon found objects more analogous to her turn of mind, to her tender and serious temper. In the wild woods of Meudon, amidst its avenues of pines and towering trees, she experienced, accompanied by her parents, her sweetest recreation and most delightful moments. At five o'clock on a Sunday morning, simply dressed, and carrying a few books, this happy family would frequently embark, in a little boat, on the Seine, which, in the silence of a smooth and rapid navigation, carried them to the shores of Belle-vue, whence, by a steep ascent, they proceeded to Meudon. At a cottage on the way, they breakfasted on a bowl of milk, and, at the lodge of one of the porters in the park, took their humble dinner, rendered delicious by exercise and temperance. "Delightful Meudon," exclaims madame Roland, in her Memoirs, "how often, beneath thy refreshing shade, have I blessed the Author of my existence, desiring what, at some future period, might render it complete. But this desire was without impatience; it was that charming sentiment that serves to gild, with the rays of hope, the clouds of futurity. How did I love to rest myself under the lofty trees, bordering the glades, through which the swift and

timid doe bounded along! I recollect also the more *sombre* spots, whither we retired during the heat of the day. There, while my father stretched on the turf, and my mother softly reclined on a heap of leaves, which I had collected for the purpose, enjoyed their afternoon's repose, did I contemplate the majesty of thy silent groves, admire the beauties of nature, and adore the Providence whose benefits I felt. The glow of sentiment heightened the colour of my humid cheeks, while my heart enjoyed all the delights of a terrestrial paradise!" Happy those, whose pure and undebauched minds are susceptible of these exquisite and simple pleasures!

An account of her excursions, and the sentiments which they excited, found their way into the letters of mademoiselle Phlipon to her friend, sometimes in prose, and sometimes intermingled with verse; the easy and happy effusions of a mind to which "all was picture, life, and happiness." Such, oh nature and virtue! such are thy charms, and such thy rewards! From Sophia she received, in return, a description of the persons with whom she associated at Amiens, and a sketch of their characters, by which she was enabled to judge of their general insignificance. It appeared to her, on striking a balance at the end of the

year, that, in her solitude, she had seen more persons of merit, than had her friend amidst routs and assemblies. This, perhaps, may be accounted for, from the profession of her father as an artist, and from his residence in the capital. The situation of Sophia, at Amiens, among provincial gentry, and commercial men, in haste to acquire wealth, was less advantageous. The circumstances in which mademoiselle Phlipon was placed, her education, her studies, by making her feel the injustice, or observe the folly, of a variety of privileges, and political distinctions, combined to awaken in her mind a republican ardour, and to prepare her for the part she afterwards performed. In all her readings she was the champion of democracy; at Sparta, Agis and Cleomenes were her heroes, and the Gracchi at Rome. "I retired," says she, "with the plebeians to the Aventine-hill, and gave my vote to the tribunes." She candidly adds—"Now that experience has taught me impartiality, I see, in the enterprise of the Gracchi, and in the conduct of the tribunes, crimes and mischiefs of which I was not then aware." When present at the spectacles which the capital so frequently afforded, she compared, with grief, this parade and luxury with the abject misery of the degraded populace, who worshipped idols of their own making, and applauded

the ostentation for which they paid by the sacrifice of the necessaries of life. The dissolute conduct of the court, and that contempt of morality which pervaded all ranks, filled her with surprise and indignation. She perceived not in these excesses the germs of revolution. While the French laughed and sung at their own miseries, she conceived the English justified in regarding them as children. She attached herself to those neighbours; de Lolme had familiarised her with their constitution; she sought an acquaintance with their literature, which she yet only studied through the medium of translations.

About this period, having completed her eighteenth year, she caught the small-pox, her parents having unfortunately cherished prejudices against inoculation. The affecting solicitude of her mother, on this occasion, made an indelible impression on her affectionate heart. She recovered slowly, after severe suffering and imminent danger, though without any detriment to her beauty: the disorder, which had been combined with a putrid and miliary fever, the eruption of which had checked the pustules, left behind it no vestiges. The doctor, finding, in one of his visits, the *Récherche de la Vérité* of Malbranche laying on the bed of his patient, chid her for wasting her

spirits at such a time in study. 'Why, my good sir,' replied she, 'did all your patients thus amuse themselves, instead of getting angry with the disease and the doctor, you would have much less to do.' Some persons in the chamber were conversing on public affairs; all Paris was running, they said, to some new loan, or edict, which had just appeared. 'The French,' observed the doctor, 'take all upon *trust*.' 'Say rather,' replied his patient, 'upon *appearances!*' 'True,' said he, 'the expression is just and profound.' 'Do n't chide me then for reading Malbranche,' answered she eagerly; 'you see my time is not thrown away.'

An excursion to the country being necessary for the re-establishment of her health, mademoiselle Phlipon repaired to the house of her relations, M. and madame Bernard, with whom two years before she had passed a month. This situation was particularly calculated to fix her attention on the vices of civilised life. Madame Bernard had married the steward of a *fermier-général*, whose house she superintended. This man, when dying, had left a large fortune to his son, who lived at a great expence, and who spent a small part of the year at his château at *Soucy*, whither he carried the manners of the town. With a view of keeping his estate in order, he

had requested M. and madame Bernard to lodge there during a part of the summer. They were well accommodated, and enjoyed the pleasures of a park, whose wildness formed an agreeable contrast with the gardens and the château. The sister-in-law and step-mother of its owner resided with him, and did the honours of the house. To this family mademoiselle Phlipon was introduced, and, to a mind like hers, their haughty condescension and insignificant character, their luxury, caprice, and extravagance, could not fail of affording materials for reflection. She recollected, on this occasion, the expression of Montesquieu, "That financiers support the state as the cord supports the criminal."

In the little library of her relations, she found the works of Puffendorf, the poems of Bernis, and a life of the English Cromwell. She observes, that in the multitude of books which chance or circumstances threw in her way, she had not yet met with the writings of Rousseau. "The truth is," adds she, "I read him late, and it was well for me that I did so: he would have turned my brain, and I should have read nothing else." Her mother, she had reason to believe, kept his writings out of her way: she had given no opposition to her critical and philosophical researches, however bold or free; but she sagely concluded, that

to a *heart* so susceptible, stimulants were not necessary. With the same ideas, she opposed her application to painting and music. "As to me," says this amiable daughter, "I was so much accustomed to love her person, and to respect her decisions, that I never importuned her on any subject. Beside, study, in general, afforded me so large a field of occupation, that I was a stranger to the pain of *ennui*. When I become a mother, in my turn, said I to myself, it will be my business to make use of what I have acquired; I shall then have no leisure for farther studies: I was earnest to turn my time to account, and afraid of losing a single moment."

Though living in a narrow sphere, and in comparative solitude, mademoiselle Phlipon, on the confines of the great world, saw a variety of objects, on which she had leisure to observe.

At eighteen years of age, she had been only once to the opera, and once to the *Théatre Francais*. She was sometimes taken by her father to the inferior theatres, where the mediocrity of the performance inspired her with disgust, and made her content with studying, in her closet, the works of the great masters of the drama. Happily placed out of the vortex of dissipation, and at a distance from temptation, with her mind busily employed, her principles took deep root, and her virtues ac-

quired an habitual firmness. Thus progressively advancing in every valuable attainment, she had reached that critical period when new duties and new prospects expanded themselves before her. The propriety of her conduct, the reputation of her fine qualities, an agreeable person, and the bloom of youth, procured her a variety of suitors, who sought to obtain her favour, and the approbation of her parents. These offers frequently involved her in disputes with her father, who, esteeming commerce as the source of riches, espoused the cause of those whose actual possessions, or hopes of acquiring property, promised his daughter an advantageous establishment. The young lady, less solicitous on this subject, occupied by her studies, happy at home, and detesting trade as the foundation of avarice and fraud, uniformly persisted in rejecting her mercantile admirers. "My father," says she, "was sensible that I could not accept an artisan, properly so called: his vanity would not suffer him to entertain such an idea of life: but the elegant jeweller, who touches nothing but fine things, from which he derives great profits, appeared to him a suitable match, more especially when already established in business, and in a fair way of making a fortune. But the mind of the jeweller, no less than that of the mercer, whom he looks upon as be-

neath him, and also of the rich woollen-draper, who regards himself as superior to both, appeared to me to be alike engrossed by the lust of gold, and by mercenary calculations and manœuvres. Such men must necessarily be strangers to those elevated ideas and refined sentiments by which I appreciated existence: occupied from my infancy in considering the relations of man in society, brought up in the strictest morality, and familiarised with the noblest models, had I then, I asked myself, lived with Plutarch and the philosophers to no better purpose than to connect myself for life with a petty shopkeeper, incapable of entering into my ideas, or of justly appreciating my value." 'Tell me,' said her father, in a conversation upon this subject, 'who it is that will suit you?' 'Tell me also,' replied she, 'why, in bringing me up, you taught me to think, and suffered me to contract habits of study. I know not what kind of a man I shall marry, I know, only, it must be one who can share my sentiments, and to whom I can communicate my thoughts.' 'There are commercial men who possess both politeness and information.' 'Yes, but not of the kind I want: their politeness consists in a few phrases and bows, and their knowledge relates to the strong box, and would assist me but little in the education of my children.'

'You might educate them yourself.' 'The task would appear laborious, if not shared by the man to whom they would owe their existence.' 'Do you suppose that *l'Empereur*'s wife is not happy? They have just retired from business, are buying capital places, keep an excellent house, and receive the best company.' 'I am no judge of the happiness of other people; but my own affections are not fixed upon riches. I conceive that the strictest union of hearts is necessary to conjugal felicity; nor can I connect myself with a man who does not resemble me. My husband must even be my superior; for, since both nature and the laws give him pre-eminence, I should be ashamed of him if he did not in reality deserve it.' 'You want a counsellor I suppose? But women are not very happy with these learned gentlemen; they have a great deal of pride, and very little money.' 'My God, sir! I do not judge of a man's merit by his cloth, nor have I ever told you that I affect such or such a profession: I want a man I can love.' 'And, according to you, such a man is not to be found in trade?' 'I confess, I do not think it probable. I have never seen a tradesman to my liking; and the profession itself is my aversion.' 'It is however a pleasant thing for a woman to sit at her ease, in her own apartments, while her husband is carry-

ing on a lucrative commerce. Now, there is madame d'Argens, &c. &c.' 'But, my father, I have too well perceived, that the only way to make a fortune in trade, is by selling dear what you have bought cheap, by overcharging the customer, and beating down the poor workman. I should never be able to descend to such practices, nor to respect a man whose occupation they were. It is my wish to be a virtuous wife; but how should I be faithful to a husband who would hold no place in my esteem; even admitting the possibility of my marrying such a man. Selling diamonds and selling pastry seem to me nearly the same thing; excepting, indeed, that the latter has a fixed price, and, if it soils the fingers more, requires less deceit. I have no preference between them.' 'Do you then suppose that there are no honest tradesmen?' 'I will not absolutely affirm it; but I am persuaded the number is small; and the few who are honest possess not all I require in a husband.' 'You are extremely fastidious, methinks: but if you should not find the idol of your imagination?' 'I will die a maid!' 'That would, perhaps, be a harder task than you imagine: *ennui* will come at last; the crowd will be gone by; you know the fable.' 'Oh! I would take my revenge, *by deserving happiness*, from the very injustice that would rob me of it.'

—" I experienced," said she, " a slight sensation of melancholy, when, on casting my eyes about me, I could perceive nothing suitable to my taste. But the feeling soon subsided. I was sensible of my present comforts, and, over futurity, hope threw its enlivening beams. It was the plenitude of happiness overflowing its banks, and clearing away from my future prospects every thing unpleasant."

A young physician, from the south, well educated, of a lively disposition, and some talents, made his pretensions. ' Well,' said madame Phlipon to her daughter, in a tone of tender enquiry, ' what think you of this man? Will *he* suit you? ' My dear mother, it is impossible for me yet to tell. Gardanne, with his three tails, his medical look, his southern accent, and his black eyebrows, seems more likely to allay than to excite a fever.' ' But you can certainly tell whether he has inspired you with dislike.' ' Neither dislike nor inclination: which of the two may come hereafter I cannot say.' ' We ought to know, however, what answer to give when a proposal shall be made in form.' ' Is the answer to be binding?' ' Assuredly, if we pass our word to a decent man, we must adhere to it.' ' And, if I should not like him?' ' A reasonable young woman, not actuated by caprice, after having once maturely weigh-

ed the motives that determine her in so important a resolution, will never change her mind.' 'I am to decide then upon the strength of a single interview.' 'Not exactly that; the intimacy of M. de Gardanne with our family enables us to judge of his conduct and way of life; and, by means of a little enquiry, we shall easily learn his disposition. These are principal points—the sight of the person is of much less moment.' 'Ah, mamma, I am in no haste to marry.' 'I believe it, daughter; but, at some time or other, you must settle yourself in the world; and you have now attained the proper age. You have refused offers from many tradesmen, and they are the people from whom your situation makes offers the most likely to come. You seem determined not to marry a man in business: the present match is in every external point of view suitable. Take care then not to reject it too lightly.' 'It appears to me there is time enough yet to think about it. M. Gardanne is not, perhaps, himself decided, since it is certain he has seen me but once.' 'True, but if that is your only excuse, it possibly may not be of long duration. Revolve the matter in your mind, and two days hence let me know your opinion.' Thus ended the dialogue, when her mother kissed her forehead, and left her to reflection.

These arguments made on the mind of her to whom they were addressed some impression, they at least determined her not to form a precipitate conclusion. A second interview with M. de Gardanne made, however, but little difference in her feelings.

Her mother, from some observations that she had made, believed that she saw, in the suitor of her daughter, symptoms of an imperious disposition; a discovery that failed to alarm the philosophical *Manon*, who, accustomed to watch over herself, to regulate her affections, and to restrain her imagination, and impressed with a strong sense of the rigour and sublimity of the duties of a wife, was not aware of the importance of temper to domestic happiness. "I reasoned like a recluse," says she, "equally a stranger to the passions and to mankind. I took my own tranquil, affectionate, generous, and candid heart, as a common measure of the moral qualities of my species." This connection had nearly taken place, but the minute enquiries of M. Phlipon respecting his intended son-in-law gave offence: M. Gardanne complained of this inquisitorial scrutiny: mademoiselle Phlipon seized the opportunity with eagerness to dissolve the engagement, and an end was put to the negociation. The young lady rejoiced in her escape, and her mother, who had

been alarmed by the vehemence of the lover's remonstrances, readily acquiesced in the decisions of her daughter.

The health of madame Phlipon began to decline; she had a stroke of the palsy, which, with affectionate fraud, she represented to her daughter as a rheumatic affection: the precarious tenure of her life rendered her doubly anxious for that daughter's establishment. One day, in particular, she urged her with melancholy earnestness to accept an honest jeweller, who demanded her hand. 'He has in his favour,' said she, 'great reputation for integrity, habits of sobriety, and mildness of disposition, with an easy fortune, which may become brilliant. He knows that yours is no common mind, professes great respect for you, and will be proud of following your advice. You might lead him any way you like.' 'Why, mamma, I do not want a husband who is to be led; he would be too cumbersome a child for me.' 'Do you know that you are a very whimsical girl? For, after all, you would not like a master.' 'My dear mother, let us understand each other: I should not like a man who would give himself airs of authority; he would only teach me to resist; but, neither should I like a husband whom it would be necessary to govern. Either I am greatly mistaken, or these beings, five foot and

a half high, with beards upon their chins, seldom fail to make us perceive that they are the stronger. Now, if the good man should think proper to remind me of that superiority, he would provoke me; and, if he should submit to be governed, I should be ashamed of my power.' 'I understand you; you would like a man to think himself the master, while obeying you in every thing.' 'No, it is not that neither: I hate servitude, but I do not think myself made for empire; it would only embarrass me; my reason finds it quite enough to take care of myself. I should wish to gain the affections of a man so completely worthy of my esteem, that I might be proud of my complaisance; of a man who would make his happiness consist in contributing to mine, in the way that his good sense and affection might think meet.' 'Happiness, daughter, does not always consist in that perfect conformity of ideas and affections which you imagine: were it so, a happy couple would be a phenomenon.' 'Neither do I know any whose happiness I envy.' 'Perhaps so; but still, among those matches, there may be many preferable to a life of celibacy.' This affectionate mother went on to hint at the probability of her own decease, of its consequences to her daughter, and her anxiety to see her, before that event, the wife of a worthy man. These

images overwhelmed mademoiselle Phlipon with grief, and drew from her a flood of tears. 'What,' said her mother, smiling, 'you are alarmed, as if, in taking our resolutions, we ought not to calculate all possible chances. An honest worthy man offers you his hand; you are turned of twenty, and will no longer see so many suitors as have, during the last five years, paid you their homage. I may be snatched away, do not then reject a husband, who has not, it is true, the delicacy on which you set so great a value—a quality rare, even where we look for it most: but he is a man who will love you, and with whom you may be happy.' 'Yes, mamma,' replied she with a sigh, 'happy as you have been.' Madame Phlipon, disconcerted at this remark, remained silent, nor from that moment renewed the subject. "A stranger," observes her daughter, "might, at the first glance, have perceived the great difference between my father and mother; but who, like me, could *feel* all the excellence of the latter? I had not, however, fully calculated all she must have had to suffer. Accustomed from my childhood to see the most profound peace prevail in the house, I could not judge of the efforts it might cost to maintain it."

During later periods of her life, mademoiselle Phlipon was more quick-sighted; she had gained

an ascendancy over her father, of which she always availed herself in favour of her mother: but, in private, not a word passed between the mother and daughter on the subject: respecting the husband and the father they were mutually reserved and silent, excepting when any thing could be said in his praise.

M. Phlipon had lost, by degrees, his habit of industry; parish business had first called him from home; sauntering abroad had afterwards become his passion; a rage for gaming next assailed him; connections formed at a coffee-house led him elsewhere; and the lottery held out allurements too great to be resisted. The desire of making a fortune, engaged him in speculations foreign to his profession, speculations in which he was not always successful. He was disgusted with labour, and the thirst of riches made him set every thing at hazard. As his art was less exercised, his talents diminished; while an irregular life impaired his faculties: his sight became weak, and his hand tremulous. His pupils, without the superintendance of their master, were less capable of supplying his place; it became necessary to diminish their number, and the tide of business turned into other channels. These changes had gradually taken place; madame Phlipon perceived them, and grew pensive; some-

times she imperfectly intimated the state of affairs to her daughter, who concealed the observations she had made, lest they should add to the inquietude of a mother whom she tenderly loved. Thus clouds gathered over their domestic happiness; and, though the peace of the family appeared unchanged, its cheerfulness and confidence was no more.

Madame Phlipon had, for more than a year, been declining in her health: after various remedies, administered by the physicians in vain, they prescribed exercise, of which she was no longer capable, and country air. Just before Whitsuntide, 1775, it was agreed that the family should pass the holydays at Meudon. Madame Phlipon appeared relieved by this little excursion, and resumed a portion of her accustomed activity. Her daughter, on their return to town, proposed a visit to the convent, where she had promised, after the holydays, to call on her friends. At the moment of setting out, her mother, a little fatigued by the exertions of the preceding day, declined accompanying her: mademoiselle Phlipon would then have broken her engagement, but this her mother would not permit. Her visit to the convent was short. 'Why are you in such haste?' said her friend, St. Agatha; 'does any one expect you.' 'No, but I am anxious to return to my

mother.' 'Why, you told me she was better?' 'I did so; nor does she expect me so soon: but I know not what it is that torments me; I shall not be easy till I see her again.' "On saying this," says she, "I felt my heart swell, as it were, in despite of me."

On the subject of these *presentiments*, to which, on other occasions, madame Roland alludes in her Memoirs, she justly observes, that they can be nothing more than rapid glances, caught by persons of quick perception and exquisite feelings, of a multitude of things, in themselves undefinable and scarcely perceptible, which are *felt* rather than understood; and whence an emotion results, for which, at the time, it would be difficult to account, although afterwards justified by the event. This perception is lively in proportion to our sensibility, and to our interest in the object of our anxiety.

On the return of mademoiselle Phlipon, who had hurried from the convent, she found, standing at the door of the house, a little girl, the child of a neighbour, who exclaimed on her approach: 'Ah, mademoiselle! your mamma is taken very ill; she has sent for my mother, who is gone up stairs with her to her apartment.' Struck with terror, she uttered, in reply, some inarticulate sounds,

and rushed towards her mother's chamber. She found her reclining in an arm-chair, her head fallen on her shoulder, her eyes wild, her mouth open, and her arms hanging lifeless. Her countenance brightened on seeing her daughter, while she spoke with difficulty a few half-formed words. She made an effort to raise her arms, but one only obeyed the impulse. Laying her hand on the face of her daughter, she wiped away the tears with which it was bedewed, tapped her gently on the cheek, and tried to smile. Again she endeavoured to speak: vain attempt! palsy had annihilated half her frame. Mademoiselle Phlipon, overwhelmed with grief, had in an instant dispatched messengers for her father and the physician, while she flew herself to a neighbouring apothecary. The disorder increased with a rapid and dreadful progress, while the short and convulsive breathing of the invalid indicated approaching dissolution. Her daughter, with excessive activity, ordered every thing; and, before it could be done by others, did every thing herself. At ten in the evening, the physician, taking aside M. Phlipon, proposed to send for a priest, who, according to the forms of the catholic church, might administer to the patient extreme unction. Mademoiselle Phlipon, standing with a light, which she held mechanically at the bed's-feet of her dying

mother, appeared as if in a stupor, a waking and terrible dream, that suspended all her faculties. Her eyes were fixed on one spot, her heart was occupied by one sentiment. At length, letting the candle fall from her hand, she fell senseless on the floor. On her recovery, she found herself in the parlour, surrounded by the family. Turning her eyes towards the door, she rose from her seat, and, with supplicating gestures, while she was held back, implored permission to return to the chamber of her mother. The constraint which was opposed to her, and the mournful silence that prevailed, but too well expressed that all was over. Her father at that instant entered the room, pale and speechless with sorrow. His appearance drew forth a general exclamation of grief. His daughter, in a sort of frenzy, broke from those who withheld her, and rushed impetuously forth. Having reached the chamber, she threw herself on the bed of her mother, in a transport of anguish and despair. It was with difficulty, after acting a thousand extravagances, that she was separated from the corpse, and carried into the house of a neighbour, whence her relation, M. Besnard, took her in a carriage and conveyed her to his own. She fainted on alighting, and being put to bed, passed a fortnight be-

tween life and death, in terrible convulsions; struggling with a continued sense of suffocation. A strong constitution, and the unwearied attentions which she received from her relations, could only have preserved her from falling a victim in this first trial of sorrow. Eight days elapsed before she experienced the relief of tears, the sluices of which were at length opened by a letter from Sophia; the soothing tenderness of friendship recalled her faculties, and melted, while it consoled, her heart: it produced an effect which the warm bath and medical skill had essayed in vain. To moral disorders moral remedies can only be administered with success. As her tears flowed freely, the convulsions abated, their paroxysms became less frequent, the sense of suffocation ceased, and her health began to amend. Her father presented himself before her in the garb of sorrow: he undertook to comfort her by those common-place expressions and sentiments to which the understanding attends with disgust, and which the heart repels as an insult. "I felt," says she, "the inefficacy of this pretended consolation, so little adapted to my turn of mind; and, for the first time, perhaps, measured the distance that separated my father from myself. It seemed as if he was tearing away the reverential veil under which I had hitherto considered him:

I found myself, by the loss of my mother, completely an orphan: my father could never understand me: a new kind of grief oppressed my afflicted heart: I fell again into the deepest despair. The tears and sorrows of my worthy relations, however, still offered me occasions of tender emotion; they had their effect, and I was snatched from the perils that threatened my existence. Why, alas! did it not then terminate? It was my first affliction; by how many others has it been followed!"

Madame Phlipon was only fifty years of age, when an imposthume in her head, which had long been forming, and which discovered itself, after her decease, by the flux that took place through her nose and ears, put an end to her existence. "On the day that she was snatched from me," says her daughter, "I left her, at three o'clock in the afternoon, apparently well. I returned at half past five. She had been struck with the palsy. At midnight she no longer appertained to me. Feeble toys of a pityless destiny! why are such lively sentiments, and projects so grand, connected with an existence so frail?" The character of the deceased had been more amiable than brilliant. "Naturally wise and good," observes her daughter, "virtue did not seem to cost her

any effort; she knew how to render it mild and easy like herself. Prudent and calm, tender without passion, her pure and tranquil spirit respired gently, as flows the docile stream, that bathes with equal complacence the valley which it embellishes, and the foot of the rock by which it is restrained." With a temperament sanguine and ardent, like that of mademoiselle Phlipon, most fortunate for her youth was the possession of such an instructress.

'It is charming,' said the abbé Legrand, mournfully, at the bed-side of this affectionate daughter, whom he came to visit at the house of her relations—'It is charming to possess sensibility, but unfortunate to have so much of it!' As mademoiselle Phlipon began to recover, her kind friends were eager to receive in succession the persons who came to visit her, in the hope of diverting the melancholy that had seized her spirits. "I seemed not to exist," says she, "in the world where I was placed. Absorbed in grief, I scarcely paid attention to what was passing around me. Recalling by starts the frightful idea of my loss, shrieks all on a sudden would escape me, my outstretched arms stiffened, and I swooned away."

During the intervals of these transports, she recollected the cares and the kindness of her relations, and sought to alleviate their concern and anxiety. The abbé Legrand talked to her of her mother, in

order to rouse her attention, and to lead her insensibility to other objects and ideas. When he believed her sufficiently recovered to attend to a book, he brought to her the celebrated Heloise of Rousseau. "The perusal of this," says she, "was my first employment. I was then twenty-one years of age; I had read a great deal; I was acquainted with a considerable number of writers, historians, learned men, and philosophers; but Rousseau made on me an impression similar to that which Plutarch had done when I was eight years of age. It appeared to me that this was the proper food for my mind, and the interpreter of those ideas which I had before entertained, but which Rousseau alone knew how to explain to me. Plutarch had prepared me to become a republican; had roused that strength and grandeur of character by which a republican is constituted; had inspired me with a real enthusiasm for public virtue and liberty. Rousseau pointed out to me the domestic happiness to which I could aspire, the ineffable enjoyments I was capable of tasting. Ah! if he is able to protect me from follies, could he arm me against a passion? Amidst the corrupt age in which I was destined to live, and the revolution which I was then far from anticipating, I acquired beforehand all that could render me capable of great sacrifices, and expose me to great misfor-

tunes. Death will only be to me the term of both. I expect it; nor would I have filled the short interval which separates me from it with the recital of my private history, had calumny not dragged me upon the stage, for the purpose of making on those whom she would ruin a more cruel attack. I love to publish truths, that interest not myself alone; and I wish to conceal none, that their connection may serve towards their demonstration."

The return to her father's was a new trial for the affectionate sensibility of mademoiselle Phlipon. They had taken the ill-judged precaution of removing her mother's portrait, as if the place where it had hung would not more painfully recal her loss. She instantly demanded it, and it was restored to its situation. The domestic cares now devolved on mademoiselle Phlipon. "I have never been able to comprehend," observes she, "how these cares can absorb the attention of a woman, however considerable may be her household, who possesses method and activity; a little vigilance, and a wise distribution of employments, are all that is necessary*. Lei-

* Madame Roland's acquaintance with her sex could not have been very extensive. Has their education been such that we may reasonably expect from them method, activity, vigilance, and wisdom? Alas, no! These are great qualities, and rarely combined.

sure," adds she, "will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time. Those who want time are the people who do nothing. Nor is it surprising that women who receive and pay useless visits, or think themselves ill dressed unless many hours are consecrated to the science, find their days long from mere lassitude, and yet too short for the performance of their duties."

The studies of mademoiselle Phlipon became every day more dear to her, and constituted her only consolation. "Left more than ever by myself," says she, "and often in a melancholy humour, I felt the necessity of writing. I loved to render to myself an account of my own ideas, and to enlighten them by the intervention of my pen. When not employed in this way, I revised still more than I meditated. I pursued a chain of reasoning, and by these means bridled my imagination." She entitled her performances, of which she began to make some collections, "The Works of Leisure Hours, and different Reflections." Her intention was by this means to fix her opinions, and to possess a register of her sentiments and the progress of her mind. "Never," says she, "did I feel the slightest temptation to become an author. I perceived, at a very early period, that a woman who acquires this title, loses more than she gains. The men do not

like, and her own sex criticise, her. If her works are bad, she is ridiculed; if good, she is bereaved of the reputation annexed to them. If the public are forced to acknowledge that she has talents, they sift her character, her morals, her conduct, and balance the reputation of her genius by the publicity which they give to her errors*. Beside," adds she, with truth, "my *happiness* was my chief concern, and I perceived that the public never interfered with the happiness of any one without marring it. Ah, my God! what an injury did those persons do to me, who took it upon them to withdraw the veil under which I loved to remain concealed. During twelve years of my life, I have laboured along with my husband in the same manner as I ate with him, because the one was as natural to me as the other. During his administration, if it was necessary to express great or striking truths, I employed the whole bent of my mind; that its efforts should be preferable to those of a secretary, was but natural. I loved my country†; I was an enthusiast in the

* Madame Roland might have added, And if they cannot find any real blemishes in her conduct, they are ingenious to substitute fiction for facts; the more absurd, the more credible and the more eagerly received.

† Fickle people, and frivolous as light! unworthy of the sacrifices that have been made for them!

cause of liberty; I was unacquainted with any interest, or with any passions, that could enter into competition with these; and my language, which was that of the heart and of truth, ought to have been pure and pathetic." But to return.

Monsieur Phlipon, for some time after the death of his wife, endeavoured to remain more at home with his daughter; but of this constraint he soon became weary. The means of rendering his house agreeable to him, by drawing a circle of acquaintance round him, were not in her power, since she had no other society than that of her old relations. "If I wished to converse with him," said she, "we had but few ideas in common, and he then probably hankered after a mode of life, with which he did not wish that I should become acquainted. Become a widower at the very moment when he stood in need of new chains to confine him at home, my poor father kept a mistress, that he might not present to his daughter a step-mother: he had recourse to play to indemnify himself for the loss of business; and, without ceasing to be an honest man, he ruined himself insensibly, and without making any noise."

The relations of mademoiselle Phlipon, confiding in her father's affection for her, believed that to his guardianship her interest might safely be entrusted. If she felt the contrary, filial delicacy and respect

kept her silent. "Behold me then," says she, "alone in the house, my time divided between my work and my studies." Her servant, a little woman, lively and gay, and fifty-five years of age, attached herself to a mistress who rendered her life happy and comfortable. This woman attended her, during the absence of her father, in her walks abroad, which seldom extended beyond the church, or the residence of her relations. "I carried with me to church," says she, "if not the tender piety I formerly possessed, at least a sufficiency of decency and recollection. I no longer accompanied the *ordinary of the mass*. I read some christian work: I had preserved a great passion for St. Augustine; and assuredly, there are fathers of the church whom one may peruse without being devout: there is food in them both for the heart and the mind."

Mademoiselle Phlipon wished to study the eloquence of the pulpit, and for this purpose to go through a course of sermons. With Bossuet and Flechier she was already acquainted; Bourdaloue and Massillon followed. In the memorandum-book of this young philosopher might be seen the names of these celebrated divines by the side of those of Paw, of Raynal, and the author of the System of Nature. Unfettered by systems, truth and improvement were the objects of her pursuit. From reading sermons, a natural transition, she passed to com-

posing one. Wearied with the constant recurrence of mysteries, she determined to draw up a moral discourse, in which the incarnation and the devil should not be mentioned. She took for her subject, *the love of her neighbour*. Her little uncle, become a canon of Vincennes, whom she amused with her performance, blamed her for not taking up this employment earlier, that he might have availed himself of her talent.

The grief and sensibility displayed by mademoiselle Phlipon at the death of her mother, attracted notice, and procured her many marks of regard. M. de Boismorel, whom she had not seen since his visits at her grandmother's, came to pay his respects to her at the house of her father. He repeated his visit, during her absence from home, and was taken by her father into her little apartment, on a table in which her compositions were lying. Monsieur Phlipon, proud of the genius of his daughter, talked to his guest of her studies, and, having excited his curiosity, took upon himself to gratify it by communicating to him some of her writings. Mademoiselle Phlipon was, on her return, on learning what had passed, displeased and offended. But her anger was appeased the next day, by the receipt of a well-written letter from M. Boismorel, with an offer of the use of his library, expressed in the most obliging and flattering terms. A correspond-

ence, from this incident, commenced between them, which afforded to our young student both instruction and pleasure.

A visit to the family of M. Boismorel followed, who resided in a charming house, near the banks of the Seine, at a little distance from Paris. Mademoiselle Phlipon and her father were received by the ladies of the family in a summer saloon. 'How well your dear daughter looks!' exclaimed the mother of M. Boismorel, whom the reader may probably recollect; 'but, do you know, that my son is enchanted with her? Tell me, mademoiselle, do you not wish to be married?' 'Others have already thought for me on that subject, madam, but I have not as yet seen reason to come to any determination.' 'You are difficult, I suppose; have you any repugnance to a man of a certain age?' 'The knowledge I might have of a person would only determine my attachment, my refusal, or my acceptance.' 'Those kinds of marriages have most solidity; a young man often escapes through our fingers, when one thinks him most attached.—She is dressed with taste,' observed the old lady, turning to her daughter-in-law. 'Ah, extremely well, and with so much modesty!' replied the young lady, who was a devotee, and whose agreeable face was shaded with the curls of her hair, disposed with much nicety and art. 'How different,' added she, 'from that

ridiculous mass of plumage we see fluttering above empty heads! You do not love feathers, mademoiselle?' 'I never wear them, madam; because, being the daughter of an artist, and on foot, they would seem to announce a rank which does not belong to me.' 'But would you wear them, were you in a different situation?' 'I do not know; I attach but little importance to trifles: I estimate, in regard to myself, these matters by convenience only, and am careful never to judge respecting any one in consequence of the first glimpse of her toilette.' This severe observation was pronounced with mildness. 'A philosopher!' exclaimed the lady, with a sigh, recollecting that her guest belonged not to her own sect. M. Boismorel put an end to this personal inquisition, by conducting mademoiselle to visit his garden and library. Here she recovered her ease and her spirits, while she pointed out the volumes, and collections of works, with the perusal of which she wished her obliging host to favour her. Among these were Bayle, and the *Memoirs* of the academies. On another visit to this family, in which mademoiselle Phlipon met a large company, she observes: "Those points of view in which I consider the world, and examine it unperceived by any one, serve but to disgust me, and to attach me still more to my own manner of living."

M. de Boismorel carried his young friend to the

meeting of the French academy, on the anniversary of St. Lewis, where she listened with pleasure to a discourse of the abbé de Besplas, who mingled with his subject some bold philosophical opinions, and oblique satires upon government. At the theatre mademoiselle Phlipon appeared with the same unaffected ingenuous character: without considering those who were around her, she smiled and wept at the various incidents and sentiments pourtrayed or expressed on the stage, with the happy simplicity of uncorrupted youth.

The eulogy on Catinat, by La Harpe, which had gained the prize at the academy, inspired M. de Boismorel with the desire of making a visit to St. Gratien, where Catinat had, at a distance from the court and its honours, ended his days in retirement. He proposed this pilgrimage to M. Phlipon and his daughter, who agreed with pleasure to accompany him. On the morning of a Michaelmas-day, they proceeded to the valley of Montmorency, and visited the borders of the lake by which it was embellished. They then ascended to St. Gratien, and reposed under the shade of the trees which Catinat had planted with his own hand. After a frugal repast, they spent the remainder of the day in the park of Montmorency, where they beheld the cottage which had been inhabited by J. J. Rousseau.

Through M. Boismorel mademoiselle Phlipon be-

came acquainted with all that was novel and interesting in the republic of letters. "I saw him but seldom," said she, "but I heard from him every week. His conduct was that of a man of sense and sensibility, who honoured my sex, esteemed my person, and, as it were, protected my taste. His letters resembled himself: an agreeable seriousness characterised them; they bore the stamp of a mind superior to prejudices, and of a respectful friendship." This gentleman, greatly attached to literature, and admiring the talents of his young *protégée*, pressed her to choose a subject, and to make an essay of her genius in composition. Thus urged, mademoiselle Phlipon explained to him her disinterested attachment to study, which she wished to render serviceable to her happiness, without the intervention of any kind of glory, which she justly considered as calculated only to trouble her repose. With her arguments on this subject, she mingled extempore verses, which her correspondent replied to in the same style.

Calling on her one day, he informed her that he was desirous of practising a stratagem to quicken the industry of his son, a youth of seventeen years of age, whose application to his studies had lately begun to give way to a taste for dissipation, and who took more delight in the Italian opera than in the mathematics. 'It is necessary,' proceeded mon-

sieur de Boismorel, 'that you should reprimand my son in a letter full of wisdom and penetration: in short, write in such a manner as your own mind shall dictate; stimulate his self-love, and awaken generous resolutions.' 'Me, sir! me? and in what manner, I beseech you, shall I be able to preach to your son?' 'Adopt any mode you please; your name shall not appear; it shall be so contrived as if some person, acquainted with his conduct and interested in his welfare, takes this method to warn him of his danger. I will get the letter conveyed to him at a moment when it shall produce its full effect. At a proper opportunity he shall be informed to what physician he is indebted for his cure.' 'Oh! you must never mention my name! But you have other friends, who can do this service better.' 'I think otherwise; and I demand of you this favour.' 'Very well; I renounce every other consideration, to demonstrate my desire of obliging you. I shall transmit to you the rough draught of my letter, of which you shall give me your opinion and corrections.' On the same evening mademoiselle Phlipon drew up a pointed and somewhat ironical epistle, calculated to flatter the self-love, and excite the reason of a young man, and to recal his attention to serious subjects, by considerations in which his happiness was involved. The father, delighted with this production, besought his young friend to send

it without the alteration of a word. It was accordingly inclosed in a letter to Sophia, to be put into the post-office at Amiens. Several circumstances were, previous to its reception, arranged by monsieur Boismorel, for the purpose of insuring its effect. The young man received it, was touched by its contents, attributed it to the celebrated Duclos, and went to thank him for his kindness. Deceived in this conjecture, he makes farther guesses with no better success; and, at length, in some measure, resumes his studies.

Not long after this circumstance, M. de Boismorel walking with his son on a very hot day, from Bercy to Vincennes, where mademoiselle Phlipon was then with her uncle, and whither he brought to her the abbé Delisle's translation of the Georgics, was struck with a *coup de soleil*. Having treated it lightly, a fever ensued, followed by a coma *, which carried him off, in the vigour of his age, after a few days' illness. Mademoiselle Phlipon wept bitterly the death of her kind friend and valuable instructor; "nor can I ever recollect him," says she, "without experiencing that mournful regret, that sentiment of veneration and tenderness, which always accompanies the remembrance of a good man." When time had in some degree softened her sorrow,

* An apoplectic disorder.

she composed a monody to his memory, which, without disclosing it to any one, she sung, accompanied by her guitar. On a visit of condolence, which her father paid to the son of their lost and valued friend, the young man told him in a vacant tone of voice, that he had found and thrown into a corner the letters of mademoiselle Phlipon to his father, to be restored to her if she should wish it; and that among them he had discovered the original of a certain epistle, which he had himself received. His guest, sensible of what was alluded to, said but little in reply. The youth appeared to be piqued, "whence," says his fair monitress, "I concluded that he was a fool, and troubled myself no more about him.'

Many circumstances less interesting, and less important to the formation of the mind of this truly admirable woman, this martyr to humanity and virtue, whose untimely fate can never be sufficiently lamented, are here omitted, lest this article should be extended to an unreasonable length.

In speaking of Saint-Lette, one of the members of the council of Pondicherry, and who, on his return to Paris, in 1776, brought letters from a friend to M. Phlipon and his daughter, which introduced him to their acquaintance—"Those," says the latter, "who have seen much, are always worth hearing; and those who have felt much have always seen more than others, even when they have tra-

velled less than Saint-Lette. He presented me with several of his performances: I communicated to him some of my reveries; and, in a prophetical tone of voice, and with a full persuasion of the event, he repeated to me several times, 'You are in the right, mademoiselle, to be on your guard for all this will end in your writing a book.'" 'It shall then be under another person's name,' replied the young lady, 'for I will sooner eat my fingers than become an author.'

Saint-Lette met at M. Phlipon's a man destined to have a powerful influence on the fate of his daughter, and with whom she had been acquainted for some months.

Her friend Sophia, whose situation led her into mingled society, had frequently mentioned in her letters a man of merit, who, on account of his place, occasionally resided at Amiens, where he visited at her mother's, and who came every winter to Paris, and often in the spring made still longer journeys. Sophia, pleased with a man whose instructive conversation, amidst the frivolous crowd by which she was surrounded, appeared to her with peculiar advantage, whose austere and simple manners inspired confidence, and who, without being beloved by the world, to which he bore but little resemblance, was yet generally respected, talked to him of her *dear friend*; while in the family, the warmth

and constancy of an attachment formed in a convent, and to which time had given respectability, was a perpetual theme. M. Roland had also been shewn the portrait of this dear friend. 'Why then,' said he frequently, 'do you not make me acquainted with her? I go to Paris every year, cannot I carry to her a letter?'

The desired commission was at length obtained, in September, 1775. "I was still in mourning for my mother," says the friend of Sophia, "and in that mild, melancholy, state of mind, which succeeds to violent grief. Whoever presented himself from Sophia could not fail to be well received."

"This letter," observes Sophia, in her introductory epistle, "will be delivered by the philosopher whom I have already mentioned to you, M. Roland de la Platiere, an enlightened man, of pure morals, and who cannot be reproached with any thing but his great admiration of the ancients, at the expence of the moderns, whom he despises, and the foible of loving to speak too much of himself." "I beheld," says her *dear friend*, to whom this description was addressed, "a man somewhat more than forty years of age, tall, negligent in his appearance, and with that kind of formality contracted by study; but his manners were simple and easy, and, without possessing the polish of the world, they connected with the gravity of a philosopher the

politeness of a man of birth. His person was lean, his complexion accidentally yellow; his forehead, sparingly furnished with hair and very open, did not injure the regularity of his features, which, however, it rendered more respectable than seductive. When he became animated in conversation, or with the idea of any thing that pleased him, an extremely subtle smile, and a lively expression which pervaded his countenance, made him appear quite another person. His voice was masculine, his sentences short, like those of a man whose respiration is not very long. His discourse, full of facts, from a head replete with ideas, occupied the judgment rather than flattered the ear. His language was sometimes poignant, but harsh and destitute of harmony*."

La Blancherie, about this period, returned to Paris, whence he had been for some time absent. On his visit to mademoiselle Phlipon, where he learned the death of her mother, he manifested a degree of surprise and grief, that, while it affected,

* It is justly observed by madame Roland, that the charms of the voice possess a powerful influence over the senses; and that this charm does not merely belong to the quality of the sound, but results still more from that delicacy of sentiment which varies the expression, and modulates the accent.

pleased her. He repeated his visits, and was received with pleasure. M. Phlipon, whose continual absence from home rendered his daughter's situation delicate, and who disliked the trouble of performing the office of a duenna, announced to her his intention of desiring La Blancherie to desist from his visits. Mademoiselle heard this resolution with some degree of chagrin: interested in favour of La Blancherie, she had begun to believe it possible to love him. "The head, I believe," says she, "was only at work; but it was making some progress." Having formed the resolution of softening in some degree her father's prohibition, by imposing the injunction herself on La Blancherie, she addressed to him a polite letter of dismission, which, while it deprived him of all hope of replying, did not destroy that of having pleased. This circumstance gave rise to some melancholy, but not unpleasing, reflections in the mind of the fair writer; which were, however, suspended by the arrival of Sophia at Paris, who remained some time in the capital, with her mother and her sister Henrietta. "The latter," says mademoiselle Phlipon, "being now more on a level with us, in consequence of the age she had attained, and the sedateness she had acquired, became also my dear friend. The charms of her lively imagination darted coruscations around, and animated the ties which she had formed."

The friends, with mademoiselle d'Hangard, often repaired to the Luxembourg, where they met La Blancherie, whose respectful salute was by one of the party returned with some emotion. 'You then know this gentleman?' says mademoiselle d'Hangard, who had at first imagined the salute intended for herself. 'Yes, and do not you?' 'Oh! certainly; but I have never spoken to him. I visit the mademoiselles Bordenave, the youngest of whom he demanded in marriage.' 'Is it long since?' was a question asked by one of the ladies with some degree of earnest curiosity. 'A year, perhaps eighteen months. He found means to get himself introduced into the house: he went thither from time to time, and at length made a declaration. These young women are rich, the youngest is handsome. He has not a farthing, and is in search of an heiress, for he made a similar demand in respect to another person of their acquaintance, of which they were informed. The ladies dismissed him; and we call him *the lover of the eleven thousand virgins*. How did you know him?' 'By seeing him often at madame l'Epine's concert,' answered mademoiselle Phlipon, while she bit her lips and withheld any farther information, chagrined at the idea of having thought herself beloved by a man who, in soliciting her hand, had probably been influenced only by sor-

did motives: while yet more mortified by the recollection of the letter she had written to him, she found in what had passed a subject for meditation and future caution.

A few months after this adventure, a little Savoyard came one day to tell the maid of mademoiselle, that some person wanted to speak to her. The servant went out, and returning informed her mistress, that M. la Blancherie intreated to see her. It was on a Sunday, when mademoiselle Phlipon expected her relations. 'Yes,' replied she, 'let him come immediately; go, find and bring him with you.' The lover of the eleven thousand virgins enters; the lady was seated in a corner near the fire-side. 'I did not dare, mademoiselle, to present myself to you, after your prohibition. I was extremely desirous to speak to you, and I cannot express what I felt in consequence of the dear and cruel letter which you then addressed to me. My situation is since altered; I have projects at present with which you must not remain unacquainted.' He then began to unfold to her the plan of a moral and critical work, to which he invited her approbation and concurrence. He was allowed to go on for some time without interruption, and, even after he had finished speaking, to make some little pause. Mademoiselle then began to observe to him, with calm politeness, that she had herself taken the trouble to request the

discontinuance of his visits, on account of those sentiments respecting her, which he had thought proper to declare to her father, and for which she was desirous of demonstrating her gratitude. That, at her time of life, the vivacity of the imagination was but too apt to mingle itself with every transaction, and even sometimes to change their appearance. But that error was not a crime, and she had already recovered from hers with too good a grace to give herself any more concern on that subject. She admired his literary projects, she added, but without wishing to participate in them, or in those of any other person. She must, therefore, confine herself to wishes for his success, and it was to tell him this that she had consented to see him, and also that he might hereafter avoid every similar attempt. Having thus spoken, with great composure, she besought him to conclude his visit.

Surprise, grief, agitation, were all about to be displayed, when a stop was put to the exhibition by an observation of the lady, 'That she was ignorant whether the mademoiselles Bordenave, and others whom he had honoured with his addresses, nearly at the same period, had expressed themselves in regard to him with equal frankness; but that hers was unbounded, nor did the resolutions she had taken in consequence admit of any explanation.' At

the same time she rose, bowed, and made a motion with her hand towards the door. One of her relations entering at that moment, the lover of the eleven thousand virgins retreated in silence, and made his appearance no more. "Who," says the lady, "has not since heard of the *agent-general of the correspondence of the arts and sciences?*" But to return to M. Roland.

During the last eight or nine months, he had several times visited at M. Phlipon's, where, though his visits were not frequent, neither were they short; they appeared also to be paid with pleasure. With his frank and instructive conversation, mademoiselle Phlipon was never wearied, while the attention with which he found himself listened to by a sensible and amiable young woman, interested and gratified his feelings. It was on the eve of his return from Germany that this acquaintance commenced; he was then preparing for a tour into Italy, and, in the arrangement of his affairs previous to his journey, he chose to deposit his manuscripts with his new and amiable friend, who, should any misfortune happen to the author, was to remain mistress of their disposal. This mark of confidence and esteem was not received without gratitude and pleasure. On the day of his departure, M. Roland, accompanied by Saint-Lette, dined at mademoiselle Phlipon's. On taking leave, he asked permission to

salute his fair friend, a privilege which was not granted without a blush. 'You are happy in departing,' said Saint-Lette to him, gravely; 'but make haste to return, in order to demand another.'

During the stay of Saint-Lette in France, his friend Sevelinge became a widower. Saint-Lette repaired to him at Soissons, where he resided, and brought him back with him to Paris, in the hope of diverting his grief. They visited mademoiselle Phlipon together. Sevelinge possessed a cultivated mind, and a taste for letters. Saint-Lette in leaving France felt a pleasure in having introduced his friends to each other. Saint-Lette at length reimbarked for Pondicherry, where he arrived ill, and died within six weeks. His death was regretted by his friends in France, and more especially by Sevelinge. A correspondence had taken place between the latter and mademoiselle Phlipon. "His letters," says she "which were written in a good style, and abounded in agreeable description, afforded me great pleasure. They wore an appearance of a mild philosophy, and a melancholy sensibility, for which I always possessed a great inc[illegible]n. What Diderot has said on this subject is ex[illegible]ngly just, 'That great taste supposes great sensibility, delicate organs, and a temperament inclined to melancholy.'"

Monsieur Phlipon at length began to discover, that it was useless to display abilities at the expence of postage. His daughter, chagrined at this intimation, communicated her perplexity to her little uncle, who authorised her to cause the letters of Sevelinge to be addressed to his house. Some manuscripts which, at the desire of Saint-Lette, had been entrusted to the perusal of Sevelinge, were returned to the author, with critical observations; "of which," says she, "I was exceedingly vain; for I did not suppose my *works* worth examination. They were in my own eyes reveries, sage enough, but common, and relating to things with which it appeared to me every one was acquainted. The only merit which I thought they possessed, was their originality, in having been composed by a young maiden. The events of the revolution, the change of affairs, the variety of my situations, the frequent comparisons with a great crowd, and with people esteemed on account of their merit, were all necessary, in order to make me perceive, that the platform on which I stood was not encumbered by numbers."

The academy of Besançon proposed, as the subject for a prize, the following question: "In what manner can the education of women contribute to render men better?" Mademoiselle Phlipon, struck

with the idea, seized her pen, and composed a discourse, which she sent without a name, but which was not judged worthy of the reward; an honour which no one obtained. The question was proposed anew for the following year. "In wishing to treat on this subject," says she, "I deemed it absurd to determine on a mode of education unconnected with general manners, which depend on government, and conceived that we ought not to pretend to reform one sex by the other, but to ameliorate the species by means of good laws. Accordingly, I mentioned what it appeared to me that women ought to be; but added, that it was impossible to render them such but by a new order of things. This notion, certainly philosophical and just, did not come within the plan of the academy. Instead of solving, I reasoned on the problem."

A copy of this discourse was sent to M. Sevelinge, who confined his remarks to the style. "My head," says the author, "became cool, I discovered my work to be defective in the very foundation, and I amused myself with criticising it, as if it had been the production of another."

In this communication of talents between the correspondents, more than a twelvemonth elapsed. Sevelinge appeared at length to be uneasy respecting the situation of his young friend, and weary himself

of living alone *. He made many reflections on the charms of a rational society; his correspondent agreed with him; and they reasoned for some time on the subject. The gentleman soon after made a journey to Paris, and presented himself at M. Phlipon's, incognito, as if upon business. Mademoiselle, though she received him herself, did not recollect her friend, who withdrew with a mortified air. This circumstance recalled his features to her memory; but still she remained doubtful as to his identity. His letters at length made the discovery. The singularity of the adventure produced on the mind of the lady a disagreeable, though undefinable, impression. The correspondence relaxed, and after a time entirely ceased.

Mademoiselle Phlipon went sometimes to Vincennes, to visit her uncle at his canonical residence, where the walks were delightful, and the society agreeable. The castle of Vincennes was inhabited by a number of persons, whom the court gratified with apartments. "My uncle," says his niece, "was well received every-where, but visited little, and saw at home only a small number of persons. But on our return from a walk, we usually stopped in the evening at the pavilion on the bridge, belong-

* Sevelinge was fifty-three years of age, possessed a small fortune, and held a place in the department of the provincial finances.

ing to the park, where the women assembled. These I found new pictures to paint. The tragedies of Voltaire, which she read and rehearsed with her uncle, occupied a part of the days: "and those lame concerts," says she, "after supper, when, on the table which they had just cleared, muff-cases served by way of pulpit to the good canon Bateux, in spectacles, snoring in a thorough-bass, while I scraped on the violin, and my uncle made a noise with his flute. Ah! I shall recur to these gentle scenes, if they permit me to live."

The manuscripts left by M. Roland under the care of mademoiselle Phlipon, during the eighteen months which he passed in Italy, made her better acquainted with the author than even a personal intercourse could have done. They consisted of travels, plans of works, reflections, and anecdotes respecting the writer, whose strong mind, austere probity, strict principles, knowledge, and taste, thus discovered themselves. Born amidst opulence, he was descended from an ancient family, whose fortunes had been melted away by prodigality and disorder. The youngest of five brothers, who had been made to enter the church, he had left his parental mansion at the age of nineteen, to avoid taking orders or entering into commerce, to both of which he was equally averse. He had formed a

project of going to the Indies, which the state of his health had prevented. M. Godinat, a relation and inspector of manufactures at Rouen, proposed to him to engage in that part of the administration. The young man complied, distinguished himself by his activity, and at length became advantageously settled. Travelling and study divided his time. Before he set out to Italy, he brought to M. Phlipon's his best-beloved brother, a benedictine and a prior, a man of talents and amiable manners, who sometimes visited mademoiselle, and read to her the notes which M. Roland transmitted to him, and which contained the observations made on his journey.

On the return of the traveller, mademoiselle Phlipon found in him a valuable friend. "His gravity, his manners, his habits," said she, "made me consider him only as a philosopher who existed by reason. A sort of confidence established itself between us, and, in consequence of the pleasure which he experienced in my society, he contracted by degrees the desire of visiting me more frequently." Near five years elapsed, from the commencement of the acquaintance, before M. Roland declared other sentiments than those of friendship. He was esteemed by the lady more than any man whom she had hitherto known, yet she had remarked an external unsuitability both in the lover

and in his family. She told him frankly, that he did her honour in his addresses, to which she would consent with pleasure, had she thought it an advantageous connection for him. She then discovered to him the state of her father's affairs, who had completely ruined himself. "I had saved," says she, "in consequence of the accounts, which I had at length taken upon me to demand of my father at the risque of experiencing his hatred, five hundred *livres* of yearly income, which, with my wardrobe, formed the remainder of that apparent affluence in which I had been brought up." She dissuaded M. Roland from thinking of her, as a third person might have done. He however persisted, and, affected by his disinterestedness, the lady consented that he should disclose his sentiments to her father: but, preferring to express himself on paper, it was determined that his explanation with M. Phlipon should not take place till after his return to the place of his residence. During the remainder of his stay in Paris, the friends met daily, and mademoiselle Phlipon, considering him as the being to whom she was about to unite her destiny, became attached to M. Roland.

On his return to Amiens, he explained to M. Phlipon his wishes and his designs. His letter did not please. The person to whom it was addressed had no inclination to accept for his son-in-law an

austere man, in whose looks he had felt a censor. He replied to the address of M. Roland with harshness, and even with impertinence, nor did he communicate what had passed to his daughter till he had dispatched the answer. She instantly took her resolution. Having informed M. Roland, that the event had but too well justified her apprehensions, and entreated him to abandon his design, that it might not occasion to him farther mortification, she declared to her father her intention of retiring to a convent; a measure which his conduct had rendered necessary. Before her departure, she resigned to him the portion of plate that belonged to her in right of her mother, that he might be able to satisfy some debts that pressed for payment. She then hired a small apartment at the *Congregation*, to which she retreated, with a resolution to circumscribe her wants within the limits of her scanty income.

After severely calculating her expenditure, she laid aside something for presents to the servants of the house. Potatoes, rice, and beans, stewed with a little butter and a few grains of salt, formed the principal articles of her diet. She went out only twice a-week, once to visit her relations, and once to her father's, where she cast an eye over his linen, and carried back with her what wanted repairing. The remainder of her time "is inclosed," says she,

"within my roof of snow, for I lodged near to heaven, and it was winter," was passed in solitude and in study, to which she resigned herself. The affectionate Agatha spent with her half an hour every evening, and softened the severe lot she had chosen, with the tender sympathy of friendship. This consolation, and a walk in the garden when every one had retired, were the only relaxations which our admirable young philosopher allowed to herself. "I fortified my heart," said she, "against adversity, by deserving happiness, and thus I avenge myself on that fortune that refuses to grant it. The resignation of a strong mind, the peace of a good conscience, the elevation of a character that defies misfortune, those laborious habits that make the hours fly swiftly away, that delicate taste of a sound understanding which finds in the sentiment of existence, and in the idea of its own value, indemnifications unknown to the vulgar:—such were my treasures! I was not always free from melancholy, but this had its charms; and, if I was not happy, I had within my own bosom all that was necessary to be so."

M. Roland, surprised and distressed at what had passed, continued to write to his respectable friend, as a man who ceased not to feel for her all the sentiments she deserved, but who had been hurt by the conduct of her father. Near six months thus were

away, when he returned, and visited her at the grate, "where," says she, "I still retained the countenance of prosperity." Having offered to her his hand anew, he pressed her to leave her retreat. "I reflect," says she, "profoundly on what I ought to do. I do not conceal from myself, that a man less than forty-five years of age would not have waited several months to prevail upon me to change my resolution, and I readily allow that this idea had reduced my sentiments to a state in which there was no illusion. But, on the other hand, I consider that this offer, so maturely reflected upon, ought to convince me that I was esteemed. In fine, marriage was, as I believed, a severe tie, an association, in which the wife usually charges herself with the happiness of two individuals. Was it not better for me then to exercise my faculties and my courage in this honourable task, than in the retirement in which I lived?" These and other reflections determined her conduct, and she at length became the wife of a worthy man, who understood and prized her value. "To him," says she, "I devoted myself with an excess more enthusiastic than discreet. In consequence of considering nothing but the felicity of my partner, I perceived that something was wanting to the completion of mine. I have not ceased, however, for a single moment, to behold in my husband one of the most estimable of men, and

to whom I deem myself honoured to belong. But I have often felt that parity did not exist between us, and that the ascendancy of a predominating character, added to twenty additional years, rendered one of these superiorities too great. If we lived in solitude, I might have many unpleasant hours to pass; if we mixed with the world, I might be beloved by others, and some might affect me too much: I therefore plunged myself into study along with my husband; another excess which had its inconvenience also, and I accustomed him not to know how to do without me during a single instant."

The first year of their marriage was spent at Paris, whither business, which respected the manufactures, called M. Roland. He employed his wife as his *amanuensis*, and the corrector of his proofs, a task, however little suited to her cultivated mind, which she fulfilled with humility and exactness. "I respected my husband to so great a degree," says she, "that I easily supposed he knew every thing better than I did. I was so fearful of a cloud upon his brow, and he was so tenacious of his opinions, that it was not until long after that I acquired confidence enough to differ from him." After the business of a secretary and a housekeeper was finished, this excellent and attentive wife, finding the state of her husband's health to be delicate, condescended to prepare for him, with her own hands,

the viands that suited him best; she filled up the remainder of her time with the study of botany and natural history, of which she entered into a course.

After leaving Paris, they spent four years at Amiens, where madame Roland performed the duties of a mother and a nurse, without ceasing to participate in the labours of her husband, who was charged with a considerable portion of the New Encyclopedia. "We never quit our study," says she, "but to walk in the neighbourhood of the town: I form an herbal of the plants of Picardy, and a taste for aquatic botany gives rise to *l'art du tourbier*. Frequent maladies render me uneasy respecting Roland's preservation; my cares were not useless to him; this constituted a new tie: he loved me because I was devoted to him; my attachment to him was strengthened by the services I rendered to him."

During their stay at Amiens, Sophia gave her hand to the chevalier de Gomicourt, who lived six leagues from the town, and farmed his own estate. Henrietta, who had been partial to M. Roland, to whom her family had wished her to have been united, loudly approved of the preference which he had given to her friend, to whom the generosity and affecting sincerity of her character doubly endeared her. This charming young woman was sacrificed to an old man, who, at seventy-five years of age, was

advised by his physician and his confessor to take another wife. Both the sisters became widows. Sophia grew devout, and fell into a languishing state of health. "The difference of our ideas," says madame Roland, "in respect to pursuits and opinions, added to absence and business, have relaxed without dissolving our attachment. Henrietta, always frank, lively, and affectionate, has come to visit me during my captivity, and would have occupied my place to have ensured my safety." Roland, after their marriage, wished his wife to see her friends but seldom. She complied with this request, till time and confidence in her character had removed from her husband all injurious apprehensions respecting rivalship in her affection. "This prohibition was ill judged," says she; "marriage is grave and austere*; if you deprive a woman of sensibility of the pleasures of friendship with persons of her own sex, you diminish a necessary aliment, and expose her to temptation."

In 1784, M. and madame Roland removed to the generality of Lyons, and settled at Villefranche, in the paternal habitation of the former, where an ancient mother still resided, with her eldest son, a canon and a counsellor. The philosophy of madame

* To this austerity inequality of age must doubtless contribute.

Roland was here put to the proof, by the terrible temper of her mother-in-law. In the autumn they repaired to Thezée, two leagues from Villefranche, where, after the decease of their mother, they passed the greater part of the year. This country, arid in respect to its soil, was rich in vines and in woods. "It was there," says madame Roland, "my simple taste became conversant in all the details of rural economy: it was there that I employed for the relief of my neighbours some acquired knowledge: I became the physician of the village, so much the more beloved as giving succour instead of demanding retributions, while the pleasure of proving useful rendered these cares agreeable."

In 1789 madame Roland snatched her husband from the grave, during a frightful malady, from which her cares only could have saved him. She passed twelve days without sleep, and without undressing, and six months in all the anxiety of a perilous convalescence. "Yet," says she, "I was not even indisposed; so much does the heart confer strength, and double our activity."

The revolution ensued, that extraordinary epoch in human affairs: the friends of liberty and humanity, in the hope of beholding the regeneration of their species, and meliorating the lot of the lower and more unfortunate classes of mankind, rejoiced and triumphed. Respectable but mistaken

transport! M. and madame Roland gave, by their opinions, offence at Lyons to many individuals, "who," observes the latter, "habituated to commercial calculations, could not conceive how any one should be induced, through mere philosophy, to provoke and applaud changes, which could only prove useful to others." M. Roland, elected a member of the municipality on its first formation, distinguished himself by his inflexible justice.

Being deputed to the constituent assembly in behalf of the interest of Lyons, he repaired to Paris, where they passed nearly a year. It was at this period that they connected themselves with those respectable but unfortunate men, destined, with themselves, to become the martyrs and the victims of the sacred cause of humanity and freedom.

In 1784 they had made the tour of England, and in 1787 that of Switzerland, an interesting account of which has since appeared in the posthumous works of madame Roland. During these journeys they acquired some valuable and interesting friends. They also visited several parts of France, and had projected a visit to Italy.

M. Phlipon had been prevailed on by his daughter and son-in-law, who paid the few debts which he had contracted, to retire from business: they at the same time settled on him an annuity. His

proud heart was hurt at this obligation. He died, during the severe winter of 1787, at sixty-three years of age, in consequence of a catarrh with which he had been long affected. The uncle of madame Roland expired at Vincennes, in 1789. They lost also soon after her husband's favourite brother.

Public affairs now absorbed their attention, and swallowed up all their time, while they resigned themselves to the passion of serving their country, and thus benefiting the human race.

M. Roland had executed the office of inspector of commerce and manufactories in the *generality* of Lyons, with knowledge, activity, and probity. He had digested in his closet, during this period, the materials with which his experience furnished him, and continued the dictionary of manufactures for the "New Encyclopedia." A correspondence had also taken place about this time between him and Brissot, whom congenial principles had mutually attracted. This correspondence was, by the revolution, still farther encouraged. Brissot, at this juncture, having begun a periodical paper, M. and madame Roland (who assisted her husband in all his literary labours) frequently contributed towards it. They became thus, without any personal intercourse, intimate and confidential friends. Notwithstanding his situation in life, his family, and his connections, which might be supposed to attach

him to the aristocracy, Roland was, by his turn of mind and character, rendered interesting to the popular party. Amidst the political struggles of the revolution he was elected a member of the municipality of Lyons: in this situation his inflexible integrity led him to lay open, without reserve, the numerous abuses that had crept into the administration of the finances; a conduct by which his enemies were multiplied. The debt of the city of Lyons, which exhibited an epitome of the disorders of the state, was found, on examination, to amount to the sum of forty millions of livres *. To solicit assistance for the manufactures, which had suffered in the revolution, it became indispensable to commission a deputy-extraordinary to the constituent assembly; and M. Roland was the person chosen for the purpose.

On the 20th of February, 1791, he arrived with his family at Paris. Madame Roland, who had been five years absent from the place of her birth, and who had watched with a lively interest the progress of the revolution and the labours of the assembly, whose characters and talents she had anxiously studied, seized this opportunity to attend their sittings. "Here," says she, "I saw the powerful Mirabeau, the only man in the revolution,

* 1,666,667l.

whose genius could guide the others, and sway the assembly; the astonishing Cazalès, the daring Maury, the artful Lameths, and the frigid Barnave. I remarked with vexation that kind of superiority on the side of the court party, which dignified habits, purity of language, and polished manners, cannot fail to give in large assemblies. But strength of reason, and the courage of integrity, the lights of philosophy, the fruits of study, and the fluency of the bar, could not fail to secure the triumphs of the patriots, if they were all honest, and could but remain united." At Paris they were visited by Brissot, with whose mind and writings they were already conversant. Brissot introduced to them several of the other members, whom similitude of principles, or zeal for the public good, drew frequently together. It was even agreed that they should meet four evenings in the week in the apartment of madame Roland, whose lodgings were conveniently situated for the purpose. By this arrangement she became acquainted with the progress of affairs, in which, from her taste for political speculation, and for the study of mankind, she was deeply interested. "I knew," says she, "the part which became my sex, and never stepped out of it. I took no share in the debates which passed in my presence. Sitting at a table, without the circle, I employed myself with my needle, or in writing letters: yet, if I dispatched ten epistles, which was some-

times the ease, I lost not a syllable of what was passing, and more than once bit my lips to restrain my impatience to speak. What struck me most, and distressed me exceedingly, was that sort of light and frivolous chit-chat, in which men of sense waste two or three hours without coming to any conclusion. Taking things in detail, you would have heard excellent principles maintained, and some good plans proposed; but, on summing up the whole, there appeared to be no path marked out, no fixed result nor determinate point, towards which the views of each individual should be directed. Sometimes, for very vexation, I could have boxed the ears of these philosophers, whom I daily learned to esteem more for the honesty of their hearts and the purity of their intentions. Excellent reasoners all, and all philosophers, and learned theoretical politicians; but, totally ignorant of the art of managing mankind, and consequently of swaying an assembly, their wit and learning were too generally lavished to no end."

Robespierre was sometimes of these parties. Persuaded, at that time, of his zeal for liberty, the usual penetration of madame Roland was suspended in his favour, while she was inclined to attribute his faults to an excess of patriotism. "That kind of reserve," observed she, "which seems to indicate either the fear of being seen through, because we

can get nothing by being known; or the distrust of a man who finds in his own bosom no reason for giving credit to the virtue of others; that kind of reserve for which Robespierre is remarkable, gave me pain, but I mistook it for modesty. Thus it is that, with a favourable prepossession, we transform into symptoms of the most amiable qualities, the most untoward dispositions. Never did the smile of confidence rest on the lips of Robespierre; while they were almost always contracted by the malignant grin of envy, striving to assume the semblance of disdain. His talents as an orator were below mediocrity; his vulgar voice, ill-chosen expressions, and faulty pronunciation, rendering his discourse extremely tiresome. But he maintained principles with warmth and perseverance; and there was some courage in doing so, at a time when the defenders of the popular cause were greatly diminished in numbers: on this account I esteemed Robespierre."

At a juncture when the fears of Robespierre were greatly roused for his safety, M. and madame Roland drove to his house, near midnight, to offer him an asylum. He had already quitted his habitation: they proceeded therefore to Buzot's, whom they wished to interest in his favour. 'There is nothing,' said Buzot, after some hesitation, 'that I would not do to save that unhappy young man; though I am

far from thinking of him as many others do: he thinks too much of himself to be greatly in love with liberty; but he serves its cause, and that is enough for me.'

The mission of Roland having detained him seven months at Paris, he quitted it in the middle of September, after obtaining for Lyons every thing that it could desire; and passed the autumn in the country, employed in the vintage.

One of the last acts of the constituent assembly was the suppression of inspectors. M. and madame Roland considered whether it would be better to remain in the country, or to pass the winter in Paris, where Roland might prefer his claim to a pension, as a recompence for forty years' service; where at the same time he could continue his labours for the Encyclopedia, in the focus of science, amidst artists and men of letters. In the month of December they accordingly returned to Paris. The members of the constituent assembly had retired to their several homes; and Petion, who had been chosen mayor, was occupied with his office: they also saw Brissot less frequently. Their attention was now wholly engaged with the plan of establishing a journal of the useful arts; and of diverting their minds by study from public affairs, which exhibited a melancholy aspect.

About the middle of March, they were informed by one of their friends, that the court, full of perplexity and alarm, was desirous of doing some popular act, and had even an idea of appointing patriot ministers. Several persons, he added, had turned their thoughts towards M. Roland, whose literary reputation, administrative knowledge, justice, and vigour of mind, afforded a prospect of stability. Roland, at that time, frequented the jacobin society, and was employed in its committee of correspondence *. The 21st of the same month, Brissot called upon madame Roland, and repeated, in a more positive manner, the same intimation, while he enquired whether her husband would take on himself the burthen of administration. Madame Roland replied, that she had mentioned the affair to him, when it was first started, in the course of conversation, and that it appeared to her, that, after

* Madame Roland read these letters, and often undertook to answer them. She considered that the society might exert its influence in disseminating good principles. "Persuaded," says she, "that a revolution is no better than a terrible and destructive storm, if the improvement of the public mind keep not pace with the progression of events; and sensible of the good that might be done by taking hold of men's imaginations, and giving them an impulse towards virtue; I employed myself with pleasure in this correspondence."

taking into the account all the dangers and difficulties, his zeal and activity would not object to such a field for exertion; but that it was a business that required farther consideration. Roland did not shrink from the task proposed to him; his confidence in his own abilities inspired him with the desire of being serviceable to his country, and to the cause of freedom. Such was the answer that, on the following day, was given to Brissot.

On Friday the 23d, Brissot and Dumouriez came, on the breaking up of the council, to inform Roland that he was appointed minister for the home department, and to salute him as their colleague. They staid but a few minutes, while they appointed an hour, in the ensuing day, for Roland to take the oaths. 'There goes a man,' said madame Roland, speaking of Dumouriez, whom she had then seen for the first time, as they went out—'there goes a man of a subtle mind, and a deceitful look; against whom it will perhaps behove you to be more upon your guard than against any other man whatever: he expressed great pleasure at the patriotic choice he was employed to announce, and yet I shall not be surprised if, on some future day, he brings about your dismission.' It appeared to her impossible that Dumouriez and Roland could act long in concert. —"On one side," says she, "I beheld inte-

grity and frankness personified, with rigid justice, devoid of all courtly arts, and of all the dextrous manœuvres of a man of the world. On the other, I fancied I could recognise a libertine of great parts, a determined adventurer, inclined to make a jest of every thing except his own interest and fame."

Roland, by his indefatigable industry, readiness in business, and methodical habits, was soon enabled to arrange in his head the various branches of his department; but the principles and manners of his chief clerks opposed to him formidable obstacles. For the first three weeks he was enchanted with the apparently excellent disposition of the king, to whose professions he gave entire credit. 'Good God!' said his wife to him, 'when I see you and Claviere * set out for the council with all that delightful confidence, it always seems to me that you are on the point of committing some egregious folly.' "I never," observes she, "could bring myself to believe in the constitutional vocation of a king, born and brought up in despotism, and accustomed to arbitrary sway. Had Lewis been sincerely the friend of a constitution that would have restrained his power, he must have been a man above the common race of mortals; and had he been such

* One of his colleagues in office.

a man, he would never have suffered those events to occur that produced the revolution."

The first time Roland appeared at court, the simplicity of his apparel excited the surprise and indignation of the court satellites, who, deriving from *etiquette* their sole importance, believed the state depended on its preservation. 'Oh, dear sir,' said the master of the ceremonies, with a countenance of alarm, whispering Dumouriez, and glancing at Roland, 'he has no buckles in his shoes.' 'Oh lord!' answered Dumouriez, with comic gravity, 'we are all ruined and undone.' A council being held four times a-week, the ministers agreed on those days to dine by turns at each other's houses. They were received by madame Roland as her guests every Friday. Dumouriez, she observed on these occasions, had more of what is called *parts* than all his colleagues put together, and less *morality* than any one of them. "He wanted nothing," says she, "but strength of mind in proportion to his genius, and a cooler head to execute the plans he conceived."

In the mean time, the troubles respecting religion, and the preparations of the enemy, called for decisive measures, while the refusal of the king to sanction the decrees, tore off the veil with which he had sought to conceal his purposes. At first this refusal

was evasive; the ministers complained of the delay; Roland and Servan, in particular, remonstrated incessantly, and spoke with becoming spirit the most striking truths. Their situation had become critical; the public weal was in danger; it was incumbent on the ministers, who professed patriotism, either to provide the means of safety, or to relinquish their office: Roland proposed writing a letter to the king to this purport; his colleagues, unwilling to lose their places, objected and demurred; while Dumouriez, intent on playing at leisure his own cards, left them to settle the business.

The postponement of the sanction had reached its utmost limits: sensible that the council had neither the firmness nor the unanimity to act collectively, it was determined between M. and madame Roland, that it became the integrity and courage of the former to step forward alone. The question was no longer to resign, but to deserve a dismission. Madame Roland composed the celebrated letter on this occasion. "Studious habits," says she, "and a taste for letters, made me participate in the labours of my husband, as long as he remained a private individual: I wrote with him as I ate with him, because one was almost as natural to me as the other, and because my existence being devoted to his happiness, I applied myself to those things which gave him the greatest pleasure. Ro-

land wrote treatises on the arts, I did the same, although the subject was tedious to me. He was fond of erudition. I helped him to pursue his critical researches. Did he wish, by way of recreation, to compose an essay for some academy, we sat down to write in concert, or else separately, that we might afterwards compare our productions, choose the best, or compress them into one. If he had written homilies, I should have done the same. When he became minister, I did not interfere with his administration; but, if a circular letter, a set of instructions, or an important state paper were wanting, we talked the matter over with our usual freedom, and, impressed with his ideas, and pregnant with my own, I took up the pen, which I had the most leisure to conduct. Our principles and turn of mind being the same, we were agreed as to the form, and my husband risqued nothing in passing through my hands. I could advance nothing, warranted by justice and reason, which he was not capable of realising, or supporting by his energy and conduct. But my language expressed more strongly what he had done or promised to do. Roland *without me* would not have been a worse minister; his activity, his knowledge, his probity, were all his own: but *with me* he attracted more attention; because I infused into his writings that

mixture of spirit and of softness, of authoritative reason and of seducing sentiment, which are perhaps only to be found in a woman endowed with a clear head and a feeling heart. I composed with delight such pieces as I deemed likely to be useful; and felt in so doing greater pleasure than had I been known as the author. I am avaricious of happiness, and with me it consists in the good I do."

While M. and madame Roland were reading over this letter, *Pache** came in. 'T is a very bold step,' observed he. 'Very bold, without doubt,' answered madame Roland, 'but just and necessary: what signifies any thing else?' The letter was carried to the council, with the intention of being read aloud; but the king, when pressed anew for his sanction, waved the discussion, and required from each of his ministers their written opinion on the following day. Roland returned home, added to his letter a few introductory lines, and delivered the whole into the hands of the king on the morning of the next day, the 11th of June. On the 12th, Servan, one of his colleagues, walked into his apartment, with a cheerful countenance: 'Congratulate me,' said he, 'I am turned out.' 'I am much mortified,' replied madame Roland, 'that you

* A man raised to office by Roland, whose calumniator he afterwards became.

should have that honour first; but I hope ere long it will be awarded to my husband.' Servan went on to inform them, that it was Dumouriez who had, in his majesty's name, demanded from him his *portfolio*, of which he was going to take charge himself. 'Dumouriez!' exclaimed madame Roland; 'his conduct surprises me but little; yet it is infamous, and the other ministers in that case ought not to wait for their dismission.' The three preceding days, Dumouriez had held long and frequent conferences with the queen. The opinion of Roland coincided with that of his wife, that the ministers ought not to wait till they were dismissed. He communicated to his colleagues the letter he had sent to the king in the morning, from which he expected to meet with treatment similar to that experienced by Servan. After a long debate, it was agreed that they should meet early on the next day, and that Roland should, in the mean time, prepare a letter for them all to sign. The ministers having assembled at the appointed hour, expressed their doubts respecting the letter, and concluded that it would be better to declare their sentiments to the king in a personal conference. While they deliberated, a messenger from the king ordered one of them (Duranthon) to repair alone to his majesty. 'We will wait for you at the Chancery,' said Roland and Claviere. Scarcely

had they reached it when Duranthon returned, and, with an hypocritical face of concern, drew slowly from his pocket an order for the discharge of his two colleagues. 'You make us wait a long while for our liberty,' said Roland with a smile, 'I perceive that our delays have made us lose the start.' 'Well,' said he, on his return to madame Roland, 'I also am turned out.' 'I hope,' replied she, 'it is better deserved on your part than on that of any one else. But one thing remains to be done; that you should be the first to acquaint the assembly with your dismission, and to send them a copy of its cause, your letter to the king: since he has not profited by the lesson it contained, you ought to render that lesson useful to the public.' This idea was immediately executed: it answered a double purpose. "Utility and glory," says madame Roland, "were the consequences of my husband's retreat. I had not been proud of his elevation to the ministry, but I was proud of his disgrace." Thus did Roland and his wife return to private life.

While her husband remained in the ministry, madame Roland determined neither to pay nor to receive visits, nor to invite any female to her table. "I had," said she, "no great sacrifices to make on this occasion, for my acquaintance was not extensive; beside, my love of study equals my detestation of cards; and the society of silly people affords me

no amusement. Accustomed to spend my days in domestic retirement, I shared the labours of Roland, and pursued the studies suited to my own particular taste. Twice a-week indeed I gave a dinner to some of the ministers, a few members of the assembly, and persons with whom my husband had business; but I had not the rage of interfering. Out of all the rooms of a spacious apartment, I chose for myself the smallest parlour, which, by removing into it my books and bureau, I converted into a study. It often happened that the friends and colleagues of Roland, when they wished to speak to him confidentially, instead of going to his apartment, where he was surrounded with clerks, would come to mine, and request me to send for him. Thus, without intrigue, or idle curiosity, I found myself drawn into the vortex of public affairs. Roland, with that confidence which ever subsisted between us, had a pleasure in afterwards conversing with me, in private, respecting what passed on these occasions; an intercommunity of knowledge and opinions was thus established between us."

With the revolution of the 10th of August every one is acquainted: Roland was at that period recalled to the ministry, which he re-entered with renovated hopes. 'It is a great pity,' said madame Roland, on this occasion, 'that the council should be contaminated by that Danton, who has so bad

a reputation." 'What can we do?' said some friends, in reply to this remark; 'he has been useful in the revolution, and the people love him: there is no prudence in making malecontents: it will certainly be better to make the most of him as he is." "There was some reason in this," observes madame Roland; "still it is easier to deny a man the means of influence, than to prevent his putting it to a bad use. Here began the faults of the patriots. The instant the court was subdued, an excellent council should have been formed, the members of which, being distinguished for knowledge, and irreproachable in their manners, would have given dignity to the government, and impressed foreign powers with respect. The thing which most surprised me," says she, "after the elevation of my husband gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a number of persons, particularly those employed in important affairs, was the universal meanness of their minds: it surpasses all that can be imagined, and pervades every rank. But for this experience, never should I have thought so poorly of my species, nor was it till then that I assumed any confidence in myself. In this scarcity of able men, the revolution having driven away successively those whose birth, fortune, education, and circumstances, had rendered them, by a somewhat higher cultivation, superior to the mass of the people,

it is no wonder if we fell gradually into the hands of the grossest ignorance, and the most shameful incapacity." Speaking again of Danton, who visited almost daily at the minister's hotel: "While I contemplated his forbidding and atrocious features, I could not bring myself to associate the idea of a good man with such a countenance. I never saw any aspect so strongly expressive of the violence of brutal passions, and the most astonishing audacity, half disguised by a jovial air, an affectation of frankness, and a sort of simplicity. My lively imagination represents every person, with whom I am struck, in the action that I conceive suitable to his character. In this manner have I often figured Danton, with a dagger in his hand, encouraging by his voice and example a band of assassins, more timid or less ferocious than himself: or else, when satiated with his crimes, indicating his habits and propensities by the gestures of a Sardanapalus." Danton, and Fabre d'Eglantine, an unprincipled hypocrite, sought, by vaunting their own patriotism, to throw madame Roland off her guard, and make her speak out. "It was a subject," says she, "on which I had nothing to conceal or dissemble. I avow my principles equally to those whom I suppose to participate in them, and to those whom I suspect of cherishing sentiments less pure. In regard to the former, it is confidence: to the latter, pride. I dis-

dain to disguise myself, even under the pretence, or with the hope of being better able to fathom the minds of others. I lay open my whole soul, and never suffer a doubt to exist of what I really am."

Danton and Fabre ceased to visit at Roland's towards the latter end of August; cautious, no doubt, of exposing themselves to attentive eyes, on the approaching matins of September. Preparations were made, by public commotions and alarms, for this dreadful tragedy, on the first symptoms of which, Roland took every step, in his office of minister, to avert the coming storm, which the most vigilant humanity could devise. At five in the evening of Sunday, nearly at the moment when the prisons were invested, about two hundred men proceeded to the hotel of the home department. Madame Roland, who was sitting in her own apartment, rose at the noise, of which, stepping into the anti-chamber, she enquired the cause. Roland was from home, but the persons who asked for him, dissatisfied with this information, insisted on speaking to the minister. Madame Roland perceiving the assurances of her servants ineffectual, sent to invite, in her own name, ten of the malecontents to walk up stairs, of whom she calmly enquired what they wanted? They informed her, that they were honest citizens, ready to set off for Verdun, but who, in want of arms, came to ask the minister, whom they

were resolved to see, for a supply. She observed to them, that the minister of the interior never had arms at his disposal, and that it was to the war-office that they should address their request. They had already been there, they said, and had been repulsed: all the ministers, they added, were rascally traitors, and they wanted Roland. 'I am sorry he is out; for his arguments would have had weight with you: come with me, and search the hotel, and you will be satisfied that he is from home, and that there are no arms here; nor indeed ought there to be any, as on reflection you must needs be convinced. Return, I pray you, to the war-office, or complain to the commune; and if you wish to speak to M. Roland, repair to the hotel of the marine, where the council is assembled.' On this remonstrance, the band withdrew; but, from a balcony over the court, madame Roland beheld a furious fellow in his shirt, his sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, and a broad sword in his hand, declaiming against the treachery of the ministers. They carried with them, on their retreat, the valet de chambre of M. Roland, by way of hostage.

Madame Roland instantly got into a coach, and hastened to the admiralty, to inform her husband of what had passed. Danton was, in the mean time, at the residence of the mayor, in the committee of vigilance, as it was styled, whence issued the orders

of arrest, that had for some days past been so numerous. A reconciliation had just taken place between him and Marat, after a parade of a feigned quarrel. Going up to the apartment of Petion, he took him aside, and, in his customary language, interlarded with oaths, 'Can you guess,' said he, 'what they have taken in their heads? Why, may I die, if they have not issued a warrant against Roland!' 'Who do you mean?' 'Why, that madheaded committee to be sure. I have the warrant in my possession. Look, here it is. We can never suffer them to go on at this rate. What, the devil! against a member of the council!' Petion, having read the warrant, returned it to him with a smile; 'Let them proceed,' said he, 'it will have a good effect.' 'A good effect!' exclaimed Danton, examining with an earnest eye the countenance of the mayor: 'Oh! no, I can never suffer it; I'll find means to make them listen to reason.' The warrant was not executed; but it was evident that the two hundred men were sent to the minister's hotel by the devisers of that warrant. "Who so dull," says madame Roland, "as not to suspect, that the failure of that attempt, by delaying the execution of the project, might allow those who had conceived it time to pause? And who so wanting in penetration as not to perceive in Danton's conduct to the mayor, that of a conspirator, endeavour-

ing to discover what effect such a blow would produce, or, in its failure, to take to himself the honour of having parried it?"

It was past eleven when Roland left the council, nor was it till the ensuing morning that he learnt the horrors of the night. Distressed beyond measure at these abominable crimes, and his incapacity of preventing them, it was agreed between M. and madame Roland, that there remained nothing for an honest minister to do, but to denounce them in the most public manner, to rouse the indignation of all men of honour, and, if necessary, to expose himself to the dagger of the assassins, rather than to incur the guilt and shame of being in any way their accomplice. 'It is equally true,' observed madame Roland to her husband, 'that a courageous determination is not more consonant to justice, than conducive to safety. Firmness only can repress audacity. If the denunciation of these enormities were not a duty, it would be an act of prudence. The people who perpetrate them must necessarily hate you, for having endeavoured to obstruct their proceedings. Nothing remains for you, but to inspire them with fear.' Roland wrote to the assembly his letter of the 3d of September; a letter not less celebrated than that addressed to the king. The assembly having ordered it to be printed, posted up,

and sent to the departments, applauded a courage it dared not to emulate.

The massacres continued four whole days; and curious people went to the spectacle. All Paris witnessed these horrible scenes, perpetrated by a small number of cut-throats: so small indeed as not to exceed a dozen at the *Abbaye*. "All Paris," says madame Roland, "looked on: all Paris was accursed in my eyes: I could no longer entertain hopes of the establishment of liberty among *cowards*, insensible to the last outrages that can be committed on nature and humanity, and coolly contemplating enormities, which fifty armed men might have prevented with ease. I know of nothing in the annals of the most barbarous nations comparable to these atrocious acts." From the most authentic accounts, it appears that there were not two hundred villains concerned in the whole of these infamous transactions; but the people were terrified with rumours, and rendered stupid by horror and surprise.

The health of Roland was impaired by these proceedings; the bile, obstructed in its course by the derangement of his system, spread itself over the skin: he became yellow and emaciated, but, though unable to eat or sleep, continued his labours. He was still ignorant of a warrant having been issued against him; a secret which his wife had been care-

ful to keep from his knowledge. Somebody, however, in the following week, took it into his head to inform him of this circumstance.

The gold, jewels, and other valuables, which, from the rank and condition of the captives, abounded in the prisons at the time of the massacres, were of course pillaged: still more considerable had been the plunder, collected by the members of the commune, after the struggle of the 10th of August: but the minister of the interior, who had a right to make the demand, could obtain no information concerning these transactions. The assembly to which he complained, commended as usual his zeal, but took no measures to support him: while millions fell into the hands of those who would naturally employ them to perpetuate the anarchy from which they derived all their power. Marat, who had been refused by Roland the disposal of a sum of money, allotted to the minister by the assembly, for the expence of printing useful works, became from that moment his enemy and calumniator. Madame Roland, unacquainted with Marat, and who had sometimes doubted whether he was indeed a real or a fictitious being, expressed to Danton a curiosity to see him, and desired he would bring him to the hotel. This request Danton declined, as a measure not only useless, but which could not fail of proving

disagreeable, since Marat was an original, like nothing else in the world.

Three weeks had passed away since the tragedy of September. Marat complained bitterly of the incivism of the minister, in refusing him the sum demanded: he also, in a bill which he had stuck up, attacked by name madame Roland, who perceived in this measure the hand of Danton. 'Intending to attack you,' says she, to her husband, 'they begin by prowling around your house. Danton, with all his sense, has the folly to imagine that I shall be hurt by his abuse; that I shall take up my pen to answer it; that he will have the pleasure of bringing a woman forward upon the stage; and thus expose to the shafts of ridicule the man to whom she is allied. These people may form a tolerable opinion of my talents, but they are utterly incapable of judging of the temper of my soul. Let them continue their calumnies as long as they please; they will never make me stir a step, nor excite my uneasiness.'

On the 22d of September, Roland made an exact and spirited report of the state of Paris, its disorders, and insubordination: the assembly, sound in judgment, but weak in resolution, ordered the report to be printed, but rectified nothing. The department of the Somme, in which Roland resided, elected

him as a member of the convention; a choice which excited almost general regret. To take from the helm a man of talents and courage, whom it would be difficult to replace, in order to put him in an assembly where many others, by their votes, might equally serve the state, was a measure to be deprecated. An outcry was raised on all sides, while a motion was made, that Roland should be invited to remain in the ministry. Danton, who was present in the convention, rose to oppose this invitation with vehemence and rancour, observing, among other malicious remarks, that the address ought also to be extended to the wife of the minister, as a person by no means useless to the administration. Murmurs of disapprobation repelled this invidious insinuation; but, though the general wish was strongly expressed, the decree did not pass. Neither was the resignation of Roland accepted. A crowd of members repaired to his house, pressing him to remain in office, as a sacrifice due to his country. These solicitations lasted two days, when news was brought, that an error had attended his election, which rendered it void: of course, that he had no excuse for quitting the ministry. Having therefore resolved on keeping his place, he wrote to the assembly in a courageous and dignified style, that confounded his enemies.

The party of Danton had endeavoured to conceal the circumstance that set aside his election, till he had resigned the administration, in the hope of throwing him out on all sides. At length, no longer giving him quarter, every day produced some fresh attack; while incessant calumnies and accusations, each more atrocious and absurd than the other, followed in rapid succession. They even imputed to him as a crime, his care to inform the public mind. "It requires," observes madame Roland, "no profound skill in politics to know, that the strength of a government depends on opinion. All the difference, in this respect, between a just and a tyrannical administration, is, that while the former is employed in diffusing truth, and enlarging the sphere of knowledge, it is the business of the latter to suppress the one, and to contract the other." The *patriotic correspondence* of Roland had produced the most admirable effects, and remained a monument, attesting his enlightened vigilance, and the purity of his principles. From that instant the minister was represented as a dangerous man, who had offices of public spirit: soon after, as a corruptor of the opinions of the people, and a man ambitious of the supreme power; and last of all, as a conspirator. The departments returned him for his letters the warmest thanks, but the banditti of Paris continued to calumniate and

abuse him: a distrust was excited in the public mind, which the jacobins seconded with all their power, while the Dantons, the Robespierres, and the Marats, bore all the sway.

Madame Roland was accused, during the administration of her husband, of giving sumptuous entertainments, where, like another Circe, she corrupted all those who came to the banquet. From the following account of her habitual conduct at the hotel, the reader may form a judgment of the truth of this accusation: "Twice a-week, only, I gave a dinner, once to my husband's colleagues, and once to a mixed company, composed either of national representatives, of first clerks in the offices, or of persons concerned in the business of the state. Taste and neatness presided at my table, to which profusion and the luxury of ornament was unknown. Without devoting much time to conviviality, for I gave only one course, every one was at his ease. Fifteen was the usual number of the guests, which seldom amounted to eighteen, and only once to twenty. After dinner we conversed for some time in the drawing-room, and then every one took his leave. We sat down to table about five; at nine not a creature remained: yet this was the court of which they made me queen; and thus, with the doors wide open, did we carry on our dark and dangerous conspiracies. On other days, confined to

our family, my husband and myself usually sat down to table alone; delaying, for the transaction of public business, our dinner to a very late hour: my daughter dined with her governess in her own room. Those who saw me at that time, will bear witness in my favour, whenever the voice of truth can make itself heard. I shall then perhaps be no more; but I shall go out of the world with the persuasion, that the memory of my persecutors will be lost in maledictions, while my name will sometimes be recollected with a sigh."

In the latter period of the administration of Roland, conspiracies and threats succeeded each other so fast, that his friends often pressed him and madame Roland to leave the hotel during the night. Two or three times they yielded to these intreaties, but, soon tired of this daily removal, they observed, that if destined to fall, it would be more conducive to public utility and to personal glory, for the minister to perish at his post. They accordingly no longer slept from home. Madame Roland, that she might suffer the same hazard as her husband, had his bed brought into her room; while she kept under her pillow a pistol, not to use for a vain defence, but to save herself, should she perceive them approach, from the outrages of assassins. In this situation she passed three weeks, during which the hotel was twice beset.

"To-day on a throne, to-morrow in a prison."

"Such," observes madame Roland, "is the fate of virtue in revolutionary times. Enlightened men, who have pointed out its rights, are, by a nation weary of oppression, first called into authority. But it is not possible that they should maintain their places: the ambitious, eager to take advantage of circumstances, mislead the people by flattery, and, to acquire consequence and power, prejudice them against their real friends. Men of principle, who despise adulation and contemn intrigue, meet not their opposers on equal terms; their fall is therefore certain: the still soft voice of sober reason, amidst the tumult of the passions, is easily overpowered."

The resignation of Roland appeased not his enemies; his very name, which was become the signal of discord, could not be pronounced without confusion. If a member, less venal than the rest, ventured to speak in his defence, he was reduced to silence, and treated as an instrument of faction. His continuation in the ministry, which could no longer be productive of utility, had become an additional source of disorder in the convention; he deemed it therefore prudent to resign. In his retirement, he gave a terrible blow to his enemies, by publishing such accounts as no minister before him had furnished; but to have them examined and sanctioned by a report, was an act of justice for which he solicited

oppose to it such resistance as a man of my years is capable of making. But I shall protest against it to the last moment of my life.' 'I have no order,' said the spokesman, 'to use violence. I shall return, therefore, and communicate your answer to the council-general of the commune: in the mean time, I will leave my colleagues here.'

It immediately occurred to madame Roland, that it might not be amiss to denounce, in the most public manner, these proceedings to the convention; either to prevent by that means the arrest of her husband, or to obtain his prompt release. In a few minutes this idea was communicated to Roland, a letter was written to the president, and the courageous wife of the ex-minister was on her way to the convention. Her servant being absent, she left a friend with her husband, and, having stepped alone into a hackney-coach, ordered it to proceed as fast as possible to the Carousel. The court-yard of the Tuilleries, which she swiftly crossed, was filled with armed men. Having arrived at the doors of the outer halls, which were all closed, she found sentinels placed at the entrance, who allowed no one to pass, and who sent her by turns from door to door. In vain did she insist on admission; till, as an expedient to overcome the resistance of the sentinels, she determined to affect the language of a disciple of Robespierre. 'Citizens,' said she, address-

ing them, 'why in this day of salvation for our country, and in the midst of the traitors from whom we have so much to fear, do you prevent me from transmitting to the president some papers of the last importance? 'Send at least for an usher to whose care I may entrust my credentials.'

The doors instantly flying open, madame Roland walked into the petitioners' hall, where having enquired for an usher, she was desired by a sentry to wait for some moments, till one should come out. A quarter of an hour had elapsed, when she perceived Ross*, of whom she solicited permission to appear at the bar, and to plead the cause of Roland as connected with the public weal. Ross, conceiving at once the subject of the letter, of which he took charge, and the impatience which the writer must necessarily feel, requested that the paper which he carried in, and laid upon the table, might be read without delay. An hour passed heavily away, while madame Roland paced backwards and forwards, her eyes cast towards the door of the hall, which was several times opened and closed by the guard. A dreadful noise from time to time assailed her ears. Ross at length appeared. 'Well!' enquired the wife of the ex-minister, with breathless impatience. 'Nothing

* A Scotchman, usher to the convention.

has yet been done. An indescribable tumult prevails in the assembly. Some petitioners, at this moment, demand at the bar the confinement of the *twenty-two*: I have just assisted Rabaud in getting out unseen. Several others are making off; nor can any one say what may be the event.' 'Who is president?' 'Hérault Séchelles.' 'Ah! my letter will not be read. Send to me some member with whom I may speak a few words.' 'Whom shall I send?' 'Indeed I am little acquainted, or have little esteem for any of them, excepting those who are proscribed. Tell Vergniaux I wish to see him.'

Ross went in search of him. At the end of a considerable period, Vergniaux appeared, and talked with madame Roland for seven or eight minutes. He then went back to the hall, and again returned. 'In the present state of the assembly,' said he, 'I dare not flatter you; you have no great room for hope. You may obtain, if you get admission to the bar, a little more favour as a woman; but the convention is no longer able to do any good.' 'It is able to do any thing it pleases;' replied madame Roland, with quickness: 'the majority of Paris only desire to know how they *ought* to act. If I am admitted to the assembly, I will venture to say what you could not utter without exposing yourself to impeachment. As to me, I fear nothing; and if I cannot save Roland, I will speak some home

truths, which will not be altogether useless to the republic. Inform your worthy colleagues of my desire; a courageous sally may yet have an effect, it will at least serve to set a great example.'

"I was indeed," says she, "in that temper of mind which imparts eloquence; warm with indignation, superior to fear, my bosom glowing for my country, the ruin of which I foresaw: every thing dear to me at stake; feeling strongly, expressing those feelings fluently, and too proud not to utter them with dignity, I had the most important interests to discuss, possessed some means of defending them, and was in a singular situation for doing so with advantage." 'But at any rate,' said Vergniaux, 'your letter cannot be read for some hours; think what a tedious time you will have to wait!' 'I will go home, then, to know what has been passing there, and will immediately return: you may tell our friends that this is my intention.' 'Most of them are absent; they behave with courage when they are here; but they are deficient in assiduity.' 'That, alas! is but too true.'

Madame Roland, quitting Vergniaux, flew to Louvet's, whence, having left a note to inform him of what was passing, she threw herself into a coach, and ordered it home. The wretched horses not keeping pace with her feelings, and some battalions

of national guards impeding the way, she jumped out of the coach, which she discharged, and, rushing through the ranks, hastened forwards. Having reached her house, the porter whispered her that Roland was at the landlord's at the bottom of the court. Thither she immediately hastened, and there she learned, that the bearers of the warrant, not being able to procure a hearing at the council, and Roland persisting in protesting against their orders, they had, after demanding his protest in writing, withdrawn themselves; in consequence of which Roland had retired through the back-door. Being found by his wife at the second house in which she sought him, she informed him of what she had done, and the measures she meant to pursue.

From the solitude of the streets she perceived that it was late; she prepared nevertheless to return to the convention, without recollecting her recent illness, which demanded quiet and repose. On approaching the Carousel, she found the sitting was at an end; from which she augured the subjugation of the assembly. A few men still remained at the gate of the national palace: 'Citizens,' said she to some *sans-culottes* collected round a cannon, 'has every thing gone well?' 'O! wonderfully: they embraced each other, and sang the *Marseillois* hymn, there, under the tree of liberty.' 'What, then, is the right side ap-

passed?' 'Faith! it was obliged to listen to reason.' 'And what of the committee of twelve?' 'It is kicked into the ditch.' 'And the *twenty-two*?' 'The municipality will have them taken up.' 'Aye, but *can* the municipality?' 'Why, body o' me, is not the municipality the sovereign? It is high time it should, to set those b—s of traitors to rights, and support the commonwealth.' 'But will the departments be pleased to see their representatives—' 'What are you talking about? the Parisians do nothing but in concert with the departments: they said so to the convention.' 'That however is not quite so certain; for, to know their will, the primary assemblies were wanting.' 'Was there any want of primary assemblies on the 10th of August? Did not the departments then approve what Paris did? They will do so now: it is Paris that is saving them.' 'Or rather say, it is Paris that is ruining itself.'

While concluding this dialogue she crossed the court, and returned to the coach which waited: 'You will set me down,' said she to the coachman, 'at the galleries of the Louvre.' There she meant to call on a friend, and concert with him the means of Roland's safety. Pasquier had retired to bed: he rose; and madame Roland submitted to him her plan. It was agreed that they should meet the

next day. She stepped into her coach, and was proceeding home, when she was stopped by the sentry who stood on his post. 'Have a little patience,' said the coachman in a whisper, turning round on his seat; 'it is the custom at this time of night.' The serjeant advanced and opened the door: 'Whom have we here?' 'A woman.' 'Whence come you?' 'From the convention.' 'It is very true,' said the coachman, as if he feared her assertion would need confirmation. 'Whither are you going?' 'Home.' 'Have you no bundles?' 'None, as you may see.' 'But the assembly is broken up.' 'Yes; to my sorrow, for I had a petition to present.' 'A woman, at this hour! it is very strange; very imprudent.' 'It certainly is not a very common occurrence; nor is it with me a matter of choice: I must have had strong reasons for it.' 'But, madam, *alone*!' 'How, sir; alone! Do you not see that I have *innocence* and *truth* for my companions? what would you have more?' 'Well, I must be content with your reasons.' 'You are quite right,' in a gentle tone, 'for they are good ones.'

Having at length reached her house, she had ascended eight or ten steps, when a man, who was close behind her, and who had slipped in unperceived by the porter, begged her to conduct him to citizen Roland. 'To his apartment, with plea-

sure, if you have any thing advantageous to impart; but to *him* it is impossible.' 'I came to let him know, that they are absolutely determined on confining him this very evening.' 'They must be sagacious if they accomplish their purpose.' 'I am happy to hear it, for it is an honest citizen to whom you are speaking.' 'Well and good,' replied she, as she proceeded up stairs, perplexed what opinion to form.

"I may be asked," says she, "why, under such circumstances, I returned to the house. Nor is the question irrelevant. I have a natural aversion to every thing inconsistent with the grand, bold, and ingenuous proceedings of innocence: an effort to escape from the hand of injustice, would be to me more painful than any thing it could inflict. During the last three months of Roland's administration, our friends often urged us to quit the hotel; but it was always contrary to my inclinations. It was incumbent on the minister to be at his post; for there his death would cry aloud for vengeance, and prove a lesson to the republic. It was possible to reach his life when abroad, with equal advantage to the assassins, less benefit to the public, and less glory to the victim. Such reasoning will be deemed absurd by those who prefer life to all things; but he, who in a period of revolution sets

any value on existence, will set none on virtue, his honour, or his country."

Madame Roland acted upon these principles; she refused to leave the hotel in the month of January, determined to share the fate of her husband. When Roland was no longer in office, she thought him justified in shunning his enemies. For herself she believed she had less to fear; or even should they wish to begin the business by subjecting her to an examination, she doubted not of being able to confound them, and that her answers might even serve to dispel more rapidly the delusion of those who had suffered themselves to be misled. Should they proceed to another 2d of September, it would prove that all was lost in Paris; in which case she preferred death to living a witness of her country's ruin; while she felt, that she should glory in being found among the victims sacrificed to a guilty fury.

That fury, she also believed, glutted with her destruction, would be mitigated against Roland; who, if saved from this crisis, might yet be reserved to benefit France. Her imprisonment and trial might therefore be productive of advantage to her husband and her country; or, if destined to perish, it would be under circumstances in which life itself would have become a burthen. Thus magnanimously reasoned this admirable woman!

Having, on her return home, quieted the fears of her family, she took up a pen for the purpose of writing a note to her husband. Scarcely had she seated herself at the desk, before she was disturbed by a loud knocking at the door. It was about midnight. A numerous deputation of the commune appeared, and enquired for Roland: 'He is not at home.' 'But where can he be?' said a person who wore an officer's gorget: 'when will he return? You are acquainted with his habits, and doubtless can judge of the hour of his return.' 'I know not whether your orders authorise you to ask such questions; but this I know, nothing can compel me to answer them. As Roland left the house while I was at the convention, he had it not in his power to make me his *confidante*. This is all I have to say.'

The party withdrew much dissatisfied, leaving a sentry at the door of madame Roland's apartment, and a guard at that of the house. Overcome with fatigue, and determined to brave the worst, she ordered supper; and, having finished her letter, and entrusted it to the care of a faithful domestic, she retired to rest. She slept soundly for about an hour, when she was awakened by a servant, and informed that some gentlemen of the section requested her to step into the adjoining room. 'I understand what it means,' replied she calmly; 'go, child;

I will not make them wait.' Having sprung from the bed, she was dressing, when her maid came in, and expressed her surprise that she should be at the pains of puting on more than a morning-robe: 'When people are going abroad,' replied she, 'they should at least be decent.' The poor woman, looking in the face of her mistress, burst into tears. Madame Roland walked into the next apartment. 'We come, *citoyenne*, to take you into custody, and to put seals upon your property.' 'Here,' said a man, taking out of his pocket a warrant from the revolutionary committee, which ordered the wife of Roland to be committed to the Abbaye, without specifying any motive for her arrest. 'I have a right to tell you,' said she, 'like Roland, that I know nothing of your committee; that I will not obey its orders; and that you shall not take me hence unless by violence.' 'Here is another order,' said a little hard-featured man, in a hasty and commanding tone of voice, reading to her one from the commune; which also directed, without specifying any charge, the commitment of monsieur and madame Roland. The latter deliberated whether she should still resist, or resign herself into their hands. She had a right to avail herself of the law which prohibits nocturnal arrests; and, if the law by which the municipality were authorised to seize suspected persons were urged, to retort the illegality of the

municipality itself, cashiered and created anew by an arbitrary power. But *law* was become no more than an empty name to cover oppression and abuses; and had she compelled these men to resort to force, she justly dreaded their brutality, and the indignities to which she might expose herself.

'How do you mean to proceed, gentlemen?' said she. 'We have sent for a justice of peace of the section; and you see here a detachment of his armed force.' The justice of the peace arrived, and put his seal upon every thing, even on the drawers which contained the linen. One of the men insisted on the *piano-forte* being sealed up also; but, on being informed it was a musical instrument, he drew out a rule and took its dimensions, as if he designed it for a particular place. Madame Roland asked leave to take out the clothes of her daughter, and made up a small packet of night-clothes for herself. During these transactions, fifty or a hundred people passed backward and forward, completely filling the apartments: persons malevolently disposed might, without difficulty, have deposited or have carried away any thing. The officer, not daring to lay his commands upon this crowd, gently requested them to withdraw; but their places were soon occupied by new comers. The prisoner, sitting down at her bureau, wrote to a friend concerning her situation, with a recom-

mendation of her daughter to his care. She was folding up the letter, when the officer informed her it was necessary that he should see what she had written, and know to whom her letter was addressed. 'I have no objection to read it to you, if that will satisfy you.' 'No, it will be better for us to know to whom you are writing.' 'I shall do no such thing: the title of my friend is not a present of a nature to induce me to name the person on whom I bestow it.' Thus speaking, she tore in pieces the letter. As she turned from them, they gathered up the fragments, in order to seal them up. She smiled at the precaution, the letter being without an address.

At seven in the morning she left her daughter, and her domestics, after exhorting them to calmness and patience. 'You have people here, who love you,' said one of the commissioners, observing the tears of her family. 'I never had any about me who did not,' replied she, while walking down stairs; from the bottom of which to the coach, drawn up on the opposite side of the street, stood two ranks of armed citizens. She proceeded gravely, with measured steps, while her eyes were fixed on these deluded men. The armed force followed the coach in two files, while the miserable populace, attracted by the sight, stopped to gaze as it passed. '*Away with her to the guillotine!*' exclaimed several women,

'Shall we draw up the blinds?' said one of the commissioners, civilly. 'No, gentlemen; innocence, however oppressed, never puts on the guise of criminality: I fear not the eye of any one, nor will I conceal myself from any person's view.' 'You have more strength of mind than many men; you wait patiently for justice.' 'Justice! were justice done, I should not be now in your hands. But should an iniquitous procedure send me to the scaffold, I shall walk to it with the same tranquillity and firmness as I now pass to prison. My heart bleeds for my country, while I regret my mistake in supposing it qualified for freedom and happiness: but life I appreciate at its due value. I never feared any thing but guilt;—injustice and death I despise.'

Having arrived at the Abbaye, that theatre of massacre and blood, five or six field-beds, with as many men stretched upon them, in a dark and dreary apartment, were the first objects that struck the eye of the prisoner. Her guides made her ascend a dirty and narrow staircase. They came at length to the keeper's apartment, which was tolerably clean, and where a seat was offered to her. 'Where is my room?' said she to the wife of the keeper, a corpulent woman, with an agreeable countenance. 'Madam, I did not expect you, I have no room as yet; but in the mean time you will remain here.' The commissioners in an adjoining

room gave their verbal orders, which they dared not commit to writing, and which were very severe, and often afterwards renewed. The keeper, an active, obliging, humane man, observed not literally what he was under no obligation to perform. 'What would you choose for breakfast?' said he. 'A little capillaire and water.' The commissioners withdrew, observing to madame Roland, that if her husband were not guilty, there could be no occasion for him to abscond. 'It is so extraordinary,' replied she, 'to suspect a man who has rendered such important services to the cause of liberty! Just as Aristides, and severe as Cato, it is to his virtues he is indebted for his enemies. Their fury knows no bounds; let them satiate it on me: I defy its power, and devote myself to death. It is incumbent on *him* to save himself for the sake of his country, to which he may yet be capable of rendering important services.' An awkward bow was the only answer which these gentlemen, whose confusion was evident, thought proper to make.

The wife of the keeper made some civil observations, expressive of the regret which she felt when a prisoner of her own sex arrived, 'for,' added she, 'they have not all your serene countenance.' Madame Roland thanked her with a smile; while she locked her into a room hastily put in order for her reception. 'Well then,' said she, seating herself,

and falling into a train of reflections, 'I am in prison.' The moments that followed, she declares, she would not have exchanged for those which might be esteemed by others as the happiest of her life. Her situation rendered her sensible of the value of integrity and fortitude, united with an approving conscience. "I recalled the past to my mind," says she; "I calculated the events of the future. I devoted myself, if I may so say, voluntarily to my destiny, whatever it might be: I defied its rigour, and fixed myself firmly in that state of mind, in which, without giving ourselves concern for what is to come, we seek only employment for the present." But this tranquillity in regard to her own fate extended not to that of her country and her friends. She waited for the evening paper, and listened with extreme anxiety to every noise in the street. She wished to ascertain what portion of freedom was yet left to her. 'May I write? May I see any body? What will be my expences here?' were her first questions. The keeper informed her of the orders he had received, and how far he could venture to evade or modify them. She wrote to her faithful maid to come to see her; but it was agreed that this indulgence should be kept a secret.

The first visit she received was from Grandpré, on the day of her arrival. 'You shall write to the

assembly,' said he; 'have you not yet been thinking of it?' 'No; and now you remind me of it, I do not see how I shall be able to get my letter read.' 'I will do all I can to assist you.' 'Very well; then I will write.' 'Do so: I will return in two hours.' He departed, and madame Roland took up her pen to address the national convention. She complained of the treatment she had received, and remonstrated respecting the injustice and illegality of the proceedings. She demanded justice and protection in a high tone. "If the convention," added she, "confirms my arrest, I appeal to the law which ordains the declaration of the crime, and the examination of the prisoner, within four-and-twenty hours after his capture. In the last place, I demand a report on the accounts of that irreproachable man, who exhibits an instance of unheard-of persecution, and who seems destined to give to all Europe the terrible lesson of virtue proscribed by the blindness of infuriate prejudice. If to have shared the strictness of his principles, the energy of his mind, and the ardour of his love of liberty, be crimes, I plead guilty, and claim my punishment. Pronounce sentence, legislators of France, freedom, the fate of the republic and of yourselves, depend on this day's distribution of that justice which it is yours to dispense."

From the agitation in which she had passed the

preceding night, she felt extreme fatigue. She desired to have a chamber, of which, at ten o'clock, she took possession. When, on entering it, she found herself surrounded by four dirty walls, in the midst of which was a bed without curtains; when she observed a double-grated window, and was assailed by a close and offensive smell; she felt indeed sensible of the change in her situation. The room however was of a tolerable size, it had a fire-place, and the bed-clothes were not bad: she deemed herself therefore, without dwelling on comparisons, not altogether ill accommodated. She retired to bed, and was not risen at ten in the morning, when Grandpré returned. He appeared more uneasy than the preceding evening, while he cast a mournful look around the wretched apartment. 'How did you pass the night?' said he, his eyes filled with tears. 'I was repeatedly awakened by the noise, but fell asleep again as soon as it ceased, in despite even of the alarm-bell, which I thought I heard this morning.—Ha! is it not sounding still?' 'Why, I thought so; but it is nothing.' 'Be it as is pleases Heaven: if they kill me, it shall be in this bed; for I am so weary, that here I will expect my fate. Is any thing new brought forward against the members?' 'No, I have brought back your letter. It is my opinion, and also that of Champagneux, that the beginning should be softened. Here

is what we propose to substitute: and then you should write a line or two to the minister of the home department, that he may transmit your letter officially, which would enable me the better to solicit that it should be read.' 'If I thought,' replied she, taking the paper and looking over it, 'that my letter would be read as it now stands, so it should remain, even were I sure it would be productive of no advantage to myself; for it is scarcely possible to hope for justice from the convention. The truths addressed to it are not for an assembly incapable, at present, of putting them in practice: but they should be uttered, that they may be heard by the departments.' At length, convinced that her exordium might prevent the reading of the letter, she omitted the first paragraphs, substituting in their stead what had been proposed by her friends. She also wrote a few lines to the minister, in order to render the proceeding regular.

Rising about noon, she busied herself in arranging her apartment. She had in her pocket Thomson's Seasons, a work of which she was peculiarly fond: she made a memorandum of such other books as she should wish to procure. Among these were the Lives of Plutarch, Hume's History of England, and Sheridan's Dictionary. "I would rather," says she, "have continued to read

Mrs. Macaulay, but the person who had lent me the first volumes was from home." While employed in these peaceful preparations, she heard the town in a tumult, and the drums beating to arms. She could not help smiling at the contrast. 'At any rate,' said she to herself, 'they will not prevent my living to my last moment more happy in conscious innocence than my persecutors with the rage that animates them. If they come, I will advance to meet them, and go to death as a man would go to repose.'

The keeper's wife came to invite her prisoner to her apartment, that she might dine in a better air. Here she found her faithful domestic, who, bathed in tears, and nearly suffocated with grief, threw herself into the arms of her mistress, who, on this occasion, could not avoid melting into tenderness and sorrow. She even almost reproached herself with her previous tranquillity, when she reflected on the anxiety of those who were attached to her. She endeavoured to prove to this affectionate servant, who was desirous of remaining in the prison, that she would be more useful to her without; that by giving way to her grief she would incapacitate herself from serving her; and that upon the whole she was far from being so unfortunate as might be imagined: and this indeed was true. "Whenever I have been ill," ob-

serves madame Roland, "I have experienced a particular kind of serenity, proceeding unquestionably from my mode of thinking, and from the law I have laid down for myself of always submitting quietly to necessity instead of revolting against it. The moment I take to my bed, every duty and every solicitude seems at an end: I am bound only to remain there with resignation and with a good grace. I call up agreeable impressions, pleasing remembrances, and ideas of happiness. All exertions, all reasonings, and all calculations, I discard; giving myself up entirely to nature: peaceful like her, I suffer pain without impatience, and seek repose or cheerfulness. I find that imprisonment produces on me nearly the same effect: I am only bound to be in prison, and what great hardship is there in that? I am not such very bad company for myself."

A multitude of new victims being brought to the Abbaye, madame Roland was informed she must change her situation, as her chamber would contain more than one bed. To be alone, she was obliged to be confined in a small closet, the window of which was over the sentry, who guarded the prison-gate. *Who goes there? Kill him! Guard! Patrole!* called out in a thundering voice, were the sounds that annoyed her through the night. The houses were illuminated, and from

the number and frequency of the patroles, it was easy to infer some commotion. She rose early and employed herself in making her bed, cleaning her little room, and in rendering her person, and every thing around her, as neat as it was in her power. "Had I desired these things to be done for me," says she, "I must have paid for them dearly, waited a long time, and had them performed in a slovenly manner. By taking on myself the office, I was sure to be a gainer, and that the trifling presents I might make would be rated higher, because they would be altogether gratuitous."

Madame Roland had listened impatiently to hear the bolts of her door drawn back, that she might ask for a newspaper. She read in it the decree against the twenty-two: the paper fell from her hands, while she exclaimed, in a transport of grief, 'My country is undone!' Firm and tranquil herself, beneath the yoke of oppression, she could not see the triumph of guilt and error, the national representation violated, the torch of civil discord lighted up, the enemy about to avail himself of the divisions of the people, freedom lost to the north of France, probity and talents proscribed, and the republic a prey to the most dreadful dissensions, without poignant

sorrow. 'Farewel, my country!' exclaimed she; 'sublime illusions, generous sacrifices, hope and happiness, farewel! Splendid chimeras! from which I reaped so much delight, ye are all dispelled by the horrible corruption of this vast city. I despised life: the loss of you makes me detest it, and defy the utmost fury of the men of blood. Anarchists, savages, for what do you wait? You, who have proscribed virtue, why do you not spill the blood of those who respect her laws? When shed upon the earth, it will make her open her devouring jaws, and swallow you up.' A sullen indignation succeeded in her mind to these emotions; indifferent to what concerned herself, and almost hopeless for others, she waited for events with curiosity rather than with concern. "I no longer live to *feel*," says she, "but to *know*." She soon learned, that apprehensions had existed the preceding night for the fate of the prisons: hence the strict and noisy guard; hence the motive of Grandpré's inquietude. He had, for eight successive days, in vain endeavoured to obtain of the assembly the reading of madame Roland's letter. On finding, by the *Moniteur*, that her section had expressed itself in her favour, she determined to address it, and to recapitulate the circumstances that had passed.

Several days elapsed, and still she underwent

no examination. To the administrators, who had visited her on different pretences, she uniformly expressed herself with force and dignity: among them, two or three men of sense appeared to understand her, without however daring to take her part. She was at dinner, when five or six persons were at once announced to her. 'Good-morrow, *Citoyenne*,' said one who advanced before the rest, and who assumed the office of spokesman. 'Good-morrow, sir.' 'Are you satisfied with this house? Have you any reason to complain of your treatment, or any particular demand to make?' 'I complain of being here; and demand my enlargement.' 'Is your health impaired? or does solitude affect your spirits.' 'I am in good health, and not at all out of spirits. *Ennui* is the disease of hearts without feeling, and of minds without resource in themselves. But I have a strong feeling of injustice, and protest against the lawless oppression which arrested me without cause, and has detained me without examination.' 'Why, in a period of revolution, there is so much to be done, that there is not time to attend to every thing.' 'A woman, to whom king Philip made nearly the same reply, answered him, "If thou hast not time to do me justice, thou hast not time to be a king." Take care you

do not oblige oppressed citizens to use the same language to the people, or rather to the arbitrary authorities, by which the people are misled.' 'Adieu, *Citoyenne*,' said the flippant officer, confounded by her spirit, and unable to reply.

Madame Roland had been induced by her love of order, and habits of regularity, to enquire into the customs and expences of the prison, which she was desirous rigidly to observe. She seemed to take a pleasure in making trials of her fortitude, and in enuring herself to privations. She determined therefore to make an experiment how far the human mind is capable of diminishing gradually the wants of the body. She began by substituting, in the place of coffee and chocolate, bread and water for breakfast. For her dinner, she desired to have one plain dish of meat, with a few vegetables; and vegetables also for her supper without a dessert. She likewise relinquished both wine and beer. As her purpose in adopting this conduct was moral rather than economical, she appropriated the sums thus saved for the relief of those miserable wretches who were lying upon straw, that, while eating her dry bread in the morning, she might have the pleasure of reflecting that, by this deprivation, she was adding to their dinner. "If I remain here six months," said she, "I will engage to leave the place with

a healthy complexion, and a body by no means emaciated, having reduced my wants so far as to be satisfied with bread and soup, with a few benedictions *incognito*." She also made little presents to the servants of the prison, that her economy might not prove injurious to them. By these means she considered that she rendered her independence more perfect, and was at the same time a gainer in good-will.

Her section, in the mean while, actuated by the best principles, had come to a resolution to protest against arbitrary imprisonment, and even to resist it when attempted. The letter of madame Roland was there read, and listened to with concern. The debate that ensued being prolonged till the next day, the mountain party took the alarm, while a host of furious deputies from the different sections hastened to suppress, in its birth, this struggle for justice. Urged by Grandpré, madame Roland again addressed herself to the ministers of justice and of the home department. Her letters were conceived in terms but little conciliating, and not less forcible than severe. "Factions pass away," said she, "justice only remains: of all the faults of men in place weakness is the least pardonable, because it is the source of the greatest disorders, particularly in times of

trouble." From the men who had neglected the decrees, by which they were enjoined to prosecute the authors of the massacre of September, she expected nothing: she was aware of their weakness and perfidy; and the truths she addressed to them were meant but to point out to them their duties and their failures.

Every person distinguished for virtue or talents must have experienced the malignity of the *mob* of little minds, and the arts to which they descend to lower in the public opinion those whose characters they despair of emulating, and whose excellences they feel as a tacit reproach. Of the truth of this reflection the public prints, on the present occasion, afforded an example. In the Thermometre, for the 9th of June, there appeared a series of questions, under the title of An Examination of L. P. d'Orleans, among which was the following charge: "That the prisoner had been present at secret cabals, held by night in the apartment of the wife of Buzot, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, whither Dumouriez, Roland and his wife, Vergniaux, Brissot, Petion, Louvet, &c. were accustomed to repair." It displays a curious instance of effrontery in wickedness, that the very deputies, thus calumniated, were precisely those who voted for the banishment of the Bourbons, and to whom d'Orleans never ap-

peared as a leader possessed of capacity, but always as a dangerous tool: it was they who were among the first to dread his vices and his ascendancy, to denounce the latter, and to hunt down those who appeared to be his agents. Neither M. nor madame Roland ever met d'Orleans, they even refused to associate with those in any degree connected with him. Indignant at these vile absurdities, madame Roland took up her pen to write to the editor of the paper, of whom she had conceived a favourable opinion, and with whom she had been on friendly terms till his seduction by the Mountaineers. She represented to him the audacity and infamy of this proceeding; the cruelty and injustice of loading with calumny those who were already entangled in the trammels of persecution. She exhorted him to give the answers that must have been made to these questions, and to do justice to those whom he had injured.

During her confinement in the Abbaye, this courageous and unfortunate woman beguiled her imprisonment by books and literary labours; particularly in writing *Memoirs* of the times, the loss of which can never be sufficiently regretted. The insurrection of the 31st of May, and the outrages of the 2d of June, had filled her with indigna-

tion; yet, persuaded that the departments would in the end make the good cause triumphant, while indulging this hope, she was careless of her own safety. "The success of my friends," said she, "and the triumph of true republicans, in the anticipation, consoled me for every thing. I could have suffered the execution of an unjust sentence, or have sunk under the stroke of some unforeseen atrocity, with the calmness, the pride, and even the joy of innocence, which despises death, and knows that its wrongs will be avenged."

About this period the publication of a gross libel, proclaimed loudly by the hawkers under her window, persuaded her that some new outrage was in contemplation. In one of the numbers of the *Père Duchesne*, an abominable print, it was pretended that its author had paid a visit, disguised as a Vendean, to madame Roland, and obtained her confidence: that she had confessed to him the connections of Roland and the Brissotines with the rebels of Vendée and the English government. In this ridiculous story, in which physical and moral facts were alike disregarded, madame Roland heard herself metamorphosed into an old toothless hag, who was exhorted to weep for her sins, till they should be expiated on the scaffold. The hawkers, who, doubtless as they were instructed, left not the vicinity of the prison for a mo-

ment, accompanied their proclamations by the most sanguinary advice to the populace. Madame Roland, thus outraged, took up her pen, and wrote a few lines to the minister*, pointing out to him the infamy of an administration which exposes innocence, already oppressed, to the blind fury of a misguided people.

About the same time a young woman, a friend to madame Roland, found means to make her way into the prison. "How was I astonished," says she, "to see her sweet countenance, and to feel myself pressed to her bosom, and bathed in her tears. I took her for an angel, and an angel she was, for she is good and handsome, and had done all that she could to bring me news of my friends: she furnished me also with the means of informing them of my situation."

This consolation had almost made her forget her captivity, when on the 24th of June, about noon, the gaoler's wife entreated her to step into her apartment, where an administrator was waiting to see her. She was in pain, and in bed; she rose, however, and followed her conductress. On entering the room, she perceived a man walking backward and forward, while another sat writing,

* Garat.

neither of whom seemed to observe her. 'Am I the person, gentlemen, for whom you asked?' 'You are the wife of citizen Roland?' 'Yes, Roland is my name.' 'Be so good as to sit down.' The one continued to write, and the other to walk. At length, while she was endeavouring to divine the meaning of this farce, the writer addressed her: 'I am come,' said he, 'to set you at liberty.' 'Why, indeed,' replied she, with but little emotion, 'it is very right to remove me from this place; but that is not all: I wish to return home, and the door of my apartment is sealed up.' 'The administration will have it opened in the course of the day: I am writing for an order, because I am the only administrator here, and two signatures are necessary for the gaoler's discharge.' He rose, and having delivered his message, turned towards madame Roland with the air of a person who wishes to inspire confidence. 'Do you know,' said he, suddenly, as without design, 'where M. Roland is at present?' She observed, smiling, that the question was not sufficiently candid to deserve an answer, and retired to prepare for her departure. Her first idea was to dine quietly, and not to remove till the evening, but a moment's reflection convinced her of the folly of remaining in a prison, whence she was free to depart; the gaoler

also appeared impatient to take possession of her lodging. It was a small closet, with dirty walls, close gates, and in the neighbourhood of a pile of wood, where all the animals of the house deposited their ordure. The gaoler, who had never seen it occupied by any person so tranquil as the present inhabitant, who was accustomed to arrange in it her books, and to adorn it with flowers, called it the pavilion of Flora. As it contained but one bed, it was generally allotted to a new comer, or to an individual desirous of solitude. "I was ignorant," says madame Roland, "that the gaoler, at the very moment he was speaking, intended it for Brissot, whom I did not even suppose to be my neighbour: and that, soon after, it would be inhabited by a heroine worthy of a better age, the celebrated Charlotte Cordey."

Madame Roland's servant, who had just arrived to vist her mistress, wept for joy while she packed up her things in preparation for their removal. The order for her liberation, founded upon want of evidence of any crime, was shewn to the prisoner, who, having settled her accounts, distributed her little favours to the poor, and to the servants belonging to the prison. On her way out, she met the prince of Linanges, one of the hostages, who obligingly congratulated her upon her enlargement. She replied, 'that she should be

happy to pay him the same compliment, as it would be a pledge of the release of the commissioners, and of the return of peace.' Then sending for a hackney-coach, she walked down stairs, surprised at finding the administrator, who came to see her into the carriage, had not yet left the prison.

Driving home, with the intention of leaving there a few things, and then proceeding to the house of the worthy people who had adopted her daughter, she jumped lightly from the coach, and flew, as on wings, under the gateway. 'Good morrow, Lamarre,' said she to the porter, cheerfully, as she passed. She had scarcely proceeded up four or five stairs, when she heard herself called by two men, who had kept close behind her. 'What do you want?' said she, turning round. 'We arrest you in the name of the law.' Her feelings, at this moment, may be easily conceived. She desired the order to be read to her, and taking an immediate resolution, stepped down stairs, and walked hastily across the yard. 'Whither are you going?' 'To my landlord's, where I have business; follow me thither.' The mistress of the house opened the door with a smile. 'Let me sit down and breathe,' exclaimed madame Roland, 'but do not rejoice at my being set at liberty: it is only a cruel artifice: I am no sooner released from the Abbaye than I am ordered to St. Pelagie. As I am not ignorant of the

resolutions entered into of late by my section, I am determined to put myself under its protection, and I will beg you to send thither accordingly.' The landlord's son*, with all the honest indignation of youth, immediately offered to go. Two commissioners from the section returned with him, desired to see the order, and made to it a formal opposition. They afterwards begged madame Roland to accompany them to the mayor, where they were going to assign the reasons of their conduct; a request which she could not refuse. The intermediate time she employed in writing notes to her friends, to inform them of her new destination, and in taking leave of the family, whom this scene had filled with surprise and consternation. On being conducted to the house of the mayor, she was put into a small antechamber, with inspectors charged with the care of her person, while the commissioners proceeded to the office of the police. The debate continued for some time, and became warm. Ill at ease, and indignant, while thus obliged to act the part of a criminal, at being exposed to inquisitive eyes, madame Roland rose, and opened the door of the office. 'There can certainly, gentlemen, be no harm in my being present at a discussion of which I am the sub-

* He was, on this account, dragged to the scaffold, and his father died with grief.

ject.' 'Get you gone,' cried a little man, whom she recognised for the person by whom she had been so awkwardly examined at the Abbaye. 'But, gentlemen, I have no intention to commit any act of violence, I am not prepared for it; I do not even ask to be heard; I only desire to be present.' 'Get you gone, get you gone!—*Gendarmes*, come hither.' "Any one," observes she, "would have supposed the office was besieged, because a woman of common sense wished to hear what they were saying of her." It was however vain to resist. Soon after she perceived them making signs, running backwards and forwards, and sending for a coach. An inspector of the police, at length, desired her to follow him. Turning to the door of the office, and setting it wide open, 'Commissioners of the section of Beaurepaire,' said she, 'I give you notice that they are taking me away.' 'We cannot help it: but the section will not forget you; it will take care that you shall be examined.' 'After having been set at liberty at one o'clock, because *there was no evidence against me*, I should be glad to know how I could become *a suspected person* in my way home from the Abbaye, and thus give cause for a new detention.' One of the administrators, not less stupid than awkward, confessed, in a magisterial tone, that the first arrest was illegal, and that the prisoner had been enlarged, that she might be afterwards taken according to the forms

of the law. This avowal opened to madame Roland a field of which she was about to avail herself: but tyrants, even when they suffer the truth to escape them, refuse to hear it from others, or to abide by its consequences. Perceiving that expostulation would be vain, she suffered herself to be conveyed to the prison of *St. Pelagie.*

This house had, under the old government, been inhabited by nuns, to whose charge was committed the female victims of *lettres-de-cachet:* it was situated in a remote quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which were of a low order, and well known for the ferocious spirit which they had manifested in the month of September, by the massacre of so many priests. This, on the present occasion, was not a consolatory circumstance. While a note was taking of the entrance of the prisoner, an ill-looking man began to examine the bundle which contained her night-clothes, with apparent curiosity. On her expressing indignation at this impropriety, he was ordered to desist. "Twice a-day," says she, "was I doomed to see the horrible countenance of this man, who was turnkey of the corridor in which I lodged." She was asked if she chose a room with one or two beds. 'I am alone, and want no company.' 'But the room will be too small.' 'It is all the same to me.' Upon enquiry, it was found they were all full; madame Roland was therefore

conducted to a two-bedded room, six feet by twelve, so that with two small tables, and two chairs, it was sufficiently crowded. She was then informed, that she must pay the first month's lodging in advance, fifteen livres for one bed, and double this sum for the two. As she wanted only one, and had preferred a single-bedded room, they agreed to take the fifteen livres. 'But there is no water-bottle, nor other conveniences.' 'You must purchase them,' replied they. To these she added an ink-stand, pens and paper, and established herself in her new residence. The mistress of the house came to visit her charge, who enquired of her the customs of the place. She was informed in reply, that the state allowed nothing to the prisoners. 'How then do they live?' 'They receive only a plate of kidney-beans, and a pound and a half of bread per day; but you would not be able to eat of either.' I can easily believe that they are not such as I have been accustomed to; but I wish to know what belongs to every situation, and will make a trial.' She did so, but without success: her health would not bear the prison diet, and she was obliged to have recourse to the kitchen of madame Bouchaud, who made an offer of boarding her. This fare was both comparatively good and economical: a mutton-chop and a few vegetables for dinner, a sallad for supper, and bread and water for breakfast, the diet to which she had

been accustomed to at the Abbaye. Notwithstanding this simplicity and temperance, reports were raised of her expences at *St. Pelagie*, where, it was said, she was seeking to corrupt the gaoler by giving treats to his family. Hence arose great indignation among the *Sans-culottes*, and a proposal from some of them to dispatch her to the other world. To this other calumnies were added, equally absurd and ill-founded.

Her courage sunk not under these new trials, but the refinement of cruelty which had attended her removal from the Abbaye, filled her with indignation. "Feeling myself," says she, "in that state of mind when every impression becomes stronger, and its effects more prejudicial to health, I went to bed: I could not sleep, and it was not possible to avoid thinking. This violent state, however, never with me, lasts long. Being accustomed to govern my mind, I felt the want of self-possession, and thought myself a fool for affording a triumph to my enemies, by suffering them to break my spirit. They were only heaping on themselves fresh odium, without greatly altering the situation I had already found means so well to support. Had I not here, as at the Abbaye, books and leisure? I began, indeed, to be angry with myself for having allowed my peace of mind to be disturbed: I no longer thought of any thing but of enjoying existence, and of employing my faculties with that independence of spirit which

a strong mind preserves in the midst of fetters, and which thus disappoints its most determined enemies."

In pursuance of these admirable resolutions, she purchased crayons, and had recourse to drawing, to vary her occupations. Fortitude, she justly conceived, consisted not merely in an effort of the mind to rise above circumstances, but in maintaining that elevation by suitable conduct. "I am not content," says she, "with calling up, under unfortunate events, the maxims of philosophy to support my courage; but I provide for myself agreeable amusements: neither do I neglect the art of preserving health, to keep myself in a just equilibrium." She divided her days with a certain kind of order. In the mornings she studied English in Shaftsbury's Essay on Virtue, and in the poetry of Thomson, by whom she was transported by turns to the sublime regions of intellect, and to the affecting scenes of nature. With Shaftsbury she strengthened her reason, with Thomson she charmed her imagination, and delighted her feelings. Afterwards she employed herself with her crayons till the hour of dinner, and repeated with pleasure, though with less skill, an art which in her youth she had practised with success. It is those only who have acquired the habit of exerting their faculties, and of exercising over themselves a voluntary control, that evade the malice of fortune, and escape from a languor

scarcely less cruel, and the most destructive of mental disorders: it is thus, also, that the seductions of vice, or of a dissipation scarcely less pernicious, are stripped of their allurements, and assail us in vain.

It is impossible to withhold our respect from a mind, that, rich in its own resources, could calmly pursue its course, in a situation like that in which this deserving woman was so unworthily placed. The wing of *St. Pelagie*, appropriated to female prisoners, was divided into long and very narrow corridors, on one side of which were the cells. Under the same roof, and upon the same line, separated only by a thin plaster, did the respectable wife of the virtuous Roland dwell in the midst of murderers, and women of ill-fame: by her side was one of those wretches who make a trade of seduction, and a sale of youth and innocence: above her was a woman who forged assignats, and, with a band of savages to which she belonged, tore in pieces upon the highway an individual of her own sex. The door of each cell was secured on the outside with an enormous bolt, and opened every morning by a man, who stared indecently into the room, to see whether the prisoners were up or in their beds. The inhabitants of the cells then assembled in the corridor, upon the staircases, or in a damp and noisome room. Their distance from the lodging of madame Roland was insufficient to preserve her

ears from the contamination of the grossest obscenities. Nor was this all: the wing in which the men were confined, had windows which fronted those of the women, the consequences of which, among persons of such a description, may be easily conceived. "If this," observes the heroic sufferer, be the reward of virtue on earth, who will be astonished at my contempt of life, and at the resolution with which I shall be able to look death in the face? It never appeared to me formidable: at present it is not without its charms, and I could embrace it with pleasure, did not my daughter invite me to stay a little longer with her; and if my voluntary exit would not furnish calumny with weapons against my husband, whose glory I ought to support, would they dare to summon me before a tribunal."

The keepers of *St. Pelagie*, doubtless moved by the merit of their prisoner, were at pains to render her situation less disagreeable. The excessive heats of July rendering her cell, upon the white walls of which the sun fiercely struck, scarcely habitable, the wife of the gaoler invited her charge to spend the days in her apartment. Her acceptance of this offer was limited by madame Roland to the afternoons. It was then she thought of sending for her *piano-forte*, with which she sometimes beguiled the heavy hours. At this period, her moral situation had also become less dreadful. The rising of some

of the departments revived her hopes; her husband was in a safe and peaceful retreat; her daughter in the house of her venerable friends, continued, under their inspection, and with their children, her exercises and her education; while the fugitives, her friends, welcomed at Caen, were there surrounded by a respectable force. She flattered herself that the salvation of her country was growing out of events, and, resigned to her own fate, was still happy, while, as usual, she employed her time in useful or agreeable occupations. She sometimes saw the persons who were accustomed to visit her at the Abbaye; the worthy Grandpré, the faithful Bosc, who brought her flowers from *le Jardin de Plantes*, which, with their brilliant colours, and fragrant perfumes, diminished the horrors of her gloomy abode. With them came an amiable woman, and the kind Champagneux, who persuaded her to continue her historical memoirs. She therefore resumed her pen, and laid by her Tacitus and Plutarch, to which she was accustomed to devote the afternoons.

Madame Bouchaud, perceiving that she availed herself with great reserve of the offer of her apartment, removed her altogether from her cell into a comfortable room, on the ground-floor, underneath her own chamber. Thus was she delivered from the shocking company, that had for three weeks been her greatest torment. The good-nature of madame

Bouchaud extended itself to the minutest details, even to the very jasmine carried up before her window, round the bars of which it wound its flexible branches. She looked upon herself as the boarder of this good and humane woman, and forgot her captivity. All the articles of her study and amusement were now united around her; her *piano-forte* was by her bedside, and recesses in the wall afforded her the means of arranging her little furniture with that neatness which was her characteristic, and in which she took delight.

But, alas! this gleam of sunshine was soon overclouded: intrigue and arms were, not without success, employed against the departments: soldiers deluded, or brought over, betrayed the brave Normans; Caen abandoned the members to which it had afforded a refuge; they were declared, by a domineering banditti, traitors to their country, their persons outlawed, their property confiscated, and their wives and children arrested. Guilt triumphed over unfortunate virtue. "That cowardice," observes madame Roland, "which marks the selfishness and corruption of a degenerate people, too debased to be reclaimed by reason; that cowardice delivers over to terror the perfidious administrators, and the ignorant multitude." A rod of iron was, in the mean time, held over Paris, which famine threatened, and on the vitals of which poverty prey-

ed. The reign of proscriptions flourished, and the prisons overflowed. At this season of violence and terror, when the friends of madame Roland were all fugitives or proscribed, Champagneux, who was in possession of almost the whole of her *Historical Memoirs*, was threatened with an arrest: uneasy, agitated, and convinced that the principles which they contained would, if found, be a passport to the scaffold, he committed them to the flames.

In the midst of these alarms, madame Roland still enjoyed the pleasant room allotted to her by her kind hostess, and here she occasionally, though by stealth, had the pleasure of seeing her friends. This apartment adjoined to a large room called the council-chamber, where the administrators of the police met to examine prisoners. Madame Roland was indebted to this circumstance for the knowledge of some curious scenes. Here also they sometimes held their orgies with some favourite prisoners, consuming, at the expence of the gaoler, cordials, wine, capons, chickens, &c. in lavish profusion. When this company assembled, Bouchaud or his wife never failed to withdraw the key from the door of their charge, and to give her notice of their arrival. "At last," says she, "I took a resolution, and shut my ears against their noise. I even found a pleasure in continuing my *Historical Memoirs*, and in writing

vigorous passages in the neighbourhood of wretches, who, had they heard only a single phrase, would have torn me in pieces."

The 10th of August approached, and fears were entertained of the renewal of the carnage of the 2d of September; the administrators therefore found means to withdraw from St. Pelagie the rogues of their acquaintance, and the civic feasts were held no more. "Could I persuade myself to speak on subjects so disgusting," says madame Roland, "I could give shocking accounts of the abuses prevailing in prisons. Every thing gets tainted, or completely spoiled, in these infectious places, under a vicious administration, actuated by passion only, careless of correcting, and desirous to destroy."

On her first coming to St. Pelagie, madame Roland had accepted the services of a woman confined for some trifling offence. "Not," says she, "but I was well able to be my own servant. *Tout sied bien au généreux courage**, was said of Favonius, who performed for Pompey, in his misfortunes, the offices of a domestic. This may, with equal truth, be applied to the unfortunate man, stripped of his possessions, and providing for his own wants; and to the austere philosopher, disdaining every superfluity. But, as in fetching water, and articles of a

* Every thing becomes a noble spirit.

similar kind, it was necessary at St. Pelagie to pass through long passages, and mix with their inhabitants, I was not sorry to have a person whom I could oblige by sending her on such occasions." This woman was, one morning, going into the room of madame Roland at the very instant that an administrator was at the door of the council-chamber. He enquired who lodged there, went in, and cast around him an angry glance. On quitting the room, he complained to the wife of the keeper of the degree of comfort she allowed the prisoner to enjoy. 'Madame Roland was indisposed,' replied madame Bouchaud; which was true; 'and I put her more in the way of receiving such assistance as she might require. Beside, she sometimes amuses herself with a *piano-forte*, for which there is not room in the cell.' 'She must do without it: send her this very day into a corridor: it is your business to maintain equality.'

Madame Bouchaud, exceedingly distressed at this inhuman interference, went to communicate to her charge the orders that had been given; but she felt consoled by the tranquil resignation with which her commission was received, and it was agreed between them, that madame Roland should come down in the course of every day, to change the air, and resume her studies, the materials for

which were to be left in her present apartment. "Thus, once more," says she, "am I destined to see the turnkeys, to hear the creaking of the bolts, to breathe the fœtid air of a corridor, sadly illumined of an evening by a lamp, of which the thick smoke blackens all the walls, and suffocates the neighbourhood! Insolent comedians! you are playing your last part: the enemy is at hand. By the enemy I mean the departments, who will ultimately ensure the triumph of reason and of true liberty, and prepare for your destruction. Mine, no doubt, is inevitable: I have deserved the hatred of all tyrants; but I only regret the ruin of my country, which your chastisement will console, but cannot save."

Oppression had filled the corridor with women in whose society madame Roland could remain without shame. There she found the wife of a justice of the peace, whose neighbour ascribed to her uncivic expressions. There also was the wife of the president of the revolutionary tribunal; and there was madame Petion. 'I little thought,' said madame Roland, accosting her, 'when I was sharing your uneasiness at the *Mairie**, on the 10th of August (1792), that we should keep our sad anniversary at St. Pelagie; and that the fall of the throne would lead to our disgrace.'

* The residence of the mayor.

The first part of madame Roland's captivity had been employed in the composition of her Historical Memoirs. "My pen," said she, "proceeded with so much rapidity, and I was in so happy a disposition of mind, that in less than a month I had manuscripts sufficient to form a duodecimo volume. These memoirs, or historical notices, contained a variety of particulars relative to all the facts, and all the persons, connected with public affairs, that my situation had afforded me an opportunity of knowing. I related them with all the freedom and energy of my nature, with all the openness and unconstraint of an ingenuous mind, setting itself above selfish considerations; with all the pleasure that results from describing what we have experienced, or what we feel; and lastly, with the confidence that, happen what would, the collection would serve as my moral and political testament." The destruction of these writings, by the arrest of the friend to whom they were confided, severely distrest the writer. "This," says she, "may easily be conceived, when it is remembered, that I may be murdered to-morrow; and that these writings were the anchor to which I had committed my hopes of saving from reproach my own memory, with that of many deserving characters. As we ought not, however, to sink under any event, I shall employ my

remaining time in setting down, without form or order, whatever may occur to my mind. These fragments will not make amends for what is lost, but they will serve to recal it to memory, and assist me in filling up the void, on some future day, should the means of so doing remain in my power."

It was about this period that, to divert the vexation of her mind, she determined on writing a narrative of her life. "I should despise myself," says this truly philosophical and heroic woman, "did I suffer my mind to sink in any circumstances. In all the troubles I have experienced, the most lively impression of sorrow has been almost immediately accompanied by the ambition of opposing my strength to the evil, and of surmounting it, either by doing good to others, or by exerting to the utmost my fortitude. My *Historic Notices* are gone: I mean to write my Memoirs; and, prudently accommodating myself to my weakness, at a moment when my feelings are acute, I shall talk of my own person, that my thoughts may be the less at home. I shall exhibit my virtues and my faults with equal freedom. He who dares not speak well of himself, is almost always a coward, who knows and dreads the ill that may be spoken of him: and he who hesitates to confess his faults, has neither spirit to vindicate, nor virtue to repair them."

Near five months had madame Roland passed

within the walls of St. Pelagie, in silent resignation, when a stranger appeared before her. It was a physician brought by the friendly care of her keepers. When informed of her name, he told her he was the friend of a man whom perhaps she did not like. 'How can you know that? and who is the person you mean?' 'Robespierre!' 'I once knew him well, and esteemed him much: I thought him a sincere and zealous friend of freedom.' 'Why, is he not so?' 'I am afraid that he loves power: perhaps from an idea that he knows how to do good as well as any man, and desires it no less. I am afraid that he is very fond of revenge, and inclined to exercise it particularly upon those whom he considers as blind to his merit. I believe that he is very susceptible of prejudices; that his resentment is easily excited; and that he is too ready to think every one guilty who subscribes not to his opinions.' 'You never saw him more than once or twice in your life.' 'I have seen him much oftener! Ask him; let him lay his hand upon his heart; and you will see whether he has it in his power to say any thing to my disadvantage.'

Madame Roland conceived, on this occasion, the idea of addressing Robespierre through this man, who called himself his friend. From this long and eloquent letter, my limits, which I have already ex-

ceeded, will not allow of more than an extract: "I write not," says she, "to entreat you. Prayer becomes the guilty, or the slave: innocence vindicates herself, which is sufficient; or complains, as she has a right to do, when the object of persecution. But even complaints accord not with my temper: I can suffer, and dare look in the face any shape of misfortune. Besides, I know that at the birth of republics, revolutions, which are almost inevitable, and which give to the passions of mankind too great a scope, frequently expose those who have best served their country to become the victims of their own zeal, and of the delusion of their countrymen. A good conscience will be their consolation, and history their avenger." She goes on to enquire, why a *woman*, incapable of action, is exposed to these storms, that burst generally upon the heads only of efficient individuals? And what is the fate which she has to expect? These questions, she declares, are deemed by her but of small personal importance. "For what," says she, "is a single emmet, more or less, crushed by the foot of the elephant, in the general system of the world?" She proposes them only because they are of infinite interest in regard to the present liberty, and future happiness, of her country. She next adverts to her respectable husband, the probity of his character, and to the injustice of which he was the victim. Her own im-

plication in his imputed guilt, she treats with contempt. "Brought up in retirement," says she; "devoted from my youth to those serious studies, which have given to my mind some degree of force; blessed with a taste for simple pleasures, which no change of circumstances has been able to pervert; an enthusiastic admirer of the revolution, and giving way to the generous sentiments it inspired; kept a stranger to public affairs by principle, as well as by my sex, yet conversing about them with warmth, because the public weal, as soon as it exists, takes the lead of all other concerns; I regarded the first calumnies invented against me as contemptible follies: I deemed them the necessary tribute levied by envy upon a situation, which the imbecility of the vulgar led them to consider as exalted, and to which I would have preferred the state in which I had passed so many happy days." She enumerates her consequent injuries, and her courage and patience under them. "I have wearied no one," says she, "with my remonstrances: wanting many things, I have asked for nothing. I have made up my mind to misfortune, proud of trying my strength with her, and of trampling her under my feet."—"It is not," adds she, "to excite your compassion, which I am above asking, that I present you with a picture less melancholy than the truth: it is for your instruc-

tion." She reminds him of the instability of popular favour, and of the fate that may overtake him. She declares her own determination to await, after the honours of persecution, those of martyrdom, but she wishes to know her destiny. "Speak," says she, "it is something to know our fate; and a soul like mine is capable of looking it in the face*."

After the two-and-twenty deputies were condemned to the scaffold, madame Roland considered theirs as a presage of her own fate. Though resigned to death, she felt repugnant to becoming a spectacle to the savage curiosity of a ferocious multitude. Under this feeling she caused laudanum to be procured for her, that she might remain mistress of her own destiny. "It was not," said she to a friend, who reproved her on this occasion, "my intention to depart at that moment, but to procure the means of doing so, when it should appear to me that the most proper period was arrived. I wished to pay homage to truth, as I well knew how, and then to take my departure immediately before the appointed ceremony. I thought it noble thus to disappoint my tyrants. It seemed to me, that there was a degree of weakness in receiving the *coup-de-grâce* when I could give it to myself, and in exposing myself to the insolent clamours of madmen, as unworthy of

* This letter was not sent.

such an example, as incapable of deriving from it any advantage."

She however made no use of the resource she had provided, being persuaded by her friends that her execution might prove useful to her country. She beheld its approach with unaffected tranquillity. She suffered her hair to be cut off, and her hands to be bound, without a murmur, or a complaint. She traversed Paris amidst the insults of the populace, and received death with heroic firmness. She seemed even to experience a degree of pleasure in this last sacrifice to her country. She expressed, in dying, a wish to transmit to posterity the new and extraordinary sensations which she experienced in her road from the *Conciergerie* to the *Place de la Révolution*. For this purpose, when at the foot of the scaffold, she demanded pen and paper, which were refused to her. Her last moments are thus described by Riouffe, who was detained in the *Conciergerie*, when madame Roland arrived there.

"The blood of the twenty-two was not yet cold, when citizeness Roland was brought to the *Conciergerie*: aware of the fate that awaited her, her peace of mind remained undisturbed. Though past the prime of life, she was still a charming woman; her person was tall and elegantly formed, her countenance animated, and very expressive; but misfor-

tune and confinement had impressed on her aspect traces of melancholy, which tempered its vivacity. In a body moulded by grace, and fashioned by a courtly politeness, she possessed a republican soul. Something more than is generally found in the eyes of women was painted in hers, which were large, dark, and full of softness and intelligence. She often spoke to me at the grate with the freedom and firmness of a *great man;* while we all stood listening around her in admiration and astonishment. Her conversation was serious without coldness, and she expressed herself with a correctness, a harmony, a cadence, that made her language a sort of music, with which the ear was never cloyed. She spake not of the deputies who had suffered death but with respect, and yet without effeminate compassion: she even reproached them for not adopting measures sufficiently strong. She generally styled them *our friends*, and often sent for Clavières for the purpose of conversing with him. Sometimes her sex recovered its ascendancy, and it was easy to perceive, that conjugal and maternal recollections had drawn tears from her eyes. This mixture of fortitude and softness, served but to render her the more interesting. The woman who waited on her, said one day to me, 'Before you, she summons all her courage, but in her own room she sometimes stands for three hours together, leaning against her window and

weeping.' The day on which she was called up to be examined, we saw her pass with her usual firmness, but when she returned, it was not with dry eyes: she had been treated with harshness, and questions had been put to her injurious to her honour. In expressing her indignation, she had not been able to suppress her tears. A mercenary pedant coldly insulted this admirable woman, celebrated for the excellence of her understanding; and who at the bar of the national convention had, by the graces of her eloquence, compelled even her enemies to admire her in silence. She remained a week at the *Conciergerie*, where her gentleness endeared her to all the prisoners, who sincerely deplored her fate. On the day of her condemnation, she was neatly dressed in white, her long black hair flowing loosely to her waist. She would have melted the most savage nature, but these monsters were without hearts. Her dress was chosen, not to excite pity, but as a symbol of the purity of her mind. After her condemnation, she passed through the wicket with a quick step, bespeaking something like cheerfulness, and intimating by an expressive gesture that she was condemned to die. She had for the companion of her fate a man, Lemarche, director of the fabrication of assignats, whose fortitude equalled not her own. She found means, however, to inspire him

with a certain degree of courage; and this she did with a gaiety so cheering, so real, as several times to force a smile in his countenance. At the place of execution she bowed before the statue of liberty, while she exclaimed, '*Oh, liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!*' She had frequently said that her husband would not survive her; and, soon after, we learned in our dungeons, that her prediction was accomplished. The virtuous Roland killed himself on the public road, thereby indicating his wish to die irreproachable, without endangering courageous hospitality. My heart, though suffering many torments in that horrible abode, felt nothing more severely than the pang occasioned by the death of this woman, *whose fame can never die*. The remembrance of her murder, added to that of my unfortunate friends, will make my mind a prey to sorrow till the latest period of my existence."

A few days before madame Roland was dragged to the scaffold—'If fate,' said she, 'had allowed me to live, there was one thing only of which I should have been ambitious, that of writing the annals of the present age, and of becoming the Macaulay of my country. I have, during my confinement, conceived a real fondness for Tacitus, and cannot go to rest till I have read a passage of his work. It seems to me, that we see things in the

same light; and that in time, and with a subject equally rich, it would not have been impossible for me to imitate his style.'

She passed five months in prison, and, with the exception of two or three real friends, whom the terrors of the place did not prevent from coming to bewail with her the misfortunes of France, no one expressed the least degree of pity or interest in her fate. Neither in the journals, nor in the publications of the day, was a single remonstrance, or a single word, written in her favour.

On the 30th of May, 1790, the day of the federation of Lyons, madame Roland, who was present, gave (in a journal conducted by Champagneux) a description of the *fête*, with a spirit and energy that affected every heart. Upwards of sixty-thousand copies of the paper were distributed. The writer secretly enjoyed the triumph of her eloquence, but without suffering her name to be divulged.

It has been falsely asserted, that the wife of Roland was minister under the name of her husband. But, on the contrary, it is declared by those who were best acquainted with facts, that she took no share in the routine of his department; that she resisted the solicitations with which she was daily importuned, or when prevailed upon (which was very rarely) to engage in any affair, she indorsed the petitions in such a manner, as to caution the offices

against partiality. Every sentiment in her mind was subordinate to the love of justice, and the maintenance of principle. But, though a stranger to what passed in the office of her husband, she was interested in his glory: when circumstances required a writing dictated by feeling, it was to her that the task was entrusted. It was on these occasions that, preserving the genius and character of M. Roland, she threw into the composition a force and passion that gave soul and animation to the arguments. It was the peculiar characteristic of her language to reanimate by confidence, and to convince by energetic reasoning: she knew the springs of the human heart, which she never failed to move. When the ruin of the minister was determined, his wife was involved in the proscription; a period in which her courage was severely tried, more particularly during the months of December, 1792, and of January, 1793, when every day brought to light new dangers, and every night threatened assassination. Perpetually harassed with alarms, she was entreated by her friends to sleep out of the minister's hotel; but, incapable of pusillanimity, she yielded not to this advice without indignation. One evening, at ten o'clock, she was informed that armed men, of a suspicious appearance, lurked around the house, with an apparent intention of forcing an entrance. Every one present exhorted her on this intelligence to

leave the house in disguise, till, unable to resist their united solicitations, she consented to put on the dress of a peasant girl. The clothes having been procured, the cap was objected to by some one present, as not sufficiently coarse and ordinary: it was proposed to substitute for it another. 'I am ashamed,' exclaimed she, in a burst of indignation, 'at the part I am made to act. I will neither disguise myself, nor go out of the way. If I am to be assassinated, it shall be in my own house. I owe to my country this example of firmness, and I will give it.' This was pronounced with so much confidence and vivacity, that no one presumed to reply. From that day, till Roland resigned, she never quitted the hotel for a moment. Her enemies might with ease have ridded themselves of her, but they dreaded the consequences, and wished to effect their purpose under a legal sanction: careless of personal danger, she trembled only for the safety of her daughter, whom she dared not to expose to hazard. In concert with her husband, arrangements were made for the preservation of their child, who, with her governess, she wished to confide to the protection of her husband's brother, who resided at Villefranche, in the department of the Rhine, near the landed estate, whither they wished to send Eudora. To this gentleman she addressed a letter full of courage, of patriotism, and of resignation to the fate

hanging over them; recommending her daughter to his paternal care. "To-morrow," says she, in this letter, "according to the accounts brought us from all quarters, and the preparations made long since, may be the last day of our lives: at all events our fate will not be useless to the safety of the republic: our fall will teach the departments what dangers they have to combat....I am what you have always known me, devoted to my duties which I love, appreciating life for the blessings of nature, and the enjoyments of virtue....I am too much habituated to despise death, to fear, or to fly from it. I leave my daughter good examples, and a memory ever dear to her. ....May she judge, feel, and avail herself of every thing, with a conscience always as pure, and a soul as expansive, as have been those of her parents."

All these precautions were of no effect, the Rolands were given to understand, that, in the retreat intended for her, their daughter would be still more exposed, and that even in the journey there would be danger. The brother, to whom the letter was addressed, was guillotined by the temporary commission established at Lyons. Mademoiselle Mignot, the governess of Eudora, betrayed her benefactress, from whom she had received a thousand kindnesses, and appeared before the tribunal as a witness in the affair, which led the mother of her pupil to the scaffold. Roland was reduced to con-

veal himself by flight from his enemies; his wife had in her power the same resource, but she refused to employ it. She sought to turn aside the mischiefs which threatened her husband, by offering herself as a victim to their enemies. She was thrown into the dungeons of the Abbaye, June 1, 1793, and a short time after transferred to St. Pelagie. In prison she comported herself with a dignity which extorted the respect of all who approached her; while, by her conciliating manners, she softened all the officers of the prison. The wife of the keeper more particularly distinguished her by her attentions; her extreme kindness and benevolence gave birth to the idea of a project for the escape of her illustrious charge, by whom this plan was after some consideration rejected, lest it should again rouse the fury of her husband's enemies, which for the present appeared to slumber. 'While they keep me in prison,' said she, 'they will leave him at quiet; it is of more importance to the public weal that he should escape than that I should. If reason and justice should ever resume their empire, would not the nation be happy to find Roland alive, and to place him at the helm of affairs? Beside, I am determined not to expose any one; I cannot enjoy a liberty which would involve the safety of others; I will therefore remain here. Such is my resolution.'

It was about this time that Marat was stabbed by

Charlotte Cordey. Madame Roland admired this personal sacrifice, but observed, that the stroke had not been aimed at the right person. An extreme indignation seized her on hearing of the honours paid to the memory of Marat, and of the baseness of the representatives, whose probity had till then inspired her with some hope. Depression succeeded to these transports; the political atmosphere appeared in her apprehension overspread with a thicker gloom. 'I shall not,' said she, 'leave this place, but to go to the scaffold. I am, however, less tormented by my own fate, than by the calamities which will overwhelm my country, which is ruined and undone.' After a long and melancholy pause, she again broke silence, to speak of Brissot, a prisoner at the Abbaye, and whose death she foresaw to be nearer at hand than her own. 'He is confident!' said she; 'he sees not that the fury of his enemies can be glutted only with blood. He must be apprised of this.....Brissot, the most ardent apostle of liberty, must not be stabbed in the dark. He has useful truths to tell his contemporaries, and important lessons to give to posterity. He must fulfil this task, it will be sweeter to him when he is invited to it by me.' Having formed this resolution, she found means to execute it; she addressed to Brissot a letter, in the sentiments of which was combined all that is most sublime in philosophy,

and consolatory in friendship.' In consequence of her exhortations, Brissot composed his *Testament Politique*, which was considered by those to whom it was confided as superior to all that had before come from his pen; events had tempered the fire of his enthusiasm, while experience and misfortune had enlightened his judgment. This work passed the gates of the prison, and had gone through the press, when both the impression and the MS. were destroyed by Robespierre.

Although madame Roland had no faith in the justice either of the committees or the convention, she took every proper step, by remonstrance and petition, to free herself from confinement, but without effect. She transmitted, in a memorial addressed to her section, an account of the injustice and oppression under which she laboured. The president, to whom this paper was addressed, durst not cause it to be read, such progress had been made in the reign of terror. In a letter to Champagneux, who had himself become a prisoner, a victim to the jealous despotism of the day, madame Roland congratulates herself upon having been called as a witness on the trial of the deputies. "But," adds she, "there is an appearance that I shall not be heard. These executioners dread the truths which I have to tell them, and the energy with which I should publish these truths. It will be easier to them to put us to death

unheard. You will see no more either Vergniaud or Valazé. We shall all perish, my friend. Without this, our oppressors would not think themselves in safety.....We shall perish victims of the weakness of honourable men, who imagined it sufficient for the triumph of virtue to place it in contrast with vice....I write to you by the side, and almost under the eye, of my executioners. I take a pride in braving them."

A great part of the Memoirs of madame Roland, written during her confinement, and entrusted to Champagneux, were destroyed by the timidity of a woman, to whose care he had confided them, previous to his imprisonment. Madame Roland, when informed of this event, could repair only in part the loss.

The following character is given of madame Roland, by M. Champagneux, the intimate friend of her husband:

"During the first twenty-five years of her life, she had read and studied with attention every work of celebrity, both ancient and modern; from the greater number of which she made extracts. She wrote with ease and grace, both in English and Italian; her thoughts always outstripping her pen and her words. She was mistress of several sciences, and particularly skilled in botany. By her travels she had acquired experience and improvement. She was remarkable for her penetration, her sagacity,

and her judgment. In private and domestic life she practised every virtue; her filial piety was exemplary; and, united to a man twenty years older than herself, she made his constant happiness. As a mother, she was exquisitely tender. Order, economy, and foresight, presided over her domestic management; her servants seemed to partake of her excellences, and served her from attachment and respect, rather than from interest; this was manifested by their affection and courage at the time of her apprehension. The worthy Lecoq, the faithful Fleury, were ambitious of following her to the scaffold: Lecoq succeeded, but Fleury failing, grief at the loss of her mistress threw her into a state of mental derangement: she was dismissed from before the revolutionary tribunal as a woman insane. She was afterwards protected and sheltered by the daughter of madame Roland, with whom she mingled her tears and her regret."

At the news of the death of his wife, Roland, in his retreat, fell into a crisis, in which it was believed he would have expired. His senses at length returning, he abandoned himself to despair, and determined not to survive his misfortune. From the fear of exposing to mischief the kind friends who had given him shelter, he resolved on quitting their house for the execution of his purpose. When these respectable friends found every effort vain to dis-

suade him from his resolution, they deliberated with him on the best means of effecting it. The first idea of this unfortunate husband was to repair privately to Paris, to throw himself into the middle of the convention, to force them to hear truths which might be useful to their country, and afterwards to request death on the scaffold, where his wife had been previously sacrificed. He was induced to abandon a plan so heroic, by considerations which respected his daughter, who, by his legal murder, would suffer the confiscation of her property. He therefore adopted his second plan, that of retiring a few leagues from the house of his female friends (at Rouen), and dying by his own hand. At six in the evening, November 15th, 1793, he left his asylum, and took the road to Paris. At Bourg-Baudoin, four leagues from Rouen, he entered an avenue leading to the house of citizen Normand, where, sitting down on a bank, he plunged into his breast a sword which he had provided for the purpose. He received his death so composedly, that he was found the next day by some passengers, in the same attitude, sitting and leaning against a tree, as if in a slumber. In his pockets were discovered papers, containing an apology for his life and death, a few prophetic imprecations, and an address to those by whom his body might be found.

Eudora, the daughter of M. Roland, became af-

terwards wife to one of the sons of Champagneux, the faithful friend of her parents.

Mémoires of Madame Roland, written by herself—Champagneux's Preliminary Discourse, prefixed to the Posthumous Works of Madame Roland.

ISABELLA DE ROSARES.

Isabella de Rosares preached in the great church of Barcelona in Spain. In the reign of Paul III. she repaired to Rome, where, by her eloquence, she converted the Jews in that city.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Walter Singer, was born Sept. 11th, 1674, at Ilchester, in Somersetshire. Mr. Singer's first residence in Ilchester was in imprisonment for non-conformity, during the reign of Charles II. Mrs. Portnell, the lady who became afterwards his wife, and the mother of Mrs. Rowe, visited him during his confinement, from motives of sympathy, of principle, and of charity: an acquaintance was thus commenced, which terminated in a lasting and affectionate union. Three daughters were the fruit of this marriage. Mr. S. continued to reside at Ilchester till the death of his wife, when he removed

into the neighbourhood of Frome, in the same county, where he was respected for his good sense, his simplicity of manners, and the virtues of his life. He died April 19th, 1719.

Elizabeth, his eldest daughter, gave early promise of those talents and amiable qualities by which she was afterwards distinguished. Her father, who beheld with pleasure the fertility of her mind, spared no pains in its cultivation. She imbibed from her parents devotional sentiments, which, operating upon a susceptible temper, a lively imagination, and an affectionate heart, gave an enthusiastic turn to her character and compositions. She displayed in her childhood a taste for the arts; painting, drawing, and music, alternately engaged her time and attention; but the bent of her genius was more particularly directed towards the cultivation of poetry. She began to write verses at twelve years of age; and, in her twenty-second year, she published, at the desire of two of her friends, a collection of poems, on various occasions. These productions were principally on religious subjects; and those of a lighter cast were unexceptionable for the purity of their sentiment; yet, so scrupulous did the author become as she advanced into life, that she recollected with regret and uneasiness the sportive sallies of her youthful muse. Her moral sense was so exquisitely delicate, that, not to have

injured the cause of virtue, appeared to her an insufficient plea; while she cherished a species of remorse for having written any thing by which it was not directly promoted.

Her poetical talents introduced her, before she had completed her twentieth year, to the family of lord Weymouth, who became her kind and liberal patrons, and whose friendship she enjoyed through life. Her paraphrase of the 38th chapter of Job, by which she acquired reputation, was written at the request of bishop Ken, who resided at that time in the Weymouth family. The hon. Mr. Thynne, son to lord Weymouth, took upon himself the task of instructing her in the French and Italian languages. She improved rapidly from the lessons of her noble and friendly preceptor, being, in a few months, enabled to read with great ease the Jerusalem of Tasso.

In the year 1710, she married Mr. Thomas Rowe, son of the rev. Benoni Rowe, a nonconformist minister. Mr. Rowe, who was thirteen years younger than his bride, possessed with a superior understanding, considerable learning, a highly cultivated mind, and an amiable temper. A marriage between two persons, united by congenial acquirements, sentiments, and virtues, notwithstanding the disparity of years, could scarcely fail

of proving happy. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe passed five years in the most perfect harmony, confidence, and affection.

The constitution of Mr. Rowe was originally delicate; a sedentary life and intense application to study, had contributed to weaken it; his health began to decline towards the end of the year 1714. His disorder, which was of a consumptive nature, put a period to his life, May 13th, 1715, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He died at Hampstead, whither he had removed for the benefit of the air, and was interred in his family vault in Bunhill-fields. His name, and the dates of his birth and death, were engraven on his tomb. His afflicted widow, after the first tumult of grief had subsided, composed an elegy to his memory, full of passion, tenderness, and sorrow, and continued to the latest periods of her life to testify the same respect and affection for his memory: nor could she ever mention his name without tears.

> "In all the countless numbers of his kind,
> Man rarely meets with one congenial mind:
> If haply found, death wings his fatal dart,
> The tender union breaks, and breaks his heart."*

Mr. Rowe, from every account of him, appears to have been a young man of genius and distin-

* Langhorne.

guished worth, deserving of the tenderness and fidelity of his wife. Mrs. Rowe, on all occasions, took peculiar pleasure in shewing respect and friendship to the relations and family of her husband. On the anniversary of the day of his death, she again commemorated, in elegiac verses, the melancholy event.

"Unhappy day, be sacred still to grief,
A grief too obstinate for all relief!
On thee my face shall never wear a smile,
No joy on thee shall ere my heart beguile."

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In complacence to her husband, Mrs. Rowe had, after her marriage, resided with him in London during the winter season. On his decease, her love of solitude revived, and having settled her affairs, she removed to Frome, in Somersetshire, the scene of her youthful pleasures, in the neighbourhood of which lay the greater part of her property. She left the metropolis with a determination to return to it no more, but to devote the remainder of her life to study and retirement. Her principles afterwards, in some few instances, induced her to deviate from this plan. In compliance with the solicitations of the hon. Mrs. Thynne, she passed with her some months in London, after the death of the lady Brooke, her daughter. And, on the decease of

Mrs. Thynne, she complied with the request of the countess of Hertford (afterwards duchess of Somerset), who earnestly requested her company for some time at Marlborough, to soften, by her friendship and conversation, her affliction on the loss of her excellent mother. The same lady, once or twice, on other occasions, prevailed on Mrs. Rowe to spend a few months with her at one or other of her country seats. Mrs. Rowe, even at the call of friendship, never quitted her retreat without regret, nor returned to it but with satisfaction.

In this seclusion, she composed her "*Friendship in Death*," in twenty letters from the dead to the living, 1728. Also her "Letters, Moral and Entertaining," in prose and verse, Part 1. 1729; Part 2. 1731; Part 3. 1733. These productions, which display great sensibility of heart, a lively imagination, and a visionary turn of mind, were translated into French, and published at Amsterdam, in 1740, in two vols. 12mo. All the writings of Mrs. Rowe breathe a spirit of benevolence, of purity, and of virtue, animated by a raised and enthusiastic devotion.

In the year 1736, she was prevailed upon by some friends, to whom she had imparted her History of Joseph in manuscript, to give it to the public. It was with unfeigned reluctance that she yielded her assent: this piece had been written in her youth,

and carried no farther than the marriage of the hero: at the request of the duchess of Somerset, she added to it two books, including Joseph's discovery of himself to his brethren. This addition is said to have been composed within three or four days. This was her last work: it was published but a few weeks preceding her death.

Her constitution was uncommonly good; she had passed a long series of years in almost uninterrupted health. Half a year before her decease, she was attacked with a disorder, attended with threatening symptoms. She complained, during this malady, that her mind was less serene and prepared to meet death, than she had flattered herself it would have been: this depression, probably the physical consequence of her situation, she struggled against and subdued. She experienced in this conquest a lively satisfaction, and repeated, in a pious and poetical transport, Mr. Pope's "Dying Christian's Address to his Soul." Though advanced in years, she recovered from this indisposition to her usual state of health: her exact temperance, added to the calmness of her mind and disposition, encouraged her friends to hope that she might yet live many years. On the day previous to her decease, she appeared in perfect health and vigour; and, after conversing with a friend with unusual vivacity, retired to her

chamber early in the evening. About ten o'clock, her servant, hearing a noise as of something falling in the apartment of her mistress, found, on entering it, that she had fallen on the floor, speechless, and apparently dying. A physician and surgeon were immediately summoned; but all aid proved ineffectual; she expired with only one groan, before two o'clock the ensuing morning, Feb. 20, 1736-7, in the 63d year of her age. Her disorder was pronounced to be an apoplexy. Religious books and pious meditations were found lying by her. Her life had been tranquil, and, except in the loss of her husband, unclouded; and her death was happy. She had always been apprehensive of the effects which might be produced upon her mind by the pain and languor of a sick-bed, which she thus fortunately escaped; and, on various occasions, had expressed to her friends her desire of a sudden death.

She was buried, according to her request, under the same stone with her father, at Frome. Her death was regretted by her friends, to whom her virtues, and the gentleness of her manners, had endeared her; and lamented by the poor, to whom she was a kind benefactress.

In her cabinet were found letters addressed to several of her friends; to the countess of Hertford, the earl of Orrery, Mr. James Theobald, and Mrs.

Sarah Rowe. These letters *, which breathed an affectionate and pious temper, were superscribed, to be delivered to the respective persons after her decease. She left also a letter to Dr. Watts, accompanying her papers containing her Devout Exercises, which were, by the doctor, afterwards published.

Beside the productions of Mrs. Rowe already mentioned, there are two volumes of her miscellaneous works, consisting of poems and letters, to which are added (by her desire) several poems and essays written by her husband. "The softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius," says Matthew Prior †, "conspire to give her a very distinguishing character."

She is said (by the writers of her Life) to have possessed a command over her passions, and a constant serenity and sweetness of temper, which neither age nor misfortune could sour or ruffle. It is questioned whether she had ever been angry in her life; a proof that the tender and gentle sensibilities may exist independent of the irascible passions. Her servant, who lived with her near twenty years,

* They are published in her Life by Mr. Theophilus Rowe, and prefixed to her works.

† In his Preface to his Poems.

gave a testimony to the kind and even tenor of her mistress's temper. She knew not indignation, except against vice, where indifference is almost criminal. To firm principles, and an elevated mind, she added the softness and graces of her sex. She expressed, on all occasions, an aversion to satire, so rarely free from malice and personality: her conversation, like her writings, was the effusion of a benevolent and amiable mind: she fortified her resolutions against a severe and acrimonious spirit, by particular and solemn vows. "I can appeal to you," said she, in a letter to an old and intimate friend, "whether you ever knew me make an envious or an ill-natured reflection on any person upon earth? Indeed, the follies of mankind would afford a wide and various scene; but charity would draw a veil of darkness here, and choose to be for ever silent, rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme." Detraction appeared to her an inhuman vice, for which no wit could atone. She loved to praise, and took a pleasure, on all occasions, in doing justice to merit; she was ever the advocate for the absent, and extenuated where she could not excuse. If compelled to reprove, gentleness and delicacy softened her reprehension. She possessed peculiar powers of conversation, an inexhaustible fancy, flowing language, the most perfect ingenuousness, with unaffected sweetness and ease. "It was not possible

to be in her company," says her biographer, "without becoming wiser and better, or to quit it without regret." Accustomed from her youth to admiration and distinction, she preserved a perfect humility and unaffected modesty: she rarely mentioned her productions even to her most intimate friends; neither was she, in the least degree, elated by their success, nor by the compliments of the most distinguished writers of the age. "It is but for Heaven," said she, "to give a turn to one of my nerves, and I should become an ideot." She never dictated to others, nor arrogated to her own sentiments any deference or respect: she was amiable, affable, and accessible, a stranger to that insolent intellectual fastidiousness affected by pedants and despised by the truly enlightened. She had no taste for what is called pleasure; she mixed in no parties of dissipation, was ignorant of any game, and avoided formal and insipid visitings. Temperate, cheerful, friendly, and affectionate, she sought and found her happiness in intellectual pursuits, the exercise of her affections, and the enjoyment of simple pleasures. She had a contempt for riches, was content with a moderate income, nor would avail herself of those pecuniary advantages to which by her labours she was justly entitled. She refused to publish her works by subscription, nor would suffer them to be

collected by the bookseller, who offered her liberal terms. She let her estates below their value: she abhorred exaction and oppression; while to her tenants she was an indulgent and kind benefactress. Indifferent to fame, and fond of solitude, she shunned rather than sought applause. Her modesty followed her to the tomb, and even appeared afterwards in the orders she left respecting her interment. Having desired that her funeral might be by night, and attended only by a small number of friends, she added, "Charge Mr. Bowden not to say one word of me in the sermon. I would lie in my father's grave, and have no stone nor inscription over my vile dust, which I gladly leave to corruption and oblivion, till it rise to a glorious immortality."

As a daughter, as a wife, as a friend, as a mistress, her conduct was exemplary: her taste for letters led her not to neglect the duties and occupations of her sex. During the lingering illness of her husband, she attended him with patient affection and tender solicitude; while she consecrated to his memory the remainder of her life. "The solitude in which I have spent my time," said she, in one of her posthumous letters, "since the death of Mr. Rowe, has given me leisure to make the darkness of the grave, and the solemnity of dying, familiar to my imagination. Whatever such distinguished

sense and merit could claim, I have endeavoured to pay to the memory of my much-loved husband. I reflect with pleasure on my conduct on this occasion; not merely from a principle of justice and gratitude to him, but from a conscious sense of honour, and love of a virtuous reputation after death. But if the soul, in a separate state, should be insensible to human censure or applause, yet there is a disinterested homage due to the sacred name of virtue." It is observed greatly to her honour, by her biographer, that no one of her domestics ever left her, except with a view of changing their condition by marriage.

Her charities, considering the mediocrity of her fortune, bordered on excess: she consecrated, by a solemn vow, the half of her income to benevolent purposes. To enable herself to fulfil this engagement, she retrenched all superfluous expences, and practised a rigid economy. The first time she accepted any acknowledgment from her bookseller for her writings, she bestowed the whole sum on a distressed family: another time, on a similar occasion, she sold a piece of plate to relieve an exigency for which she was not sufficiently provided. It was her custom on going out, to furnish herself with pieces of money of different value, to relieve such objects of compassion as might fall in her way. Her munificence was not confined to the place in which she

lived, nor to any sect or party. "I never," said she, "grudge any money, but when it is laid out upon myself; for I consider how much it would buy for the poor." Nor did she confine her charities to money; she gave to the distressed her time, her labour, her sympathy, often of infinitely greater value. She caused the children of the neighbouring poor to be instructed; and herself assisted in forming their minds and principles. Nor was her beneficence limited to the lower ranks. "It was one of the greatest benefits," she was accustomed to say, "that could be done to mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties that attend a narrow fortune." The delicacy and sweetness of her manner, on all occasions, doubled the bounties she conferred. The calm and uniform tenor of her life, her active virtues and happy constitution, produced a perpetual sunshine of the mind, that diffused itself on all around her.

The most distinguished characters of the age were among the friends of Mrs. Rowe: by the countess of Hertford, who composed an elegy on her death, she was more particularly lamented. A large collection of poems to her honour, is prefixed to her miscellaneous works. *Philomela* was the poetical name given to Mrs. Rowe, in allusion to her maiden name of Singer, and to the softness and harmony of her verses. Her person is thus described by her biographer, Mr. Theophilus Rowe,

the brother of her husband: "Her stature was moderate, her hair of a fine auburn colour; her eyes darkish grey, inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, and a natural blush glowed in her cheeks. She spoke gracefully, her voice was sweet and harmonious, suited to the gentle language which always flowed from her lips. But the softness and benevolence of her aspect were beyond all description: they inspired irresistible love, yet not without some mixture of that awe and veneration which distinguished sense and virtue, apparent in the countenance, are wont to create."

Memoirs of Mrs. Rowe—Gibbons's Memoirs of Pious Women—Female Worthies.

CLAUDIA RUFINA.

THE poet Martial, who extols this lady for her virtues, her learning, and her beauty, was the friend of her husband, Aulus Rufus Pudens, a Bononian philosopher, and of the Roman equestrian order. Claudia Rufina was a noble British lady, and the author of a book ef epigrams, an elegy on the death of her husband, and other compositions, both in verse and prose.

LADY RUSSEL.

ELIZABETH, third daughter of sir Anthony Cooke, was born in 1529, and was instructed, with her sisters, in every elegant and liberal acquirement:

she even surpassed them in her progress, and was celebrated by the first scholars of the age. She married sir Thomas Hobby, and accompanied him into France, where he was sent by the queen on an embassy to the court. Sir Thomas died in Paris, April 13th, 1566, leaving his widow in a state of pregnancy. She accompanied the bodyof her husband to his native land; and having erected a chapel, on the south side of the chancel of the church at Bisham, in Berkshire, she deposited his remains with those of his brother, sir Philip Hobby, and placed on the tomb inscriptions, in Latin and English verse, of her own composition. Sir Thomas left on his decease four children, Edward, Elizabeth, Anne, and Thomas posthumous, who, it appears from a letter * addressed by his mother to her brother-in-law, lord treasurer Burleigh, gave her great anxiety by his wild and irregular conduct.

Some years after the decease of sir Thomas Hobbey, his widow espoused lord John Russel, son and heir to Francis Russel, the second earl of Bedford of that name. Lady Russel became a widow a second time, in 1584: her husband died before his father, and was buried in the abbey church of Westminster, where a monument is erected to his memory, with inscriptions by his widow, in Latin,

* In the possession of the hon. James West.

Greek, and English. One son was the fruit of this marriage, who died young in 1580, and two daughters, Anne and Elizabeth. The latter survived her father but a short time. It is this lady of whom it is reported, that she died in consequence of wounding the fore-finger of her left hand by a needle; a tale or legend which the attitude of her figure, placed on the monument, within the same grate with that of her father, is thought to intimate. Her statue of alabaster is placed on a pedestal of black and white marble, in imitation of a Roman altar: it appears seated in a wrought osier chair, in a melancholy position, the head inclined towards the right hand, with the fore-finger of the left extending downwards, pointing to a death's-head under its feet. Admitting the story of her death to have been well founded, it is probable that some nerve or tendon might be wounded by the accident, or that from the state of her blood, or habit, a gangrene might have ensued. Yet it is certain that the tale wears the appearance of fiction. The attitude of the statue is capable of a moral and religious interpretation, and it is by no means in proof of this popular tradition. The monument was erected to her memory by Anne, her only surviving sister.

Lady Russel translated from the French a religious tract, originally written in German, entitled "A way of Reconciliation of a good and learned Man, touching the true Nature and Substance of the

Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament," printed 1605, and dedicated to her only daughter, Anne Herbert, wife to lord H. Herbert. This dedication breathes the tenderest affection for her daughter, to whom the work is presented as a new-year's-gift.

The time of her death is uncertain; but it appears that she was living, though very infirm, in August, 1596; and in the ensuing year, she complains, in a letter to her nephew Cecil, of declining health, and the infirmities of old age.—The letter thus concludes: "Your lordships owld awnt of compleat 68 years, that prays for your long lyfe, Elizabeth Russel, Dowager." She was probably buried with her first husband at Bisham, in Berks, in the chapel founded by herself, in which a magnificent monument is erected against the south wall, and in the middle a large arch, raised on four pillars, under which is placed her statue, kneeling, and having on its head the coronet of a viscountess. The figure of an infant lies on the cushion on which she rests, and behind her kneel three daughters. Westward, without the arch, are the statues of two men in armour, and eastward, the statue of a lady in a robe lined with ermine, a coronet on her head. On a black marble tablet, at the foot of the monument, is a Greek inscription, and on another tablet is an inscription in Latin. Lady Russel lived to write the epitaphs, in the Greek, Latin, and English languages, for both her husbands, for her

son, her daughter, her brother, sister, and friend, Mr. Noke, of Shottesbrooke.

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum.

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

RACHEL, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, earl of Southampton, was born in 1636. Her mother, first wife to the earl, was the daughter of Henry de Massey, baron of Rovigny. The earl of Southampton, distinguished for his talents and independent spirit, was an enemy to the arbitrary measures pursued by the crown, during the administration of the earl of Strafford. In the subsequent prosecution of that nobleman, he opposed himself with equal firmness to the parliament, which had, he believed, exceeded the limits of justice and the constitution. He became eminently serviceable to the king on this occasion, whose cause he adopted against the popular proceedings. He is styled by Burnet, "A fast friend to the public, the wise and virtuous earl of Southampton, who deserved from the king every thing which he could bestow." At the Restoration he was made lord high-treasurer, an office which he filled with ability and integrity. He died May 16th, 1667, leaving by his first wife two daughters; Elizabeth, married to Edward Noel, baron Wriothesley, of Titchfield, &c. &c. and Ra-

chel, wife to Francis lord Vaughan, eldest son of the earl of Rocraw, earl of Carberry. After the death of lord Vaughan, his widow, in 1669, espoused William lord Russel, son of William earl of Bedford: one son and two daughters were the fruit of this union.

In the struggle against the encroachments of the crown, under Charles II., during a fit of sickness which seized the king at Windsor, the duke of Monmouth, lord Russel, and lord Grey, instigated by the earl of Shaftesbury, agreed, should the disorder of Charles prove mortal, to oppose in arms the succession of the duke of York. The king recovered; but their projects were not laid aside. The imprisonment of Shaftesbury gave a check to these machinations, which new encroachments on the liberties of the people had revived. The train was laid and ready to take fire, when Monmouth was induced by lord Russel to delay the enterprise. At length the conspirators were, by their common views and common apprehensions, induced to form a regular plan of insurrection. A council of six was formed, consisting of Monmouth, Russel, Essex, Howard, Algernon Sidney, and John Hambden, grandson to the celebrated patriotic Hambden. These men, though united in a common cause, were instigated by motives widely different. Sidney desired a commonwealth; Essex was animated by the

same principle; Monmouth aspired to the crown; while Russel and Hambden, attached to the ancient constitution, proposed only the redress of grievances, and the exclusion of the duke from the succession. Howard, an unprincipled man, had his own interest only in contemplation.

An inferior order of malecontents were also in the habit of meeting, who indulged themselves, wholly unknown to the council of six, in planning criminal and desperate measures. In this cabal the assassination of the king and of the duke was freely discussed, and even a project proposed for the purpose. But the plan, however plausible, was loose and wild; neither were there persons, arms, nor horses, provided for its execution. Among those who composed this faction, Keiling, a man who for some bold measures had rendered himself obnoxious to a prosecution, determined to purchase his safety by revealing the conspiracy. The council of six, though guiltless of the assassination plot, became involved in this discovery. Monmouth absconded; Russel was sent to the Tower; Howard saved himself by basely impeaching his colleagues; while Essex, Sidney, and Hambden, were apprehended upon his evidence. The English laws of treason, under the act of Edward III., were mild and equitable: they required proof of having compassed or intended the king's death, or of having actually

levied war against him; greater latitude had been afterwards introduced both in the proof and definition of the crime. Soon after the restoration of Charles a law had passed, by which the consulting or intending a rebellion was declared treason; but which required that the prosecution should take place within six months after the commission of the crime. Under this statute the offence of Russel fell. The facts, however, sworn against him, were beyond the limit of the time required by law: to make, therefore, the indictment more extensive, the intention of murdering the king was comprehended in it, by a refinement in law.

Russel, perceiving this irregularity, desired to have the point argued by counsel; but this privilege was refused to him, excepting on condition of his previously confessing the facts laid to his charge. The confounding the two species of treason, a practice supported by precedents, was not the only hardship of which Russel had to complain. Too candid to deny his share in the conspiracy for an insurrection, he contented himself with protesting, truly, that he had never formed any design against the life of the king. A defence so feeble availed him little: his jury, zealous royalists though men of fair character, after a short deliberation, brought him in guilty.

The day previous to his trial, he had asked leave

of the court that notes of the evidence might be taken for his use. By the attorney-general he was informed in reply, that he might if he pleased use one of his servants for the purpose. 'I ask no assistance,' answered the prisoner, 'but that of the lady who sits by me.' At these words the spectators, turning their eyes on the daughter of the virtuous Southampton, who rose to assist her husband in his distress, melted into tears. The old earl of Bedford, the father of lord Russel, offered to the duchess of Portsmouth a hundred thousand pounds to procure her interest with the king for the pardon of his son. But every application proved vain. The independent spirit, the patriotism, the popularity, the courage, the talents, and the virtues, of the prisoner, were his most dangerous offences, and became so many arguments against his escape. Charles could be prevailed on only to remit the more ignominious part of the sentence which the law requires to be pronounced against traitors.

Lady Russel threw herself at the feet of the king, and pleaded with tears the merits and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for those offences into which her husband had been drawn, by honest though erroneous principles. Charles beheld unmoved the daughter of his best friend weeping at his feet: he even rejected her petition for a respite of a few weeks. 'Shall I grant that man,' said he, 'six

weeks, who, had it been in his power, would not have granted me six hours?' These tears and these supplications were the last instance of feminine sorrow which lady Russel betrayed on so trying an occasion. On finding every effort fruitless for saving the life of her husband, she collected her courage, and fortified her mind for the fatal stroke, confirming by her example the resolution of her lord.

No one doubted the innocence of Russel respecting the charge of conspiring against the life of the king, which he solemnly denied with his dying breath. The witnesses who deposed against him, made no mention of any such design: his principal guilt had been his opposition in parliament to what he deemed unconstitutional measures, with his efforts for the exclusion of the duke of York from the throne. His friends essayed every means that money and interest could afford to preserve his invaluable life. They engaged that he should promise on his liberation to exile himself from his native land. Lord Cavendish offered to facilitate his escape by changing habits with him, and remaining as his substitute. But Russel refused to save his life by an expedient that might subject his friend to hazard. The duke of Monmouth sent to him a message, that, if he thought it would avail any thing towards his safety, he would deliver up himself, and share the fate of his friend. To this pro-

position Russel only replied, 'that it would be of no advantage to him to have his friends die with him!' It was proposed by Cavendish that a party of horse should attack the guards, and deliver him forcibly, on his way to the scaffold; an attempt which there was great reason to suppose the people would facilitate. But lord Russel, firmly opposing any measures which might expose his friends to danger, patiently submitted to his fate.

In the journal of the duke of Monmouth, he affirms, that the king had told him he was inclined to save the life of Russel, but found it impossible without breaking with the duke of York, who, in the meanness of his vengeance, was desirous that the illustrious victim should suffer in the square before York-house; an insult to which the king would not be persuaded to submit.

An order being signed for his execution, a respite of only two days was refused to his friends. Bishops Burnet and Tillotson, with a view of serving him, tried to prevail on him to confess resistance to be unlawful. 'He could not tell a lie,' was the magnanimous reply of Russel. Tillotson observed, that he did not think resistance authorised by remote fears and consequences, or illegal practices. On this hypothesis, Russel declared he saw no difference between a lawful and a Turkish government, and that, in case of a total subversion, resist-

ance would be too late. In answer to some clergyman, who flattered him with the hope of life on condition of his acknowledging, that subjects had in no case a right to resist the throne, 'I can,' said he, 'have no conception of a limited monarchy, which has not a right to defend its own limitations; neither will my conscience permit me to say otherwise to the king.' This firmness in refusing to purchase life by the sacrifice of his principles, affords the best testimony to his integrity and virtue.

As his fate drew near, he expressed his satisfaction that he had chosen death rather than flight, since he felt that, separated from his family and friends, whose affection and society constituted all his happiness, life would have been to him insupportable. To another project suggested by the gallant Cavendish, he replied smiling, that he thanked him very kindly, but would not escape; adding, he could never yet limit his bounty to his condition, and that the only pleasure he had felt in the anticipation of a large estate, to which he was heir by descent, was in the hope of an extension in the means of doing good. He thanked God, who knew the sincerity of his heart, that he had in all things acted in conformity to the dictates of his conscience; that he could never enter into what he thought wrong, nor could on any occasion tell an untruth.

Tillotson informed the king that Russel had declared to him, that he had associated with those unhappy men, only to preserve the duke of Monmouth from being ensnared by them into any rash undertaking. Being then questioned why he had not in that case discovered their designs to the king; he answered, he could not betray his friends, nor turn informer while he saw no danger; yet, had things come to a crisis, he would have contrived a method of giving the king warning; and had violence been attempted, would have been the first to oppose it with his sword.

On the Tuesday before his execution, after dinner, when lady Russel had left him, he spoke with pleasure of the magnanimity she displayed; and observed, 'that a separation from her was the severest part of what he had to undergo, since he dreaded lest she should sink under her grief.' 'At present,' he added, 'she was in some degree supported by her exertions to save him, by which her mind was occupied: but when her hopes were over, he feared the quickness of her spirits, and the poignancy of her feelings.' On the Thursday, while she was labouring to gain a respite till the Monday, he expressed a wish that she would abandon a cause so hopeless: yet the consideration, that her sorrow might be mitigated by the recollection that she had spared no

possible means for his safety, prevented him from opposing her designs.

His courage never appeared to faulter but when he spoke of his wife; his eyes would, on such occasions, fill with tears, while he appeared eager to fly from the subject. On the Friday night as she left him, he embraced her repeatedly, while she restrained her grief lest it should too sensibly affect him. The evening before his death, his children were brought to him: he parted with them and his friends with courage and constancy. Some of his expressions denoted not only composure but pleasantry. Being seized with a bleeding at his nose, 'I shall not now,' said he to Dr. Burnet, who attended him, 'let blood to divert this distemper, that will be done to-morrow.' A short time before he was conducted by the sheriffs to the scaffold, he wound up his watch, observing, 'he had now done with time, and henceforth must think only on eternity.'

When parting from lady Russel, who commanded herself with heroic fortitude, they mutually preserved a solemn and affecting silence. He declared when she had left him, 'that the bitterness of death was past.' He praised her character and conduct, while he spoke of his affection for her with eloquence and fervor. He protested that she had ever been to him a blessing; and observed how

wretched it would have made him, had she not joined to tenderness and sensibility a spirit too magnanimous to desire him to be guilty of baseness, even for the preservation of his life. He expressed his gratitude to Providence, that had given him a wife, who, to birth, fortune, talents, and virtue, united sensibility of heart, and whose conduct, in the extreme crisis of his fate, had even surpassed all her other virtues. He spoke of the joy which he felt, that his family would lose nothing by his death, since he left his children in the hands of so admirable a mother, who for their sakes had promised to preserve herself.

The scaffold for his execution was erected in Lincolns-inn-fields, that the triumph of the court might be manifest, in the exhibition of the illustrious sufferer to the populace. As he passed through the city, bishops Burnet and Tillotson accompanied him in the coach. The people, who fancied they beheld virtue and freedom suffer with him, melted into tears at the spectacle. As, on passing it, he looked towards Southampton-house, a tear started to his eye, which he instantly wiped away. He observed, 'that a cloud was hanging over the nation, to which his death would prove more serviceable than his life.' The moment before his execution, he affirmed, on the faith of a dying man, that he knew of

no plot against the king's person or government; but, having submitted himself to the decision of the laws, he was determined to abide the penalty.

The populace beheld with unfeigned grief the fate of their beloved leader, once the object of all their confidence: as he had been the most popular among his own party, so was he the least obnoxious to the opposite faction: every heart sensible to generosity or humanity united in tender commiseration on this affecting catastrophe. Without the least change of countenance, he laid his head on the block: at two strokes it was separated by the executioner from his body. This tragedy took place July 21, 1683. A paper, expressive of his innocence, was delivered by him to the sheriffs, which gave great offence at court. Burnet was questioned on the subject, but the widow of lord Russel, in a letter to the king, justified and exculpated her husband. Of lord Russel, it was said by Calamy, "that an age would not repair to the nation his loss, and that his name ought never to be mentioned by Englishmen without respect."

Lady Russel sustained the loss of this worthy and beloved husband with the same heroism which she had displayed during his trial and imprisonment. When, in open court, attending by his side, observing and taking notes of all that passed in his favour; when, a weeping suppliant at the feet of the king,

she pleaded for a life so precious to her, in the name, and for the services, of a deceased father; when, in meek and solemn silence, without suffering a tear to escape her, she parted for ever with a husband so deservedly beloved; she appears equally an object of sympathy, admiration, and reverence.

After this melancholy and cruel event, the widow of the respectable and patriotic Russel proved the faithful guardian of his honour and his fame; the wise and active mother to his children; and the friend and patroness of his friends. She survived more than forty years, and died September 29th, 1723, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

The letters of lady Russel, written after the decease of her husband, afford an affecting picture of the conjugal affection and fidelity of the writer, whom new trials yet awaited. Wriothesley duke of Bedford, her only son, died of the small-pox, May 1711, in the thirty-first year of his age. To this affliction succeeded the death of her daughter, the duchess of Rutland, who died in childbed. Lady Russel gave on this occasion a new instance of her fortitude and self command. Her daughter, the duchess of Devonshire, was also in childbed at the time of her sister's decease. The mother, after beholding one daughter in her coffin, repaired to the chamber of the other, with a composed and

tranquil countenance. The duchess of Devonshire earnestly enquiring after the welfare of her sister, lady Russel evasively replied, without betraying any emotion, 'I have seen your sister out of bed to-day.'

To this instance of her fortitude an anecdote may be added, in testimony of her courage and presence of mind, displayed on a lesser and unpremeditated occasion.

"The following relation," says Mr. Selwood *, "I had from lady Russel, in Southampton-row, Bedford-house, where the accident happened. Her ladyship's own words, to the best of my remembrance, were these: 'As I was reading in my closet, the door being bolted, on a sudden the candle and candlestick jumped off the table, an hissing fire ran on the floor, and, after a short time, left some paper in a flame, which with my foot I put into the chimney to prevent mischief. I then sat down in the dark to consider whence this event should come. I knew my doors and windows were fast, and that there was no way open into the closet but by the chimney; but that something should come down

* Mr. Thomas Selwood lived in the family of lady Russel, copied her letters from the originals, which, having published with permission, he dedicated to the duke of Bedford.

there, and strike my candle off the table in that strange manner, I believed impossible. After I had wearied myself with thinking to no purpose, I rang my bell. The servant in waiting, when I told him what had happened, begged pardon for having by mistake given me a mould candle, with a gunpowder squib in it, which was intended to make sport among the fellow-servants on a rejoicing day.' Her ladyship bid the servant not be troubled at the matter, for she had no other concern about it than that of not finding out the cause."

It is observable in the letters of lady Russel, that no expression of resentment, or traces of a vindictive spirit, mingle at any time with the sentiment of grief, by which they are uniformly pervaded, for the fate of her husband. When James II. who had been principally aiding to that fate, became a wanderer in a foreign land, driven from his throne and country, there appears no triumph in the expressions of this lady, nor even an intimation, that retributive justice had overtaken him. She also passes over in silence the tragical end of the barbarous and infamous Jefferies, who had distinguished himself against lord Russel on his trial.

It appears from several of her letters, that lady Russel experienced uneasiness, some years after the death of her husband, from dimness and weakness

in her sight. From this complaint she was relieved by an operation, in June, 1694. Archbishop Tillotson, writing to Dr. Burnet bishop of Salisbury on the 28th of June, informs him, "that the eyes of lady Russel had been couched, the preceding morning, with good success." From this time till her death she enjoyed her sight without impediment, and was accustomed, at a very advanced period of life, to write without spectacles. The apprehension of the loss of sight, that invaluable blessing, was sustained by lady Russel with her wonted courage and resignation. The first persons of the age, both in rank and literature, did honour to themselves by their respect and friendship towards this illustrious and heroic woman.

Letters of Rachel, Lady Russel, from the MS in the Library at Wooburn Abbey—Hume's History of England—Memoirs of Pious Women.

LAURA SADE.

Among writers celebrated for their learning and genius, at the revival of letters in the fourteenth century, Francis Petrarch, a Florentine poet, whose ancestors were intrusted with offices of honour in the state, holds a high and distinguished rank. Petrarco, his father, having become the

victim of faction, was, together with Danté*, banished from the republic, and condemned to pay a considerable fine. After many sufferings and struggles to regain his patrimony, tired of successless efforts, he at length determined to repair to Avignon, a city of France, on the banks of the Rhone, situated between Lyons and Marseilles, to which a Gascon pope had removed the Roman see.

The young Petrarch was by his father destined to the profession of the law, to which he flattered himself, from the talents he had observed in his son, that he would prove a distinguished ornament. This plan, however, but little accorded with the lively sensibility and genius of the youth, which irresistibly impelled him to more congenial pursuits. His subsequent progress in letters and reputation, belongs not to the present memoir to narrate.

Nature had been to Petrarch lavish of her bounties. To superior endowments, a lively imagination, and a susceptible heart, he added a fine person and a prepossessing countenance. The fervor of his passions, and the impetuosity of his youth, had, in the earlier periods of his

* Danté, in his works, bitterly resents this treatment.

life, and in a voluptuous and dissolute court, sometimes betrayed him into transient irregularities, which his principles condemned, and which his taste abhorred. "I can aver," says he, "that from the bottom of my soul I detest such scenes." —"If I sometimes acted with freedom, it was because love had not yet become an inhabitant of my breast."

After his return from Bologna, whither he had been sent by his father to prosecute his studies, he passed a whole year, with gaiety and indifference, among the beauties of Avignon, who contended for the conquest of his heart. The Muse was the only mistress whose favours he courted. "I was as free and as wild," says he, "as the untamed stag." But the moment when his liberty was to be forfeited approached. "Love," says he, "observing that his former arrows had but glanced over my heart, called to his aid a lady against whose power neither wit, beauty, nor strength, were of any avail."

On Sunday in the holy week, at six in the morning, the time of Matins, Petrarch beheld, at the church of the monastery of St. Claire, a young lady whose charms absorbed and captivated his attention. "She was dressed in green, and her robe was embroidered with violets. Her face, her air, her gait, were somewhat more than

mortal. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as ebony. Golden locks waved over her shoulders, which were whiter than snow: her ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of love. Her neck was finely formed, and her complexion, which art would vainly attempt to imitate, animated by the tints of nature. When she opened her mouth, you perceived the beauty of pearls and the sweets of roses. She was full of graces. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her, but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue: for she was chaste as the spangled dew-drop of the morn. Such was the amiable Laura!"

This lady, to whom the genius of Petrarch has given celebrity, appears, from a comparative view of the few particulars * which are to be found respecting her private life, to have been the daughter of Andibert de Noves, a chevalier, and his wife Ermessenda. Her family held the first rank at Noves, a town of Provence, two leagues

* From the archives of the house of Sade, and from the writings of Petrarch.

from Avignon. Laura possessed a house in that city, where she passed a part of the year. Her father had left to her a handsome dowry, to be given to her on her marriage, which took place when she was very young (through the authority and influence of her mother), with Hugues de Sade, whose family was originally of Avignon, where they held the first offices. It was not till after her marriage that Petrarch beheld her, at the church of the monastery at St. Claire; hence his frequent remorses, and the severity of Laura's behaviour. An old picture of Laura was, in 1642, brought to cardinal Barberini: this portrait had been long preserved in the house of Sade at Avignon; and Richard de Sade, then bishop of Cavoillon, proved that this Laura, of the house of Sade, was really the Laura of Petrarch, and that those who had considered her as the mistress of Petrarch at Vaucluse, or as an allegorical person, were romancers, ill-informed of real circumstances or facts.

In the sonnets of Petrarch there is a perpetual allusion to the laurel* and Daphne, with which he took a pleasure in associating the object of his

* The laurel, with which poets were crowned, was consecrated to Apollo, who was the god of poetry.

affection. "I run every-where after Laura," says he, "but she flees from me, as Daphne fled from Apollo."

On the system of Pythagoras, he supposed, with a poetical licence, that the soul of Daphne, after a long succession of transmigrations, had passed into the body of Laura. Under this illusion, he beheld not the laurel without transports, and planted it in every place. He frequently seated himself at the foot of one of those trees, on the side of a river, where Laura was accustomed to pass; while, in her absence, every thing in this delightful spot, which was her favourite walk, presented to him her image, and rekindled his poetical raptures. "On this bank," says he, "and under the shelter of this charming tree, I sing with transports the praises of Laura. The gentle murmurs of the stream accompanying my tender sighs; the refreshing shade tempers the ardour of my passion: these only are the objects which have power to relieve my soul."

While Petrarch concealed in his bosom the passion with which Laura had inspired him, he owns that she behaved to him with kindness; but, when she discovered the state of his mind, she treated him with great severity. Awed by the chastity of her conduct and manners, Petrarch had not dared to speak of his feelings; but Laura,

on perceiving that he followed her every-where, and directed towards her his ardent glances, solicitously avoided him, and, if by accident he approached her in public, immediately left the place; she hastily covered herself with her veil whenever she saw him, to defend herself from his tender glances. Petrarch perpetually complains of this cruel veil, which hid from his view the charms he adored. His timidity, the characteristic of true love, was increased by the rigours of his mistress, the magnificence of whose dress also tended to heighten his respect." "Dazzled by the lustre of her beauty and the splendour of her dress, for she wore on her head a silver coronet, and tied up her hair with knots of jewels*; terrified also with the austerity of her looks, he had not courage to speak to her." "Was I," said he, "to see the lustre of those bright eyes extinguished by age, those golden locks changed to silver, the flowers painted on that complexion faded, was I to see Laura without her garland, without her ornamented robe, I feel I should have more courage." Petrarch does not appear, at this period, to have been admitted to the house of Laura; he saw her only in public, and at festivals where the ladies assembled. "She appeared,"

* An extraordinary magnificence in those times.

says he, "among the beauties of Avignon, like a fine flower, in the midst of a parterre, eclipsing, by its lustre and by the brightness of its colours, all those by which it was surrounded." His attachment to her increased with his respect, while the admiration with which her virtue had inspired him, led him to greater purity and regularity of conduct. "I bless the happy moment," says he, "that directed my heart to Laura. She led me to see the path of virtue, to detach my heart from base and grovelling objects: from her I am inspired with that celestial flame which raises my soul to heaven, and directs it to the Supreme Cause, as to the only source of happiness."

Petrarch was, by the severity of Laura (who had forbidden him to see or to speak to her), the restless state of his mind, and the desire of acquiring knowledge, determined to travel; but, scarcely had he quitted Avignon, before he repented of his purpose, and with difficulty could prevent himself from returning. During his journey, the image of Laura was ever present to his thoughts. He passed, on his return, through a part of the forest of Ardenne, which was rendered more peculiarly dangerous by the inroads of troops, from a war between the duke of Brabant and the court of Flanders, who disputed with each other the sovereignty of Moulines.

Petrarch, however, took no guard; alone and unarmed, wholly occupied by his passion, he traversed the most gloomy recesses of the forest. "Love," said he, "enlightened the shades of Ardenne, where Laura appeared in every object, and was heard in every breeze." On approaching Lyons, he beheld the Rhone with transport, which, in its course to the sea, bathed the walls of Avignon. He had flattered himself that absence might have softened the rigours of Laura, and that she would have beheld him on his return with greater complacency. Of the disappointment of this hope he bitterly complains, and compares his mistress to the snow, on which the sun had not beamed. "It is now," says he, "seven years that I have sighed night and day for Laura, without hope of being able to touch her heart."

It is the natural effect of a romantic and tender passion to render common society distasteful to its victim: Petrarch quitted the city in despair, and immured himself in the shades and caverns of Vaucluse. "The more desert and savage the scene which surrounds me, the more lively," says he, "is the form in which Laura presents herself to my view. The mountains, the woods, and the streams, see and witness my anguish." The sentiment which preyed on his heart undermined his health and sapped the springs of life: the idea of

death and of a future state presented itself to his imagination, ever lively and enthusiastic, and opposed itself to the fervours of love: he lamented the time which he had wasted in this pursuit, and determined, in vain, to conquer a passion which indulgence, habit, and association, had too firmly interwoven with the whole texture of his mind. To assist him in his resolution, he had recourse to a monk, Dennis de Robertis, a native of Italy, a man distinguished for his talents, and to whom Petrarch was greatly attached. Father Dennis said all that wisdom could dictate, or that ingenuity could devise, to heal the wounded mind of his penitent, who solicited of him advice, and implored of him remedies for his passion; but the eloquence of the good father was, by one glance from Laura, obliterated from the mind of his pupil.

Avignon, about this period, was afflicted with a pestilence of a singular nature, from an extraordinary heat and drought: persons of every age and sex changed their skins, which fell from their faces and hands in scales. The constitution of Laura was too delicate not to suffer by this state of the atmosphere; her recovery was for some time doubtful; and Petrarch experienced all the agony which anxiety for the life of a beloved object, added to constrained absence, can inflict on

a susceptible heart. Laura, however, recovered, and relieved him from his distress. "Would to God," said he, in a letter to a friend, who had rallied him on his passion, "that my Laura were indeed an imaginary person, and that my passion for her was only a jest! alas, it is a phrensy!" Petrarch frequently retired into the deepest solitudes; and if, by accident, he met with Laura in the streets of Avignon, he avoided her and passed swiftly on. This affectation, notwithstanding the reserve of her conduct, appeared to displease her. She wished probably to preserve a lover whose reputation flattered her pride; or, it is possible, that in secret she was not insensible to his devotion and constancy. One day, having met him by accident, she looked on him with greater kindness. A favour so unexpected restored him to happiness, and vanquished in a moment his boasted resolution. He now again sought her in public, when she behaved to him with more ease: he wished to speak to her of his sentiments, but the dignity of her manners repressed and awed him. Laura desired to be beloved by Petrarch, but with a refinement that should prevent him from any expression of his feelings. If ever he attempted to violate this respectful silence, she treated him with the utmost severity; but, when she saw him afflicted, in despair, and too much

discouraged, some trifling complacency, a word, a gesture, were sufficient to reanimate him. It was by this refined species of coquetry, if so harsh a term may be allowed, that Laura, without stain to her honour, kept alive for twenty years the passion of a man of impetuous character, whose morals, previous to his acquaintance with her, had not been irreproachable. At one period, emboldened by her complacence, and the confidence with which it inspired him, he ventured, though with hesitation and timidity, to express his feelings, and to complain of her rigour. 'I am not,' replied Laura, with visible emotion, 'I am not, Petrarch, the person whom you suppose me to be.' Struck by the manner in which she uttered this reproof, he was awed into silence. Laura forbade him to appear again in her presence, refused to receive his apologies, and avoided every occasion of meeting him. The sorrow and remorse of Petrarch seriously affected his health, he was seized with a dangerous indisposition, and Laura was persuaded to see and pardon him.

After his return from his travels, the admonitions of father Dennis raised in his mind religious scruples; Laura seemed to divide his heart with God, and to interfere with the practice of his duties. 'How much time,' said his spiritual in-

structor, 'have you wasted on that Laura! How many useless steps have you taken in those woods!' But the most trifling circumstance was sufficient to disturb his philosophy, and to overthrow his wisest resolutions. Having one day observed a girl washing the veil of Laura, he was seized with a sudden tremor, and, under a sultry sky, shivered as in the depths of winter. He neglected the conduct of his affairs, and became distracted and bewildered in his studies and among his books. The conflict between his reason and his feelings, injured his mind and shook his frame. "Ten years," says he, "has grief preyed upon me: a slow poison consumes me: scarcely have I strength to drag along my weakened limbs. I must get out of this terrible situation. I must regain my liberty." Again he determined to travel, and to try the effects of absence. Having concealed his name, and embarked in a ship about to set sail for Italy, he assumed the character of a pilgrim, going to worship at Rome. On landing on the Italian coast, his native country, after which he had long sighed, he perceived a laurel tree, which love had associated in his mind with the idea of Laura. Too vehemently transported to observe his steps, he ran towards his favourite plant, without observing a brook which impeded his way, and fell into the stream. The

fall occasioned him to swoon, and, on his recovery, to reflect with a degree of shame on his heedlessness and infatuation.

Exercise, change, and absence, seemed to produce upon his mind a favourable effect; the idea of Laura became less habitual, the agitation of his feelings no longer destroyed his health, his sleep was less unquiet, and he was more easily amused; he believed himself cured, and even smiled at his past extravagance. In this disposition he returned to Avignon, 1337. But no sooner had he again beheld Laura, than his wound, but slightly healed over, opened afresh, and his relapse was more violent even than his original disease. "I desired death," said he; "I was even tempted to seek it in the violence of my anguish. Laura was sick; but the approach of death could not diminish the lustre of her eyes. I trembled at her shadow. The sound of her voice deprived me of motion." He perceived that safety could only be found in flight; he determined to leave Avignon, and to seek repose in the lonely solitudes of Vaucluse. In this retreat, while he indulged his taste for letters and retirement, he sought to cure himself of his passion; "I may hide myself," says he, "in the rocks and in the woods, but there are no places so wild and solitary whither the torments of love do not

[illegible] Thrice in that dark and lonely hour,
[illegible] shades are seen or heard,
[illegible] approached my bed,
[illegible] Fear froze my limbs;
[illegible] rushed upon my
[illegible] I rose ere morn, and left a
[illegible] alarmed me. I climbed the
[illegible] watching with fear-
[illegible] I may not be be-
[illegible] Here I perceive it
[illegible] rising from a foun-
[illegible] from the rocks, or floated
[illegible] Surrounded thus, I stood trans-
[illegible] The scene of Petrarch's
[illegible], and the soli-
[illegible] a diseased sensibility,
[illegible] these visionary flights.
[illegible] in this retreat, attended
[illegible], his domestics, unable
[illegible] a secession, having
[illegible]. After this period, he
[illegible] sometimes he
[illegible] having conquered his pas-
[illegible] weakness and grief.

as a more terrible evil. The sonnets which he composed at this time are strongly expressive of his disordered state.

In 1342, the pope granted two favours to two of Laura's children Her daughter Ermessenda was received into the convent of St. Lawrence, where she professed herself. Some time after, Audibert her son was appointed to the canonship of Notre de Dame de Dons. These children were about twelve or thirteen years of age.

Whether touched by his sufferings, his constancy, or his reputation, Laura, on the return of Petrarch to Avignon, treated him with less reserve Avignon became from this circumstance, and from the favour of the pope, more agreeable to him; he now passed in the city the greater part of his time, and visited Vaucluse but at intervals. The praises which Petrarch had lavished upon his mistress rendered her name celebrated throughout Europe; every person who came to Avignon was solicitous to behold these powerful charms. Though not yet thirty years of age, the beauty of Laura was somewhat tarnished: domestic chagrins and frequent child-bearing appeared to have impaired her health; the bloom of her complexion was less vivid and fresh. By a kind of sympathy, Petrarch had also lost that florid hue which gave vivacity to his features,

" I am not what I was," says he, in a letter to a friend, " so changed am I by the perpetual warfare between my soul and body, that you would scarcely know me."

Some time after this he met Laura at a public assembly, where, magnificently attired, she wore on her hands silk gloves embroidered with gold. This ornament, which was in those periods extremely rare and costly, seems to be in testimony of the nobility of Laura, which was also proved by her marriage contract. She happened to let fall one of these gloves, which Petrarch, whose attention was ever bent towards her, instantly picked up. Laura, on perceiving it in his possession, and that he had a desire to retain it, immediately took it from him, with some displeasure. " It is not," said Petrarch, " the person of Laura that I adore, but that soul so superior to all others. Her conduct and her manners are an image of the life the blessed lead in heaven. Should I ever lose her (the very idea makes me tremble!) I would say what Lelius, the wisest of the Romans, said on the death of Scipio, ' I loved his virtue, and that shall ever live.'" " If my desires have ever passed the bounds which reason prescribes, it is no longer so. Those limits are now sacred. But with respect to Laura, let me ever do her justice. Never;

in the most interesting moments of our intercourse, have I seen her principles waver. Her conduct, in the gayest hours of her life, was always uniform, always pure. How admirable is a constancy, a resolution, so superior to the generality of her sex!" Yet he sometimes made other reflections, not less true and just. "You cannot deny," says he to himself, in his Confessions, in the form of dialogues, in imitation of St. Augustin, "you cannot deny, and you indeed confess, that this love of which you boast has made you unhappy, and was near drawing on you a fatal crime, of which this admirable woman was the cause. Ought she not to have suppressed rather than to have encouraged an inclination so fatal to your peace? This truth she ought to have known, and to have impressed upon you: That of all the passions to which human nature is subject, love is the most to be feared; it makes us forget what is due to ourselves, and it leads us even to forget our God. Every thing serves to nourish and increase it; and those wretched beings, whom it holds in bondage, carry a fire within them, by which soul and body will be ultimately consumed."—"Recal the torments you have suffered, the useless tears you have shed, and the short pleasures you have obtained, which may be

compared to those light zephyrs of the summer, which refresh the air but for a moment; and then reflect on the duties you have neglected," &c.

Notwithstanding the attachment of Petrarch to Laura, the love of his country was never absent from his mind. Various circumstances combined to render him desirous of quitting Avignon, and of breathing once more the balmy air of Italy. His friends, in vain, sought to detain him. "Every thing," says he, "alters with time. My hair, which is become grey, warns me to change my manner of thinking and my life. Love suits not with one of my age: the air of Italy is purer, the waters clearer, the flowers more beautiful; it is time that I should go there to enjoy my liberty, and to take possession of my father's sepulchre." He went to take leave of Laura, who, ignorant of the motive of his visit, received him with a smiling countenance; but, when she learned his determination to depart, she changed colour, cast down her eyes, and kept silence. Her manner seemed to say: 'Alas! will you then go? shall I lose my faithful friend?'

He had not been long absent before his inquietudes revived, and he wished to return. In leaving Laura, he felt that he had left behind him the half of himself. His friends, in their letters, informed him that she appeared to suffer too much from his

absence. Soon after this, under pretence of pressing business, he returned precipitately to Avignon. Impatient for the sight of Laura, he went on horseback from Lyons to Avignon, along the banks of the Rhone, whose current he wished to follow, that he might the sooner behold his mistress. Laura viewed again with pleasure the friend whom she feared she had for ever lost: if she did not express this sentiment in words, she however mixed in her behaviour nothing that was severe. She had this year some subject of domestic grief, respecting which, Petrarch, who had now access to her house, went frequently to console her. "I went," said he, "to express my tender interest in Laura's sorrow. Love, who was my guide, has engraven for ever on my heart her looks and expressions."—"Tears stood in her eyes; those eyes radiant as the sun. She joined patience with sorrow, and the divine harmony of virtue with every burst of woe."

Among the festivals which were given about this period by the pope, in honour of the king of Bohemia, and Charles, prince of Moravia, his son, the city of Avignon gave a magnificent ball, at which the beauties of the province were assembled. Charles, a gallant prince, sought among the ladies, who graced the entertainment, for Laura, to whom the genius of her lover had given so much celebrity.

Having at length discovered her, he passed by all those whose rank or age gave them a title to precedence, and, casting down his eyes, paid his homage to her, by bowing his head after the French fashion. Every person was pleased at this mark of distinction paid to a lady to whose character it was justly due. Petrarch conceived from this circumstance a high idea of the discernment of the prince, and a particular interest and sympathy in his favour.

Laura had a friend, who, as far as virtue and honour would allow, was in the interest of her lover. She wished that he should be beloved, but with a pure and tender friendship. When she saw him desponding and cast down, she reanimated his spirits; and when he presumed too far, checked his confidence. She also used her influence with Laura in favour of Petrarch. One day, having represented to him the tenderness expressed in Laura's countenance and behaviour, when his conduct had merited her regard: 'Incredulous!' added she, 'and can you after this doubt of her affection?' The constitution of Laura had been always delicate, and her health began to decline. Petrarch was touched and affected by her drooping state. 'Heaven grant me,' said he, 'to die before Laura, that I may never see so dreadful an event!' A complaint in her eyes, which was extremely painful,

happened to Laura this year, and threatened her sight. Petrarch went often to see her during her confinement: he found her one day cured of her complaint, which seemed by a certain sympathy to have passed into his own eyes. "I fixed my eyes on those of Laura," said he, "and, that moment, something like a shooting star darted from them into mine. I rejoice in this present from love: how delightful is it thus to cure the darling object of one's soul!"

This intercourse with Laura, in which he experienced so much pleasure, received an interruption from the officious impertinence of those persons who take a pleasure in separating hearts which friendship and affection have united. It was intimated to Laura, that Petrarch imposed upon her, and that she was not the real object of his attachment or his sonnets: under her name, it was added, he concealed a passion for another woman, who was the secret inspirer of his muse. Laura, too much interested in the intelligence that was communicated to her not to be credulous, took umbrage at the supposed duplicity of her lover, and withdrew herself wholly from him. "My joys," said he, "were like the bright days of winter, of flattering aspect, but of short duration." This circumstance sufficiently proves that Laura was far from indifferent to the attentions of Petrarch, a

sensibility which she tried to conceal in the bottom of her heart, and to the forced suppression of which, and the difficulties of her situation, her declining health might be in some degree attributable. Her character appears with far greater interest and dignity upon the supposition of this sensibility, and the sacrifice of feeling to principle, than when she is considered as a vain coquet, trifling, for the gratification of her vanity, with the happiness of a man of worth, who truly loved her. She was, however, too reasonable not to allow herself to be convinced of the innocence of her lover of the crime laid to his charge, and to refuse to readmit him to her confidence and esteem.

The restlessness of Petrarch again recurred; he thought of leaving Avignon, and of revisiting Italy: the love of his country, and his dislike to Avignon, balanced in his heart his passion for Laura: with these, other motives combined to determine his departure. He passed a part of the autumn in preparation at Vaucluse, whence he went to Avignon, to take leave of Laura, whom he found at an assembly which she often frequented. "Her air," said he, "was more touching than usual. She was dressed perfectly plain, without pearls or any gay colours. Though she was not melancholy, she did not appear with her usual cheerfulness. She sung not, as usual, nor did she speak with that

sweetness which charmed every one. She was serious and thoughtful: she had the air of a person who fears an evil, of the nature of which he is ignorant. I sought in her looks, in taking my leave of her, a consolation for my own sufferings. Her eyes had an expression which I had never before beheld in them. I deposited to their keeping my heart and my thoughts, as to faithful friends, on whom I could depend. Her altered dress and air, her countenance, a certain concern mixed with grief which I perceived in her aspect, predicted the sorrows that threatened me." Touched with the appearance and manners of Laura, Petrarch could, with difficulty, restrain his tears; while Laura seemed scarcely equal to sustain the idea of, perhaps, an eternal separation from so true and devoted a friend. When the hour of his departure arrived, she regarded him with a look so tender, pure, and affecting, as had nearly subdued the resolution for which he had so painfully struggled. "Must I never," says he, "see again that beautiful face, those kind looks which relieve the tender heart?"

The situation in which Petrarch left Laura, on his departure from Avignon, filled his mind with inquietude, and haunted his imagination with terrible forebodings. The plague, which at that

period ravaged Europe, and which carried off many of his friends, added to his anxiety. His correspondents informed him, in their letters, that his beautiful mistress was so changed since his absence, as scarcely to be known by those who were not in the habit of constantly seeing her. "Heretofore," said he, "I saw her often in my dreams. Her angelic vision then consoled me; but at present it overwhelms and afflicts me. I think I see in her aspect compassion mixed with grief. I think I hear her thus speak to me: 'Recal that night, when, forced to part from you, I left you bathed in tears; I was not able to tell you then, nor would I have done so, but I will tell you at present, and you may believe me, you shall see me no more upon earth.' What a dreadful vision! Shall I learn only from dreams an account so interesting to me? Shall she herself come to announce it? No: it cannot be. Heaven and nature forbid!—Uncertain of my state, I sigh, I write, I fear, I hope: I am no longer what I was: I resemble a man who walks in a path of which he is not sure. I open my ears, but no one speaks of her I love: my soul floats between fear and hope: cruel departure! Why, if I am so soon to lose her, why separate myself from her?"

On the 6th of April, 1348, Petrarch was at Verona, his mind occupied by these dark presages, when, in a dream towards the morning, he seemed

to behold Laura, and held with her a long conversation. "Her appearance," said he, "was like that of the spring, and her head was crowned with oriental pearls. As she drew near to me she sighed, and gave me a hand which had long been the object of my tenderest wishes. 'Do you recollect,' she asked, 'her, who, by engaging the affections of your youth, led you from the common road of life?' While she spoke these words, which were accompanied with an air of modesty and earnestness, she sat down under a laurel and a beech, on the side of a brook, and commanded me to place myself by her." Having informed her lover that she was no longer an inhabitant of this world, and reproved him for his grief; "'To the spotless soul,' continued she, 'death is the deliverance from a darksome prison: it is no more than a sigh, or a short passage from one life to another. In the flower of my youth, when you loved me most, and when life was decked out in all its charms, then was it bitter, compared with the sweetness of my death. I felt, at this moment, more joy, than an exile returning to his wished-for country. There was but one idea that afflicted me: I was to leave you. I was moved with compassion.' 'Ah!' replied I, 'in the name of that truth, by which you were governed while on earth, and which now you more clearly

distinguish, in the bosom of him to whom all things are present, tell me, I conjure you, whether *love* gave birth to this compassion? Those rigours mixed with softness, those tender angers, and those delicious reconciliations, which were written in your eyes, have, for ever, kept my heart in uncertainty and doubt.' Scarce had I ceased to speak, when I beheld those heavenly smiles which have at all times been the messengers of peace. 'You have ever,' said she with a sigh, 'possessed my heart, and shall continue to possess it. But I was obliged to temper the violence of your passion by the movements of my countenance. It was necessary to keep you in ignorance. A good mother is never more solicitous respecting her child, than when she appears to be most in anger with him. How often have I said to myself, Petrarch does not love, he burns with a violent passion, which I must endeavour to regulate. But, alas! this was a difficult task for one whose fears and affections were likewise engaged. He must not, I said, be acquainted with the state of my heart. He admires so much what he sees without, that I must conceal from his knowledge what passes within. This has been the only artifice which I have used. Be not offended. It was a rein necessary to keep you in the right road. There was no other method by which I could preserve our souls. A thousand times has my coun-

tenance been lighted up with anger, while my heart has glowed with love; but it was my determined resolution, that reason, not love, should hold the sovereignty. When I saw you cast down with sorrow, I gave you a look of consolation. When you were on the brink of despair, my glances were still more tender; I addressed you with a softer air, and soothed you with a kind word: my apprehensions even altered the tone of my voice; you might see them impressed on my countenance. When you looked pale, and your eyes were bathed in tears, I said, he is very ill, he will certainly die if I take not pity on him. It was then that you had every succour which virtue could give, and then was you restored again to yourself. Sometimes you were like the fiery horse, fretted with the spur; it was then necessary that you should feel the bridle, and be managed with the bit. Such have been the innocent artifices by which I have led you on, without stain to my honour.' 'Ah!' said I, with a faultering voice, my eyes bedewed with tears, 'such sentiments, had I but courage to believe them, would amply recompense all my sufferings.' 'Faithless man!' said she, a little angrily, 'what motive can I have for this declaration, had it not been the true cause of that reserve and distance of which you so often complained? In all things else we were agreed; and honour and virtue were the bonds of our affection. Our love was mutual, an

least from the time that I was convinced of your attachment. While one discovered, the other concealed the flame; this was the only difference between us. You were hoarse with crying Mercy! Help! while I opened not my mouth. Fear and modesty permitted me not to reveal my sentiments. The flame which is confined burns more fiercely than that which is at liberty. Recollect the day when we were alone, and when you presented to me your sonnets, singing, at the same time, This is all my love dare say. I received them with kindness; and, after such a proof, could you doubt my affection? Was not this removing the veil? My heart was yours, but I chose to be mistress of my eyes. This you thought unjust; and yet, with what right could you complain? Were you not possessed of the nobler part? Those eyes, which have so often been withdrawn, because you merited this severity, have they not been restored to you a thousand times? How often have they regarded you with tenderness? and would, at all times, have done so, had I not dreaded the extravagance of your passion. But the morning advances; the sun is emerging from the ocean; it is with regret that I tell you we must now be separated. If you have any thing more to say to me, be quick, and regulate your words by the few moments that remain to use?' I had time only to add, 'My sufferings are

fully recompensed; but I cannot live without you: I would therefore know, whether I shall soon follow you?' She was already in motion to depart, when she said, 'If I mistake not, you shall remain a long time upon earth.'"

The inquietude of Petrarch was redoubled from these multiplied visions, which seemed to assure him of the fate of Laura. He waited with impatience for news from Avignon, but the plague had put a stop to all communications. On the 9th of May, 1348, he received, while at Parma, a letter from a friend, who resided in the same city with Laura, and who informed him, that she had died of the plague, on the 6th of April, the very day on which the vision had appeared to him. Laura had felt the first attacks of this disorder on the 3d of April, when she was seized with the fever and the spitting of blood. Being persuaded that she should not survive the third day, she immediately received the sacraments, and made her will; after which she tranquilly awaited her death. Though attacked with a malady that terrified all the world, her relations, friends, and neighbours, gathered round her, so greatly had she been beloved by those of her own sex. Seated on her bed, she appeared perfectly composed, while her companions were overwhelmed with grief and regret. 'We are going,' said they, 'to lose a friend and com-

panion, the soul of our innocent pleasures, who consoled us in our chagrins, and whose example was to us a living lesson. In losing her we lose all. Heaven takes her hence as a treasure of which we were not worthy.' Though not insensible to the distress of her friends, her last moments were occupied by sublimer considerations. She expired gently, and without struggle, like a lamp whose oil is gradually wasted. She appeared after her death as one who slumbers; death had not discomposed the serenity of her features. " Her road to heaven," says Petrarch, " was not to seek in death; she had long known and walked in its paths."

She died about six in the morning, April 6th, 1348. Her body was, on the same day, at vespers, carried to the church of the Franciscans, and interred in the chapel de la Croix, built by Hugues de Sade, her husband, close to the chapel of St. Ann, which had been erected by her father. In the year 1533, the remains of Laura were found there, with an Italian sonnet of Petrarch's; a circumstance which proved that the Laura of Petrarch was the same with Laura de Noves, wife of Hugues de Sade. It appears by her will, that, after some pious legacies, she left her husband her heir, to whom she had borne ten children, six boys and four girls. She was not happy in her nuptials, and experienced some trouble with her children. She lost her eldest

son in the flower of his age, and her eldest daughter gave pain to a mother so nicely sensible to her honour, by misconduct in her marriage state.

Modesty was the characteristic of Laura, whom neither her beauty, her birth, nor the fame she derived from the passion of Petrarch, could render vain or assuming. In her dress she was peculiarly elegant and magnificent, particularly in the ornaments of her head, and in the tasteful manner in which she disposed her hair: she sometimes wore a coronet of silver or gold, and sometimes, to vary her appearance, wreathes of natural flowers. Petrarch speaks of two rich dresses which she wore; one of purple, edged with azure, and embroidered with roses, in which he compares her to the Phœnix *; the other enriched with gold and jewels. This magnificence in her attire seems to have been adopted in conformity to her rank, and to the wishes of her family, rather than to any particular pleasure which she took in displaying her charms. She was peculiarly reserved in her behaviour towards the men, in a city in which the manners were dissolute and corrupt, and where great delicacy and caution was, on that account, the more necessary. An old lady, in her presence, once said, that life was preferable

* Naturalists describe the Phœnix with purple feathers, and a blue tail, strewed over with roses.

even to honour; a sentiment which Laura rebuked with becoming indignation. 'The grief of Lucretia,' she declared, 'ought to have rendered a poinard unnecessary.' But, notwithstanding the severity of her principles, her manners were courteous and elegant; she mingled with society, and in gay circles, where she knew how to unite wisdom and virtue with the graces, and to give even to austerity a charm. Her education seems not to have been superior to that of the ladies of her times, who were rarely taught either to read or write. Those who knew how to read, and who were seldom to be found but in convents, were esteemed prodigies of erudition, and treated with peculiar distinction.

Petrarch, speaking of Laura, says, "that her words had the dignity of nature, which raised her above her education; and that her voice was a source of continual enchantment, soft, angelic, and divine; that it could appease the wrath, dissipate the clouds, and calm the tempests, of the soul." Her mind was elevated, her temper sweet, and her life uniform and simple. Her health appears to have been prematurely weakened by domestic chagrins, and, probably, from an attachment which duty forbade her to encourage, and which, in secret, preyed on her heart.

The grief of Petrarch for her loss, susceptible

minds may conceive. "I dare not think of my condition," says he, "much less can I speak of it." He passed several days, without nourishment, abandoned to the most poignant sorrow. On the MS. of Virgil (ornamented with paintings, by Simon de Sienna), Petrarch's favourite book, he wrote the following lines: "Laura, illustrious by her own virtues, and long celebrated in my verses, appeared to my eyes, for the first time, the 6th of April, 1327, at Avignon, in the church of St. Clair, at the first hour of the day: I was then in my youth. In the same city, on the same day, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this luminary disappeared from our world. I was then at Verona, ignorant of my wretched situation. That chaste and beautiful body was buried the same day, after vespers, in the church of the Cordeliers: her soul returned to its native heaven. To retrace the melancholy remembrance of this great loss, I have, with a pleasure mixed with bitterness, written it in a book to which I often refer. This loss convinces me, that there is no longer any thing worthy of living for. Since the strongest cord of my life is broken, with the grace of God, I shall easily renounce a world, where my cares have been deceitful, and my hopes vain and perishing."

From the Life of Petrarch, translated by Mrs. Dobson.

SAPPHO.

SAPPHO, so celebrated for her impassioned and elegant poetry, was a native of Mitylene, in the isle of Lesbos. She lived in the forty-second Olympiad, six hundred and ten years before the Christian æra. She composed a great number of odes, elegies, epigrams, epithalamiums, &c. and received from her contemporaries the title of the tenth muse. But few of her numerous productions have descended to posterity; yet those few justify the panegyrics which have been bestowed upon her. Her Hymn to Venus was preserved by Dionysus of Halicarnassus, who inserted it in his works as an example of perfection. Her well-known amatory ode was preserved by Longinus, as a specimen of equal excellence. Her poetry was held in great and just esteem by the ancients. "In Greece," says Tanaquillus Faber, "no productions were esteemed more elegant, exquisite, and beautiful, than those of Sappho." Mitylene boasted of the honour of her birth: in testimony of their respect for her memory, the Mitylenians stamped their coin with her image. The Romans afterwards erected a statue of porphyry to her honour. Both ancients and moderns have vied with each other in enthusiastic admiration of her genius and talents. Vostius affirms,

that none of the Greek poets excelled Sappho for the sweetness of her verse: he adds, that she took as her model the style of Archilochus, the severity of which she softened. Critics, historians, and poets, have, in every age, united in her praise. Catullus endeavoured to imitate the verse of Sappho, but with inferior success: nature, tenderness, and passion, breathe through all her productions.

She was married young to Cercala, one of the richest inhabitants of the isle of Andros, by whom she had a daughter, named Cleis. The parentage of Sappho is uncertain; she had three brothers, one of whom, called Charaxus *, she reproves for his infatuation with Rhodope or Doricha, a celebrated courtezan. She lost her husband not many years after their marriage, and determined against second nuptials.

She unhappily conceived a passion for Phaon, a beautiful youth, whom she followed into Sicily, where, as it is believed, she composed the Hymn to Venus. It is doubtful whether Phaon, of whom she complains with so much eloquence, was insensible to her tenderness or unfaithful to his vows: the latter, according to Ovid, appears to have been the case. Unable to recal her wandering lover, or to move his obdurate heart, she determined, by a perilous expedient, to put

* Charaxus sold Lesbian wines in Egypt.

an end to her sufferings and mortification, and to extinguish, with her life, her unfortunate passion. For this purpose she threw herself from the promontory of Leucas into the sea. This promontory, entitled the lover's leap, was resorted to by those who had suffered disappointment in their affections, as an effectual cure for their sorrows. According to tradition, though the self-devoted victims should escape with life, which was scarcely possible, they would experience from the leap a cure for their passion. Sappho is said to have been the first woman who tried the dangerous experiment, and perished in the trial.

An expression of Sappho's is recorded by Aristotle, to prove what the stoics affected to deny, that death is an evil. "The gods," said Sappho, "have judged it so; otherwise they would themselves die." Whether death is to be considered as an evil, must depend upon the degree of enjoyment which attends life: privation of good must always be evil; release from suffering desirable. Sappho herself acted upon this principle.

Alcæus, a contemporary poet, conceived a passion for Sappho; he wrote to her: "I wish to explain myself," said he, "but shame restrains me." "Your countenance would not blush," replied she, "if your heart were not culpable." Sappho professed to reconcile the love of pleasure and the love

of virtue. "Without virtue," said she, "nothing is so dangerous as riches: happiness consists in the union of both." "This person," she would also say, "is distinguished by his figure; that by his virtues: the one appears beautiful at first view; the other not less so on a second." It is possible that the licentiousness imputed to Sappho may be a calumny: the extreme sensibility of the Greeks, and the animated language in which they were, on all occasions, accustomed to express their feelings, may mislead a modern reader. Persons of licentious manners are seldom capable of the strong individual attachment which proved fatal to Sappho: neither is it, by any means, always a true criterion to judge of a writer by his works; still less of a poet, who professes to give the reins to his imagination.

After the death of her husband, Sappho devoted herself to letters, and undertook to inspire the Lesbian women with a taste for literature: many foreigners were, with her fair countrywomen, among her disciples. The Lesbian poetess was, like all persons of talents (*women* more especially), exposed to envy and slander: having neglected to conciliate her enemies, she provoked them by contempt and irony. Persecuted, and at length compelled to fly her country, she found an asylum in Sicily, where it was proposed to erect a statue to her honour.

Her poems, composed in a metre of which she was herself the inventress, abounded in a variety of novel and happy expressions, with which she is said to have enriched her native language. Of all the Grecian women who cultivated poetry, not one equalled Sappho; of men, very few, if any, surpassed her. She painted from nature and from genuine sensibility; her style was flowing and harmonious, her sentiments tender and voluptuous. From her descriptions of the symptoms and emotions of love, which were exquisite and unrivalled, the physician, Erasistratus, discovered the cause of the sickness of Antiochus, who was enamoured of his step-mother, Stratonice. In the Prytaneum of Syracuse was a beautiful statue of Sappho, the work of Silanion.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum, &c. &c.

ALEXANDRA SCALA.

ALEXANDRA was the daughter of Bartholomew Scala, a learned Florentine in the fifteenth century, who, by his talents, raised himself from a low origin to rank and honours. Alexandra, who displayed early a superior capacity, received from her father a learned education, in which she made an extraordinary proficiency. She married Michael

Marullus, a man of letters, a scholar, and a poet. The motive ascribed to Marullus in his choice of a bride is somewhat curious and singular. "He was not satisfied with being master of the Greek tongue, unless he could join to it the Roman eloquence; for which reason he married, at Florence, Alexandra Scala, a young woman of talents and learning *."

Politian, notwithstanding a literary animosity between himself and the father of Alexandra, which had been maintained with mutal bitterness, celebrated her praise in Greek verse; to which she replied in the same language, acknowledging her sense of his civilities. These verses appeared in print.

Marullus does not seem to have repented of his choice of a learned wife: among his poems are several written in her praise, both before and after marriage. Of one of these poems the following is a translation:

"My Scala, while I mark and trace
Your every charm, and every grace,
I own such beauty to be rare;
Yet others may be found as fair.
But, when your heav'nly charms I see,
From all immodest tincture free,
Then, let me perish, but I find
Scala the Phœnix of her kind.

* Paul Jovius, Elo. cap. xxviii.

While, last, as president of wit,
I see you with the muses sit;
Scala, no more a Phœnix, is
A goddess mixed with goddesses."

Alexandra Scala died in 1506.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

ANNA MARIA SCHURMAN.

The learned and ingenious Anna Maria Schurman was born at Cologn, Nov. 5th, 1607. Her parents were descended from noble protestant families. Anna Maria discovered from her early childhood extraordinary ingenuity. At six years of age she cut, with her scissars, without pattern or model, a variety of curious figures in paper. Two years afterwards, she learned in a few days to design flowers with great perfection; and, in her eleventh year, acquired, in three hours, the art of embroidering. She afterwards received instructions in music, in painting, in sculpture, and in engraving; in all of which she was admirably successful. It is observed, by Mr. Evelyn, in his History of Calcography, "That the very knowing Anna Maria Schurman is skilled in this art, with innumerable others, even for a prodigy of her sex!" Her hand-writing, specimens of which have been preserved by the curious in their cabi-

nets, was in all languages inimitably beautiful. Mr. Joby, in his journey to Munster, speaks of the beauty of her penmanship in Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and French, of which he had been an eye-witness: he also mentions her skill in miniature-painting; and in drawing, with the point of a diamond, portraits upon glass: she painted her own picture. She possessed the art of imitating pearls, which could not be distinguished from the originals, but by piercing them with a needle.

The powers of her understanding were not inferior to her ingenuity. At eleven years of age, being occasionally present at the lessons of her brothers, she frequently set them right by a whisper, when examined in their Latin exercises. Her father, observing her genius for literature, resolved to cultivate a capacity so uncommon: a foundation was thus laid for her future acquirements. Her proficiency in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, in which she wrote and spoke fluently, astonished the learned. She made great progress also in the oriental languages, the Arabic, Ethiopic, Chaldee, and Syriac. With the living languages, English, Italian, and French, she was not less conversant. She studied the sciences with equal success; geography, astro-

nomy, and physics. Her temper having early acquired a devotional cast, she at length exchanged for theology the more liberal pursuit of learning.

Her father had, during her infancy, settled at Utrecht, whence, for the improvement of his children, he removed to Franeker; where, in 1623, he died. On this event, his widow returned to Utrecht, where Anna Maria continued to devote herself to her studies. Her predilection for letters prevented her from engaging in more active life, and induced her to decline an advantageous establishment. Mr. Cots, pensionary of Holland, and a celebrated poet, who, when she was only fourteen years of age, had written verses in her praise, offered her his hand and heart.

Her modesty, no less singular than her knowledge, rendered her desirous of burying her acquirements in obscurity: it was in despite of her inclination that Rivetus, Spanheim, and Vossius, brought her forward to notice. To these may be added, Salmasius, Huygens, and Beverovicius, who, holding with her a literary correspondence, spread her fame through foreign countries. Her reputation, thus extended, procured her letters from Balzac, Gassendi, Mercennus, Rochart, Contart, and other men of eminence: while she was visited by princesses, and persons of the first dis-

tinction, cardinal Richelieu also honoured her with marks of his esteem.

About the year 1650 her religious sentiments underwent a revolution. Having declined attendance on public worship, she performed her devotions in private. It was reported that she meant to embrace popery. The truth was, she had attached herself to Labadie, the celebrated quietist, whose principles she embraced, and whom she accompanied wherever he went. She resided with him for some time at Altona, in Holstein, where she attended him at his death, in 1674. She retired afterwards to Wiewart, in Friesland, where she was visited by William Penn, in 1677. She died at Wiewart, the following year, May 5th, 1678. She chose for her device the words of St. Ignatius, "*Amor meus crucifixus est*," i. e. "My love is crucified."

Her works are, "De vitæ humanæ termino," *Ultrajact*, 1639. "Dissertatio de Ingenii muliebris ad doctrinam & meliores literas aptitudine," *Lugd. Bat.* 1641. These pieces, with letters in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and French, to her learned correspondents, were printed at Leyden, 1648, in 12mo. under the title of "A. M. a Schurman Opuscula, Hebræa, Græca, Latina, Gallica; prosaica & metrica," enlarged in the edition of

Utrecht, 1652. She wrote likewise, "Eukleria, seu melioris partis electio." This work, a defence of her attachment to Labadie, was, while she resided with him, printed at Altona, 1673.

Biographium Femineum—The Female Worthies.

MADELIENE DE SCUDERY.

MADELIENE DE SCUDERY, descended from an ancient and honourable house, was born at Havre de Grace, 1607. Educated with care under a sensible mother, she was distinguished while in her childhood for intellectual acuteness, for a lively imagination, and a just and delicate taste. In the endowments of her person, nature had been less liberal. By her wit, and the disadvantages of her figure, she obtained the name of Sappho, whose genius she emulated, with greater purity of manners. She came early to Paris, where her talents excited attention, and procured her admittance into the first literary circles. At the Hotel de Rambouillet, the centre of wit and knowledge, she was admitted a member, and soon celebrated as one of its brightest ornaments. Her fortune being limited, necessity first induced her to turn her thoughts to the press. Romances were the taste of the age, to which mademoiselle de Scudery gave a new and more refined turn.

Sentiments of honour, of heroism, and of virtue, were substituted for dissolute scenes and descriptions of intrigue; female manners were pourtrayed with delicacy and chasteness, and the passions refined from their grossness. Her books, which formed a new era in that species of writing, were bought with avidity, and read eagerly by persons of all ranks. To the name of Scudery, which her brother had already rendered celebrated, Madeliene added new lustre. The academy of the Ricovrati, at Padua, complimented her with a place in their society, in which she succeeded the learned Helena Cornaro. Every other academy, in which women were admitted, became ambitious of enrolling her among their members; while her merit and reputation procured her from all ranks and orders of people the most flattering testimonies of esteem and admiration. From the prince of Paderborn, bishop of Munster, she received, with a medal, a present of his works. Christina, queen of Sweden, with whom she corresponded, sent her her picture, and settled on her a pension. Cardinal Mazarine left her by his will a handsome annuity; as did also the chancellor Boucherat; and Lewis XIV. at the solicitation of madame de Maintenon, in 1683, settled on her a pension of 2000 crowns, which

was punctually paid. In a special audience, appointed by the monarch to receive her acknowledgments for this donation, he paid her many flattering compliments.

A curious accident befel this lady in a journey which she made with her brother. At a great distance from Paris, their conversation one evening, at an inn, turned upon a romance which they were then jointly composing, to the hero of which they had given the title of prince Mazare. 'What shall we do with prince Mazare?' said mademoiselle Scudery to her brother: 'is it not better that he should fall by poison, rather than by the poinard?' 'It is not time yet,' replied her companion, 'for that business; when it is necessary, we can dispatch him as we please; but at present we have not quite done with him!' Two merchants in the next chamber, overhearing this conversation, concluded they had formed a conspiracy for the murder of some prince, whose real name they disguised under that of Mazare. Full of this important discovery, they imparted their suspicions to the host and hostess, when it was unanimously determined to inform the police officer of what had happened. The officer, happy to shew his diligence and activity, put the travellers immediately under an arrest, and had them conducted, with a strong escort, to Paris.

It was not without difficulty and expence that they procured their liberation, and permission for the future to hold an unlimited right and power over all the princes and personages in the legends of fiction.

At Paris, the house of mademoiselle Scudery was the court of the muses, where all the talent and genius in the capital assembled. She died at the advanced age of ninety-four, 1701, of a rheumatic fever. Two churches contended for the honour of her remains, a point at length decided by the authority of the cardinal de Noailles, to whom the dispute was referred.

Her works were numerous: it is said by M. Coster, that she composed eighty volumes, an undoubted proof of great fertility of invention. She also acquired the first prize of eloquence in the academy of Paris. Her stories were generally founded on facts, disguised and intermingled with fiction. In her "Cyrus" is drawn the character o Louis de Bourbon, prince of Condé. In the romance of "Clelie," many circumstanees are related which occurred about that period in the court of France. Her narratives are tedious, and her descriptions prolix; but the praise of ingenuity, of elevated sentiment, and of purifying and enno-

bling that species of writing, cannot be denied to her.

The Female Worthies, or Memoirs of the most illustrious Ladies of all Ages, Nations, &c.—Ann Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings, &c.

ANNE DE SEGUIER.

Anne, daughter to Pierre Seguier (whose family gave to France so many illustrious magistrates), lord of Verriere, lieutenant-criminal au châtelet de Paris, married Francis du Prat, baron de Thiers, to whom she bore two daughters, Anne and Philipine, who were educated in the court of Henry III. Anne de Seguier inherited the talents of her family, and devoted her leisure to the cultivation of sacred poetry. Her poems are preceded by a prose dialogue between Virtue, Honour, Pleasure, Fortune, and Death. Her daughters emulated their mother in the cultivation of their minds, and were celebrated for their skill in the Greek and Latin languages, for their knowledge, and for their attainments in general literature.

Dictionnaire Historique, &c.—Ann Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France.

SEMIRAMIS.

THE account of the wonderful actions of Ninus and Semiramis, the period of whose existence and reign it would be difficult to determine, abounds in absurdity and contradiction. Semiramis, according to historians, was the wife of an officer, in the army of Ninus, king of Assyria, who, attracted by her beauty and artifices, married her, after the decease of her husband. Having gained over to her interest the principal men of the state, Semiramis, it is said, prevailed on Ninus to invest her with the sovereign power for five days. A decree was accordingly issued that, during this period, the nation should implicitly obey the commands of the queen. Semiramis began the exercise of the authority imprudently entrusted to her by causing her husband to be put to death, that she might secure to herself the sovereignty. This account is denied by some historians, but all are agreed that she succeeded Ninus in the empire; when, ambitious of immortalising her name, she built Babylon in one year, and employed two millions of men in accomplishing so stupendous and magnificent a work. Her statue was erected in the famous temple of Hierapolis, where divine honours were paid to her memory.

Other writers are of opinion, that the preceding circumstances have, without any other foundation, been extracted from terms improperly understood. Semiramis, according to these, signifies a people called Semarim, a title assumed by the ancient Babylonians from Semarim, whose badge, a dove (expressed Semramas), was used as an object of worship, and considered to be the same as Rhea, the mother of the gods. It was a common mode with the ancients to call a tribe or family by the name of its founder, and a nation by the head of the line. When the Ninevites performed a great action, it was ascribed to Ninus, supposed founder of Ninevah. Thus, as by Ninus the Ninevites are to be understood, so by Semiramus is meant a people called Semarim. In the history of those personages are recorded the great actions of the two nations: historians have thus been involved in difficulties and contradictions, by limiting to the life of individuals an historical series of ages. All that is attributed to Semiramus and Ninus was actually performed by Semarim, and the Ninivites, who conquered the Medes and Bactrians, and extended their dominions. These events, which took place ages after the foundation of the kingdoms, began under Pul of Nineve, and were carried on by Assur,

Adon, Salmanassar, Sennacherib, and others. Nineve was at last ruined, and the kingdom of Assyria was united to Babylon; an union alluded to in the supposed marriage of Semiramis and Ninus. It was then that Semarim accomplished the works attributed to Ninus and Semiramis. "Besides Babylon, which they built, there are," says Strabo, "almost over the whole face of the globe, vast mounds of earth*, walls, and ramparts, attributed to Ninus and Semiramis, in which were subterraneous passages of communication, banks for water, and staircases of stone: also vast canals to direct the course of rivers, with lakes to receive them; likewise highways and bridges of wonderful structure. They built the famous terraces at Babylon, and the beautiful gardens at Ecbatana: they discovered the art of weaving cotton, an invention attributed to those of their family who passed into Egypt. The Samarim of Egypt and of Babylonia were of the same family, sons of Chus, who came and settled among the Mizraim, under the name of shepherds."

By some historians, Semiramis is represented as a woman and a princess, who reigned in Babylon; by others as a deity. She was, says Athe-

* These were high altars, in which the people sacrificed to the sun.

nagoras, esteemed the daughter of Dercetus, the same as the *Suria Dea*, *Rhea*, &c. Thus by many *Rhea*, *Isis*, *Astarte*, *Atargatus*, and *Semiramis*, are one and the same deity. We have the testimony of Lucian, that they were so accounted by the Syrians of Hierapolis, who regarded them as different symbols relating to the same object. Semiramis was said to have been changed into a dove, because she was under that form depicted and worshipped. Hence it appears that Semiramis was merely an emblem, the name compounded of Sama-Ramas, or Ramis, which signified *the divine token*, the type of providence; or as a military ensign, interpreted, with some latitude, *the standard of the Most High*. The emblem consisted of the figure of a dove, probably encircled with the Iris, which is frequently represented with the dove. All who went under the standard, or worshipped this emblem, were styled Semarim. The title of Samarim, or Semiramus, did not relate to one person, but to many, and was particularly assumed by princes. The Cuthites, settled about Cochin and Madura, in India, and the great kings of Calecut, were styled Samarim, even in later times, when the countries were visited by the English and Portuguese. It is reported of this ideal personage, that she was exposed among the rocks, preserved

by a shepherd, and afterwards married to Menon. She is also said to have constructed the first ship. Simma is a personage made out of Sema, or Sama, *the divine token*; Menon is the *deus Lunus*, under which type the ark was reverenced in many regions. The ark being the first ship constructed, with which the dove was connected, the merit of building it was given to Semiramis, a name which, according to Hesychius, and others, signified a wild pigeon.

The critical and ingenious reader will probably extract some degree of interest and amusement from the preceding curious research into antiquity.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary, &c. &c.

MADAME SETURMAN.

MADAME SETURMAN, a native of Cologne, excelled in the arts, and acquired great reputation. She was a painter, a musician, an engraver, a sculptor, a philosopher, a geometrician, and a theologian. She understood and spoke nine languages.

New Biographical Dictionary.

THE MARCHIONESS DE SEVIGNE.

MARIE DE RABUTIN, daughter and heiress of the baron de Chantal, Bourbilli, &c. and of Mary de Coulanges, his wife, was born February 5th, 1626. While yet in her infancy, she was deprived of her father, who was killed July 22d, 1627, at the descent of the English upon the isle of Rhée, where he commanded a squadron of gentlemen volunteers. This loss was supplied to her by the cares and attentions of an affectionate and sensible mother, and of her uncle, Christopher de Coulanges, who superintended her education, and implanted in her mind the purest principles. She was early instructed in the Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages, and familiarised with the writings of the best authors. At eighteen years of age, she married Henry, marquis de Sévigné, descended from one of the most ancient houses of Brittany, to whom she bore a son and a daughter. Tenderly attached to her husband, whose disposition was gay and inconstant, she experienced many domestic sorrows, which were aggravated by the untimely death of the marquis, who fell in a duel with the chevalier d'Albret.

Thus left a widow in the bloom of her youth, she determined against a second engagement, and

devoted herself with exemplary attention to the duties of a mother. She was assisted in these cares by her uncle, a man of merit and talents, who attached himself through life to his neice, with whom he wholly resided, and who, on her part, repaid his kindness with the most grateful affection. The talents of madame de Sévigné, the propriety of her conduct, and the charms of her conversation, procured her the respect and esteem of the most distinguished persons of the age: her house was the resort of literature, and the temple of the muses. She is said to have decided the famous dispute between Perrault and Boileau, respecting the ancients and the moderns. 'The ancients,' said madame de Sévigné, 'are the finest, and we are the prettiest.'

Her children did credit to such a mother, who loved them with more than maternal tenderness: Charles, marquis de Sévigné, her son, was not less distinguished for his military talents, than for his engaging manners and elegant address: her daughter inherited the virtues and fine qualities of her mother. Mademoiselle de Sévigné married Francis de Castellane-Adhémar de Monteil, count de Grignan, lieutenant-general of the king's forces, and governor of Provence.

In giving her daughter to a nobleman of the court, madame de Sévigné flattered herself with

the hope of passing the remainder of her life near this beloved child. This expectation was, however, frustrated: monsieur de Grignan received an order from the king to repair to his government, where, in the absence of the duke de Vendome, he was obliged to command. The separation was equally affecting to the mother and daughter, in whose intercourse the charm and tenderness of equal friendship had been substituted for the authority and reserve of the parental and filial characters. It is to this absence that the world is indebted for those charming letters, so generally and deservedly admired and celebrated. Madame de Sévigné made long and frequent visits to her daughter.

Her last journey into Provence, in 1695, was to be present at the marriage of her grandson, the marquis de Grignan, with mademoiselle de St. Amant. Of these nuptials some account is given in her letters. Soon after this event, a long and dangerous illness of madame de Grignan deeply affected her mother, whose inquietude, at a period of life so advanced, undermined her health, and brought on a fever; when, after a sickness of fourteen days, she expired, Aug. 6th, 1696, at the age of seventy, under the roof of madame de Grignan.

The enlightened mind and admirable talents

of this amiable woman, proved insufficient to preserve her from the influence of superstition, and the contagion of the times. She appears to have exulted in the extirpation of protestantism in Provence, by the power of her son-in-law, count de Gregnan; she even speaks with levity of the sufferings of the huguenots, *dragooned* into the bosom of *the true church*. If in a mind of high cultivation, superior refinement, and exquisite sensibility, such is the effect of fanaticism, who shall calculate its ravages, marked as they have ever been with desolation and blood.

Madame de Sévigné left a valuable collection of letters, the best edition of which is that of 1754, at Paris, 8 vols. 12mo.

"These letters," says Voltaire, "filled with anecdotes, written with freedom, in an easy animated style, are an excellent criticism upon studied letters of wit, and still more upon those sublime fictitious letters, which aim to imitate the epistolary style by false sentiments, and a recital of feigned adventures to imaginary correspondents." To this may be added, the testimony of two men of the first literary rank, by one * of whom madame de Sévigné is declared to merit a place among the most illustrious women of her

* See Bayle's Letters, p. 652. Rotterdam, 1714, 12mo.

time. The other* declares himself her most zealous admirer, and "that her letters are, in his opinion, master-pieces in that species of writing, not to be paralleled by either ancients or moderns." Tenderness and sensibility are the characteristic of these letters, in which the sentiment is expressed with equal delicacy and vivacity. "The true mark of a good heart," says madame de Sévigné, "is its capacity for loving."

Dictionnaire Historique—Biographium Fœmineum—Ann Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France—Letters from the Marchioness de Sévigné to her Daughter.

LADY ARABELLA SEYMOUR.

ARABELLA, daughter of Charles Stuart, earl of Lenox (youngest brother of lord Darnley, who espoused Mary queen of Scots), was born in 1577. Her mother was the second daughter of sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, in the county of Derby, knt. The earl of Lenox died in his 29th year. Arabella, who had been his only child, was educated with extraordinary care: she possessed talents above the common order, and had a facility in poetical composition. Her papers are still preserved in the Harleian and

* The president Bouhier.

Longbeat libraries. Her affinity to the crown involved her in perpetual misfortunes. It appears, from a passage in Mr. Ogleby's Negociations in Spain, in 1596, that she was under restraint during the latter period of the reign of Elizabeth. He observes, that the queen of England refused to deliver her up to the king of Scots, who purposed marrying her to the duke of Lenox, in Scotland, with an intention, having at that time no issue, of making the duke his heir and successor. The pope also formed a design of raising her to the throne of England, by espousing her to cardinal Farnese, brother to the duke of Parma. This project seems to have been favoured by Henry IV. of France, from an apprehension lest England, when united to Scotland, under the same monarch, should become too powerful. Soon after the accession of James, a conspiracy was entered into by some English lords, through jealousy of the Scots, to kill the king, and bestow the crown on Arabella. This transaction, which was discovered and the conspirators punished, appears to have occasioned the confinement of Arabella to her own house, and to have ultimately proved destructive both to her health and fortunes. She was, however, restored to favour, and received from the king, as a new-year's gift, a service of plate, worth 200l.

and a thousand marks to pay her debts, with a yearly addition to her income. She was soon after, without the consent of James, privately married to Mr. William Seymour, second son to the earl of Hertford, afterwards earl and marquis of Hertford, and at length restored to the dukedom of Somerset. On the secret of their marriage being divulged, they were both committed to the Tower. After the imprisonment of a year, they contrived, though under the charge of different keepers, to escape at the same time. The court was on the intelligence seized with an alarm, and a proclamation was issued for their apprehension. Arabella had escaped in man's apparel, from a house near Highgate, whence she was to have been sent the next day to Durham. Having arrived at Blackwall, about six in the evening, a boat was prepared ready to receive her, and another filled with baggage for herself and her husband. They rowed first to Woolwich, and then proceeded to Gravesend. At the dawn of day they had reached Lee, when they discovered at anchor, a mile beyond them, a French barge, which waited their coming. Here the lady Arabella was desirous of waiting for her husband; but, through the importunity of her companions, was induced to go on. Mr. Seymour, by this circumstance, missed the vessel.

A pinnace was, in the mean time, dispatched by government in pursuit of the fugitives. The barge, lingering in expectation of Seymour, was overtaken, and, after enduring thirteen shot from the pinnace, compelled to strike. Arabella, who was brought back to the Tower, rejoiced in the midst of her distress at the probable escape of her husband. The remainder of her life was spent in close and melancholy confinement, which at length deprived her of reason. Death, after a period of four years, put an end to her sorrow. She expired, not without suspicion of poison, Sept. 27th, 1615, and was interred with Mary queen of Scots, in Henry VIIth's chapel.

Ballard's British Ladies—History of England, &c.

LADIES ANNE, MARGARET, AND JANE SEYMOUR.

These ladies, sisters, were celebrated for their learning in the sixteenth century. They composed four hundred Latin distichs on the death of the queen of Navarre, Margaret de Valois, sister to Francis I. These verses were soon after translated into Greek, French, and Italian, and printed at Paris in 1551, under the title of "Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois, Reine de Navarre." Nicholas Denisot, preceptor to the learned sisters,

Venus and Pallas claim'd this maid,
Each as her right alone;
But death superior power display'd,
And seiz'd her as his own.

Her virgin dust this mournful tomb
Its kindred earth contains;
Her soul, which fate can ne'er consume,
In endless glory reigns."

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum.—Ballard's British Ladies, &c.

CATHERINE SFORZA.

CATHERINE, grand-daughter of Francis Sforza, duke of Milan, and natural daughter of Galeazzo Maria Sforza, is renowned for her courage and great qualities. She espoused Jerom Riario, lord of Forli and of Imola, the lordship of which she brought to her husband as a dowry, her father having possessed himself of it by taking advantage of the dissensions between Tadeo Manfredi, lord of Imola, and his son, in 1472. Several children were the fruit of these nuptials, among whom Octavio Riario inherited the estates of his parents, which he held of the see of Rome. Catherine, left a widow at two-and-twenty years of age, with an infant son, held, during his minority, the reins of government with equal vigour and address. In the tumults occasioned by the expedi-

tion of the French into Italy, 1494, Catherine neglected not to advance the interests of her states. Forli was, in the year 1500, besieged by the duke of Valentenois, son of Alexander VI. Catherine, with great intrepidity, defended the fortress, but, unable to resist the superior force of the enemy, she was at length compelled to surrender, made prisoner, and sent to Rome, where she was confined in the castle of Angelo.

She was soon after liberated, at the intercession of Ives d'Allegre, and privately married to John de Medicis, on whose account she performed great services to the Florentines, and to Ludovic Sforza, duke of Milan, a friend of the Medici family. She is commended by Varillas, a French historian, for her talents, her courage, her policy, her beauty, and the military powers she displayed during the siege of Forli. Her estates, taken by the duke of Valentenois, were never recovered, but, after the death of Alexander VI. were reunited to the holy see.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary, &c.

ISABELLA SFORZA.

ISABELLA SFORZA, who deserves a place in the catalogue of learned women, lived in the sixteenth century. Some of her letters are inserted in a collection published at Venice, by Hortensio Lando, 1549. Among these is a letter of consolation, written to Bonna Sforza, widow of the king of Poland, lately deceased. Also one to Margaret Bobbia, in vindication of poetry. This collection of letters is referred to by Christofano Bronzini, in a dialogue, in which one of the speakers is represented as denying the capacity of women to put together in writing two words (*i. e.* sentences more probably was meant by this man of straw). His adversary, in reply, quotes the collection of female letters, published by Hortensio Lando, the propriety, ingenuity, elegance, and elocution of which he praises, distinguishing more particularly those of Isabella Sforza.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

FRANCES SHERIDAN.

In the family of this lady, wit and genius appear to be hereditary. Frances, descended from an English family, and grand-daughter of sir Oliver Chamberlaine, was born in Ireland, in 1724. During the disputes relative to the theatre, in which Mr. Thomas Sheridan (son of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the friend and biographer of Swift) had embarked his fortune, Miss Chamberlaine distinguished herself by a small pamphlet, which excited the attention of the public, and the curiosity of Mr. Sheridan to be introduced to his fair champion. An attachment afterwards took place, which terminated in a matrimonial engagement. Mrs. Sheridan, with superior talents and engaging manners, was exemplary in every relative duty. Her admirable Domestic Tale of Sydney Biddulph is well known, and justly esteemed by the public. She was also the author of a small romance, entitled Nourjahad, which possesses considerable merit. She likewise wrote two comedies, "The Discovery," cr. 8vo. 1763; and "The Dupe," cr. 8vo. 1765. After lingering some years in ill health, she died at Blois, in the south of France, 1767.

New Biographical Dictionary.

SOPHRONIA.

SOPHRONIA, a name given to the lady of a Roman governor, commended by Eusebius, and other writers, for her courage and chastity. The tyrant, Maxentius, was in the habit of sending his soldiers into the houses of his subjects, to bring forcibly to him the wives or daughters of the citizens, whose beauty or accomplishments had captivated his licentious fancy. A permission having been extorted from the husband of Sophronia, the soldiers brought to her the royal summons. Under pretence of adorning her person to appear before the emperor, Sophronia was permitted to retire alone to her chamber, where she plunged a sword into her bosom; justly preferring death to submitting to the brutal lust of a despot.

The Female Worthies, &c.

SULPICIA.

SULPICIA, or SULPITIA, a Roman lady, daughter of Sulpicius Parterculus, and wife to Fulvius Flaccus, is celebrated for the purity of her manners. Great dissoluteness having prevailed among the women of Rome, the books of the sybils were consulted for a remedy to these disorders, when, from

the report made by those appointed to the office, it was decreed by the senate, that a statue should be erected to *Venus Verticordia*, or the converter of hearts, and that the most virtuous of the Roman ladies should consecrate the statue of the goddess. For this purpose, an hundred women were first selected; from this number ten were chosen, all of whom were unanimous in appointing Sulpicia for the sacred office. This event took place in the year 639 of Rome. It does not appear that the honour conferred upon Sulpicia proved efficacious in the reform of female manners. A temporary incitement to laudable ambition was quickly overpowered in the luxury and corruption of the times, which continued to increase, till Julius Cæsar, in a revolution of the state, made himself master of the commonwealth. The moral and political barometer of nations will ever rise and fall in exact proportions.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum.

DOROTHY,

COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND.

DOROTHY, daughter of Robert Sidney, earl of Leicester, married Henry lord Spencer, of Wormleighton, during his minority. On the 8th of June, 1643, he was created earl of Sunderland; and, in the same year, killed at the first battle of Newbury,

in the twenty-third year of his age. His widow afterwards gave her hand to Robert Smythe, esq. of the Bounds, in the parish of Bidborough, in Kent, whom she also survived. One son was the fruit of her second marriage, Robert Smythe, governor of Dover castle in the reign of Charles II. This lady was the sacharissa of Waller: she was an amiable woman, and fond of retirement. Having met Waller one day, when she was far advanced in life, she asked him 'when he would write such fine verses upon her again?' 'When your ladyship,' he replied, 'is as young again.' She survived her husband forty years, and was buried with him, in the same vault, at Brington, in Northamptonshire, Feb. 25, 1683-4.

Granger's Biographical History of England.

THE COUNTESS DE LA SUZE.

Born in Paris, 1618, daughter of the count de Coligni, a marshal of France, and grand-daughter of the famous admiral Coligni, this lady was first married to Thomas Hamilton, a Scotch nobleman, and after his decease to the count de la Suze, with whom she led a wretched life. His unhappy temper, and extreme jealousy, induced him to seclude from society a woman who was formed to be its delight and ornament. Shut up in a country-house, at a great distance from the capital, the countess,

impatient of constraint, determined, as a means of eluding the tyranny of her husband (who professed the huguenot faith), to abjure her religion, and take shelter in the catholic church. It was on this occasion said by Christina of Sweden, that Henriette de la Suze changed her religion, that she might escape the society of her husband both in this world and the next.

This schism for a time appearing to aggravate the misery of her situation, she solicited a divorce, and, to procure the consent of the count, offered him 25000 crowns. The terms were accepted, and the marriage dissolved by the parliament. In consequence of this event the pecuniary affairs of the countess became involved in embarrassment, an evil light in comparison with those she had escaped, and to which she submitted with fortitude. On this subject a whimsical anecdote is related. One morning, at eight o'clock, an execution was brought into her house. Being informed by her woman of this circumstance, she desired to speak with the officer. Having not yet risen, the man was introduced into her bed-chamber. 'Sir,' said she, 'I have had very little sleep the past night, and I must entreat your patience an hour or two longer.' 'Certainly, madam,' replied the officer, politely, and immediately withdrew. The countess then

composed herself to sleep, and awoke not till ten o'clock, when she arose and dressed to fulfil an engagement to dinner. She thanked the officer for his civility, as she passed out of her apartment, and, tranquilly hastening to her appointment, left him master of the house.

Having a suit at law with madame de Châtillon, madame de la Suze pleaded her cause before the parliament of Paris. These two ladies meeting one day in the court, monsieur de la Feuillade, who accompanied the former, thus addressed the latter, who was escorted by Benserude and several other poets of reputation, 'You, madam, have rhyme on your side, and we have reason.' 'It cannot be said, then,' replied the countess, with an air of contempt, 'that we plead without rhyme or reason.'

Madame de la Suze, unfortunate in her domestic connections, became melancholy and attached to solitude. She indulged her feelings in plaintive and elegiac effusions, full of tenderness and passion. Her thoughts are said to have been just and elevated, and her language poetical, but her rhymes inharmonious. Her songs, madrigals, and odes, were inferior to her elegies, which abounded in delicate and fine turns of sentiment. Her poems are printed in a collection in four vols. 12mo. with those of Pelisson and madame de Scudery. She died at Paris, esteemed and lamented, in 1673.

She was the subject of many eulogiums. Madamoiselle de Scudery, in her romance of Clelia, thus describes her: "Hesiode, sleeping upon Parnassus, sees the muses in a dream, who shew to him the poets in their order of succession. 'Behold,' says Calliope, speaking of the countess de la Suze, 'behold a woman who, with the form of Pallas, the beauty, the softness, the expression, and the air of Venus, possesses yet more wit than beauty, though adorned by a thousand charms.'" Charleval, one of the most celebrated wits of his age, addressed to madame de la Suze a copy of verses, in which he highly extols her genius, and compares her to Sappho.

Biographium Fœmineum—The Female Worthies, &c.—Ann Thickneſſe's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France—Dictionnaire Historique des Femmes Célébres.

MARY SYDNEY,

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

MARY, daughter of sir Henry Sydney, knight of the Garter, lord deputy of Ireland, and lord president of Wales, and of his wife the lady Mary, eldest daughter of John duke of Northumberland, was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, and lived during the reigns of Elizabeth and of James. Sir Philip Sydney, the celebrated author of the

Arcadia, was brother to this lady, who, in 1576, married Henry earl of Pembroke. Three children were the fruit of this marriage; William, who succeeded to the titles and estates of his father, and from whom the present family is descended; Philip and Anne, who died young. These nuptials were projected by Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, uncle to the countess, whose fortune, on this occasion, he increased.

The countess of Pembroke had received a liberal education, and was distinguished among the literary characters of the age for a highly cultivated mind and superior talents. Congenial qualities and pursuits united her with her brother, sir Philip Sydney, in bonds of strict friendship. Sir Philip dedicated to his beloved sister his Arcadia, under the title of "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." To her also Mr. Abraham Fraunce devoted his poetic and literary labours. The countess possessed a talent for poetical composition, which she assiduously cultivated. She translated from the Hebrew into English verse many of the Psalms, which, bound in velvet, are said to be preserved in the library at Wilton. She is represented in her picture holding in her hand a book of Psalms. She also translated and published "A Discourse of Life and Death, written in French by Philip Morney, done into English by the Countess of Pembroke, dated May 13, 1590,

Wilton: printed at London for William Ponsonby, 1600, 12mo." Likewise, "The Tragedie of Antonie: done into English by the Countess of Pembroke, 12mo. London, 1595." This little work contains, though not paged, fifty-four leaves. She loved learning, and was a patroness of letters. Dr. Mouffet was allowed by her a yearly pension: her liberality and her taste for letters are also spoken of by Mr. Giles Jacob.

She survived her husband twenty years, and, having lived to an advanced age, died at her house in Aldersgate-street, London, Sept. 25, 1602. She was interred with the Pembroke family, in the chancel of the cathedral at Salisbury, without any monument. The following lines, designed as an inscription for her tomb, were written by the celebrated Ben Johnson:

"Underneath this sable herse,
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble piles let no man raise
To her name, for after-daies
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner, and her tomb."

Sir Francis Osborn, in his Memoirs of the Reign of James, thus speaks of the countess of Pembroke: "She was that sister of sir Philip Sydney to whom he addressed his Arcadia, and of whom he had no other advantage than what he received from the partial benevolence of fortune (i. e. *nature*) in making him a man, which yet she did, in some judgments, recompence in beauty, her pen being nothing short of his, as I am ready to attest, so far as so inferior a reason may be taken, having seen incomparable letters of hers. But lest I should seem to trespass upon truth, which few do unsuborned (as I protest I am, unless by her rhetoric), I shall leave the world her epitaph, in which the author doth manifest himself a poet, in all things but untruth."

Wood * ascribes to sir Philip Sydney the translation of the Psalms, which he says are in manuscript in the library of the earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, bound in crimson velvet, and left by the countess; some Psalms by whom are however printed in Mr. Hartington's Nugæ Antiquæ, 3 vols. 12mo.

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum, &c.

* Athen. Oxon. vol. I. p. 284.

TANAQUIL.

TANAQUIL, wife to Tarquinius Priscus, king of Rome, was born at Tarquinii, in Tuscany. She married Lucumon, whose father being expelled from Corinth, his native city, fled to Tarquinii: his wealth, which was conſiderable, was inherited by his son. Lucumon, who, in eſpouſing Tanaquil, became allied to the nobleſt families in Tarquinii, flattered himſelf with being raiſed to the firſt dignities of the city: this ambition was defeated by his birth and foreign extraction. Tanaquil, humiliated by loſing her rank, and incenſed at the indignities ſuffered by her huſband, determined to quit her native city, and to ſeek a place where ſhe would be leſs ſubjected to mortification. She preſſed her huſband to go to Rome, where, without reſpect to adventitious circumſtances, preferment waited on merit. Lucumon liſtened to her repreſentations, and conſented to her wiſhes.

A preſage of good fortune is ſaid to have attended them on their journey. As they arrived at mount Janiculus, before they entered Rome, an eagle gently alighted upon their chariot, and, taking off the cap of Lucumon, hovered for ſome time over the carriage: at length, with a loud outcry, he reſtored the cap to the head of its maſter, and

took his flight. Tanaquil, embracing her husband, congratulated him on this incident, which she assured him forboded great fortune. Elated with hope, they entered Rome, where Lucumon assumed the name of Tarquinius. Having gained the esteem of the Romans, he insinuated himself into the favour of the king, who advanced him to the highest offices. He at length aspired to the throne, and succeeded in his ambition: he reigned thirty-seven years, and in the thirty-eighth was assassinated in his palace.

Tanaquil suffered not herself to be overwhelmed by this blow, however severe: by her address and influence she secured the succession to her son-in-law, Servius Tullius, whose elevation she had before predicted. Servius Tullius was born and educated in the palace of the king. A flame, according to the legend, was seen one day hovering over his head as he slept: the attendants, alarmed, were about to extinguish it, but Tanaquil prevented them, and, taking her husband aside, told him that this child would one day support the royal family in their adversity, and that care ought to be taken of his education. When the infant awoke, the flame disappeared. The advice of Tanaquil was followed; Servius received a princely education, and espoused the daughter of his benefactor. The father of the prince, it is believed, was Servius Tullius, who was slain in defending his principality of Corniculum, a

town of Italy, besieged and taken by Tarquinius. His mother, who was taken captive in a state of pregnancy, gave birth to a son in the palace of Tarquinius, to whom the youth succeeded.

The memory of Tanaquil, whose history is thus mingled with fable, was long held in veneration at Rome, where the work of her hands was sacredly preserved. Varro, a contemporary with Cicero, assures us, that he had seen, in the temple of Sangus, the distaff-spindle of Tanaquil, with the wool with which she had been spinning: also, that a royal robe which she had wrought, and which was worn by Servius Tullius, was preserved in the temple of Fortune. Pliny adds, that, on this account, young women were, at their nuptials, followed by a person bearing the distaff and spindle with wool and yarn. He affirms likewise, that Tanaquil was the first who wove the garments which were given to the youth of Rome when they attained the age of manhood, and to the maidens on their espousals.

Though illustrious as a queen and as a politician, Tanaquil, as these emblems seem to imply, neglected not the humbler duties of domestic life. Great virtues were ascribed to her girdle. The Romans had a tradition, that Tanaquil having made important discoveries in medicine, had enclosed or incorporated with her girdle certain drugs or remedies, which the sick were solicitous to procure. This girdle

was placed around her statue in the temple of Sancus, a Roman deity known by the name of *Dius Fidius*. Tarquinius, or Tarquin, was less known to fame than his wife, by whom it appears he acquired the regal dignity. "The admirable virtues of that queen," says St. Jerom, "are too deeply impressed upon the memory of all ages ever to be forgotten." If some satirists (as Juvenal) have ridiculed Tarquin for the ascendancy which his wife possessed over his mind, it should be remembered, that to this ascendancy he was indebted for his good fortune.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum.

TELESILIA,

A noble poetess of Argos, who being advised by the oracle (which she consulted respecting her health) to the study of the muses*, attained in a short time such excellence, as to animate, by the power of her verse, the Argive women to repel, under her conduct, Cleomenes the Spartan king, and afterwards king Demaratus, from the siege of Pamphiliacum, with great loss.

* This prescription properly intimates, that by the activity of the mind the body is invigorated.

THEANO.

A TRIPLE name of considerable celebrity. The first of this name was Theano Locrencis, a native of the city of Locri, and surnamed Melica, from the melody of her songs and lyric poems. The second was a poetess of Crete, said by some historians to have been the wife of Pythagoras. The third, Theano Thuria, or Metapotino, the wife of Carystius, or, according to others, of Brantinus of Cretona, and daughter of the poet Lycophron. The three are mentioned by Suidas. There are three epistles by Theano (but which of the Theanos is not determined) published, with the epistles of several ancient Greek authors, at Venice, by Aldus.

MRS. THOMAS.

THE life of Mrs. Thomas, known to the public by the poetical name of Corinna, affords an interesting picture, and displays a tissue of calamities that can scarcely fail to excite the sympathy and commiseration of the reader. Born in 1675, she seems to have inherited from her father, who was far advanced in life, and whose health had been long infirm, an unhappy constitution, rendered yet more delicate and feeble by the injudicious tenderness with

which she was nurtured. From her infancy she was afflicted with fevers and defluxions; but, with these physical disadvantages, she possessed a gay and lively temper, and gave early promise of a vigorous intellect. Before she had completed her second year, the death of her father, of whose circumstances his family, from his expensive manner of living, had formed an erroneous calculation, involved them in embarrassment and distress. Her mother had, at the age of eighteen, from motives of ambition and avarice, sacrificed her youth and beauty to infirmity and age: but on the decease of her husband, it was not without difficulty that she was enabled to defray the expences of an ostentatious funeral. Having, in this reverse of her situation, disposed of her house in town, and another in Essex, she prudently retired, with her infant daughter, and the small remnant of her effects, into economical lodgings in the country.

In this situation she unfortunately formed an acquaintance with a pretender to alchymy, by whom, under the pretence of preparing an apparatus for the discovery of the philosopher's stone, or the art of transmuting metals into gold, she suffered herself to be defrauded of three hundred pounds. In the moment of the expected projection, the works were blown up, and the golden dreams of the credulous widow rudely dissipated.

The projector had, in the intervals of his labour,

officiated as tutor to the young Corinna, whom he instructed in the rudiments of Latin, arithmetic, and the mathematics, for which she discovered a particular predilection. The widow was for some time so much affected by the dissolution of her emperical visions, added to her loss and mortification, that she suffered her health to be impaired by the indulgence of her grief: time, at length, softening the keen sense of her folly, she determined to make those exertions for herself and her child which were become more than ever necessary. Having made application to the friends and clients of her late husband, and received a promise of their services, she took a house in Bloomsbury, where, by economy and a genteel appearance, she concealed the state of her finances.

Being one day visited by the duke of Montague, he advised her to let a part of her house. She appeared not averse to this idea, but objected to receiving ordinary lodgers, for which she conceived her former habits had unfitted her: yet she intimated, that she should not object to accommodating a respectable family. The duke offered to become himself her tenant. 'Be assured,' said he, observing her smile incredulously, 'I am serious. I want more freedom than my rank will allow me at home; I could wish occasionally to come here unrestrained, with some honest fellows of my acquaintance, whose

society I love, and eat a bit of mutton.' The arrangement, under which the duke concealed deeper views, was immediately concluded upon: it was agreed that her noble lodger should pass at Bloomsbury for a Mr. Freeman, of Hertfordshire.

In a few days a dinner was ordered for himself and his friends, under the familiar appellations of Jack and Tom, Will and Ned, plain honest country gentlemen. At the time appointed the widow was introduced, not without surprise, to the duke of Devonshire, lords Buckingham and Dorset, a viscount and his son, William Dutton Colt. Several meetings had taken place, when the hostess was informed by her noble guest, who had conceived a high and just opinion of her integrity, that the subject of these conferences was a projected revolution in the state. This event being at length effected, the rendezvous was broken up, and the widow, on parting with her guests, received a promise of obtaining either a pension, or a place in the household, as a recompence of her zeal and services, and a compensation for the loss of the shattered wreck of her fortune by the closing of the Exchequer.

The dreams of the alchymist, and the courtiers' promises, proved alike illusive: in the change of measures and circumstances the widow was quickly forgotten. The duke of Montague, it is true, continued to make flattering professions of service; and

when his late hostess solicited him, as captain of the band of pensioners, to bestow a post on a Mr. Gwynnet, a young gentleman who had long addressed her daughter, actually assented to her request, on condition that the bride elect should apply to him in person. The guileless mother overwhelmed her generous benefactor with grateful acknowledgments, and instantly hastened to inform her daughter of their flattering prospects, when, to her extreme surprise, she received from Corinna, who had been accustomed to yield to her commands an implicit obedience, a peremptory refusal to avail herself of the bounty of the noble duke. Compelled at length to explain the motives for a conduct so unreasonable and extraordinary, the young lady confessed that his grace had, as a recompence for the hospitality and fidelity he had uniformly experienced under their roof, attempted to allure her from the paths of chastity. To this she added, that in the condition he had annexed to his services to her lover, she had but too just cause to fear a renewal of his dishonourable purposes. The feelings of a mother upon such an occasion require no description: equally unnecessary is it to comment upon the *generous* conduct of the courtier.

The mind of Corinna had been highly cultivated by a perusal of the best authors, while, as her taste refined, her sentiments became delicate and elevated,

and her character strongly tinctured with those virtues which

"The sons of interest deem romance."

Their circumstances becoming daily more perplexed and involved, she remonstrated with her lover on the inequality of their fortunes and prospects, and the imprudence of the connection which he solicited. The attachment of Mr. Gwynnet, who was already in a great degree independent of his family, was increased by the delicacy and disinterestedness of his mistress; nor was it long before he gained the consent of his father to an union in which his happiness was so deeply involved. With this sanction he returned to London, to claim the reward of his affection and fidelity.

Mrs. Thomas being at this time in an infirm state of health, her amiable daughter refused, in her own better prospects, to abandon her mother to the care of strangers. She replied to the solicitations of her lover, that as she had not thought sixteen years too long a period to wait for him, she hoped he would not consider six months as tedious, in expectation of receiving, at the end of that time, the recompence of his generous constancy. 'Six months at present, my Corinna,' he replied, with a sigh, 'are more than the sixteen years that are passed—you now defer our union, and God will put it off for ever.' His words were prophetic. The next day he re-

turned into the country and made his will, by which he bequeathed to Corinna six hundred pounds: he sickened shortly after, and expired April 16th, 1711. To express the feelings of his mistress on this event language is inadequate:—'Sorrow,' said she, 'has been my portion ever since.'

The deed of conveyance, by which the father of Mr. Gwynnet had empowered his son to dispose of his effects, with the will which he had in consequence made, were suppressed by his brother. Corinna was impelled to seek a legal resource. Her adversary, not satisfied with the injury he had already done her in defrauding her of her right, added baseness to injustice, endeavouring, by the vilest means, to suborn persons to blast the character of the innocent victim of his rapacity; but, in this instance, to the credit of human nature be it spoken, he could find no agent, or probably his bribes were not sufficiently high, to aid his barbarous and atrocious purpose.

Corinna, from respect to the memory of her deceased lover, offered terms of accommodation, and, on condition of receiving two hundred pounds immediately, and two hundred more at the end of the year, consented to relinquish the remainder of her claim. The first payment was accordingly made, which she instantly divided among the creditors of her mother. When the second payment became

due, Mr. G. bid her defiance, and stood a suit on his own bond, which was carried on through four terms, from court to court, and at length brought to the bar of the house of lords. Here Gwynnet, aware of the infamy which awaited him, thought proper to stop and pay the money before the cause was brought to a hearing. Corinna had, in the course of the suit, been obliged to sign an instrument to empower the lawyers to receive the money, and pay themselves the costs. The consequences may be foreseen: thirteen pounds sixteen shillings was the residue which these conscientious gentlemen, who sell justice very dear, paid into her hands.

Reduced by this event to the necessity of retiring from her creditors to obscurity and want, she was betrayed by a pretended friend, and thrown into prison. But the measure of her misfortunes was not yet filled up. In April, 1711, she accidentally swallowed, while speaking hastily, the middle bone of the wing of a fowl, which being of a large size, the bone was more than three inches in length. For the first few days she felt no inconvenience from this accident; at length she became sensible to a weight and oppression at her stomach, and was seized with a dysentery, attended with violent and constant pain, fainting fits and convulsions, which were followed by a malignant fever. For two years these deplorable sufferings continued to harass her without

intermission, and baffled the skill of the faculty. She was at length ordered to Bath, where she experienced a temporary relief, and where she continued for some years in a state of comparative health and ease, though involved by an unjust executor in an eight-years' suit of law.

Deprived from repeated acts of cruelty and injustice of the means of support, she suffered a close imprisonment, in want even of the necessaries of life, and for two years was obliged to lie on the boards. During this period she experienced no inconvenience from the bone she had swallowed. But on recovering her liberty, and beginning to take the exercise of which she had been so long deprived, her stomach and head began to swell, and rapidly increased to an alarming size. After having tried in vain the efficacy of medicine, her case was pronounced to be an incurable dropsy. Nature, at this crisis, unexpectedly relieved itself; in twelve hours she voided or threw up about five gallons of water, and for some days experienced a considerable mitigation of her sufferings; but the water gathering again, she was afflicted with a perpetual hectic and sense of suffocation.

These successive and cruel calamities did not shield her from the petulance of vanity and the shafts of malignity. Mr. Pope had once paid her a visit, in company with Henry Cromwel, esq. whose let-

ters, with some of Mr. Pope's, afterwards fell accidentally into her hands. On the death of Henry Cromwel, Curl, the bookseller, found means to get from her these letters, which he immediately committed to the press. The enraged wit avenged himself of this injury, magnified by self-love into an enormous crime, by placing Corinna in ludicrous circumstances in the Dunciad.

After her liberation from confinement, Mrs. Thomas resided in a small and humble lodging in Fleet-street, where she died, February, 1730, in the fifty-sixth year of her age. She was interred in the church of St. Bride's.

Her productions, though not entitled to rank in a high class of poetical compositions, possess softness and delicacy. They were published after her death by Mr. Curl, with two volumes of letters which passed between her and Mr. Gwynnet.

Biographium Fœmineum, &c.

THYMELE.

A MUSICAL composer, and a poetess, mentioned by Martial, and reputed to have been the first who introduced into the scene a kind of dance, called by the Greeks, from this circumstance, Themelinos. From Thymele also, an altar, used in the ancient theatres, is supposed to have taken its name.

CATHERINE TISHEM.

THIS lady, who about the middle of the sixteenth century married Gualtherus Gruter, a burgomaster of Antwerp, to whom she bore a son, James Gruter, celebrated for his erudition and his voluminous productions, is said to have been an Englishwoman. Being persecuted, on the account of her religion, by the duchess of Parma, governess of the Netherlands, she took refuge in England, with her son, in 1565. It is observed to her honour, by Balthasor Venator, that she was her son's chief instructor; and it is certain that she bore the character of one of the most learned women of the age. She was acquainted both with the ancient and modern languages, and read Galen in Greek, which few physicians were then able to do. She also superintended the studies of her son during his residence at Cambridge, whence he went to Leyden in 1579.

Biographium Fœmineum.

ELIZABETH TOLLET.

ELIZABETH, daughter of George Tollet, esq. commissioner of the navy in the reigns of William and of Anne, was born in 1694. Her talents were assiduously cultivated by her father, under whose

superintendance she received every advantage of education. She spoke fluently and correctly the Latin, Italian, and French languages; she was conversant in history, cultivated poetry, and studied the mathematics. She had great taste and skill in music, and excelled in drawing and designing. She was exemplary in her conduct and in the relative duties of life. The former periods of her life were passed in the Tower, where her father had a house; the latter at Stratford and Westham. She died February 1st, 1754, and was buried at Westham. In 1755 a volume of her poems was printed, among which appeared a musical drama, entitled "Susanna, or Innocence Preserved." She was favoured with the friendship of sir Isaac Newton, who was much pleased with some of her first essays. Several of her poems are on philosophical subjects, and display profound thinking. Her Latin poems are said to be written with classical taste. She would not suffer her productions to appear till after her decease. Her estate, which was considerable, she left to her youngest nephew. Her eldest nephew, George Tollet, of Betley in Staffordshire (previously of Lincoln's Inn), was known as the author of Notes on Shakspeare. He died October 21, 1779.

TYMICHA,

A Lacedæmonian lady, who became the wife of Myllias, a native of Crotone. She is placed by Jamblicus, in his Life of Pythagoras, first in the list of female Pythagoreans. When summoned, with her husband, before the tyrant Dionysius, he proffered to them honours and fortune, on condition that they should reveal to him the mysteries of their sect. His offers being rejected with contempt, he drew Myllias aside, and promised to him an honourable deliverance if he would only reveal to him why the Pythagoreans would rather suffer death than trample over a field of beans. The sturdy disciple of Pythagoras replied, that as his sect preferred death to treading upon beans, so would he rather tread on beans than gratify the curiosity of Dionysius. The desire of the tyrant being inflamed by this opposition, he determined, if possible, to extort the secret from Tymicha, who was far advanced in pregnancy, by the menace of torture; relying for success on her situation, and on the weakness and timidity of her sex. Tymicha (observing this confidence), with more than masculine resolution, bit off her tongue, and spit it in the face of the tyrant, who was convinced, when too late, of the fallacy of his calculations, and that courage and heroism are not sexual virtues. *Biographium Fœmineum.*

VALERIA.

DIOCLETIAN*, emperor of Rome, having associated with himself in the government Constantius and Galerius (surnamed Armentarius, from his original profession of a herdsman), gave to the latter his daughter Valeria in marriage. This princess, whose misfortunes might afford a subject for a tragedy, fulfilled and even surpassed in her conjugal state the duties of a wife. Having no children of her own, she adopted the illegitimate son of her husband, towards whom she invariably displayed a truly maternal tenderness. After the death of her husband her possessions provoked the avarice, and her beauty excited the passions, of Maximin, his successor: the wife of Maximin being still living, the tyrant, availing himself of the Roman laws, determined to divorce her.

Valeria, the daughter and the widow of emperors, answered to his suit as became the dignity of her rank and character; but, aware of her defenceless situation, she tempered her rejection with mildness. To the persons commissioned to treat with her on the subject, she replied, 'That, even could honour permit a woman of her character and rank to entertain a thought of second nuptials, decency would at least forbid her to listen to the addresses of

* March 1st, 292

his successor, while the ashes of her husband, and of his benefactor, were yet warm, and while the sorrow of her heart was yet expressed by her mourning vestments.' She also ventured to add, 'That she could place but little confidence in the professions of a man whose cruel inconstancy was capable of repudiating a faithful and affectionate wife.'

This repulse converted the love of the tyrant into fury; and, having witnesses and judges always at his command, he found it not difficult to cover his rage and vexation under a legal exterior, and to assault at once the peace and the fame of his destined victim. By a horrible abuse of justice, the estates of Valeria were confiscated, her domestics devoted to the torture, and her friends, among whom were several respectable matrons, condemned to death. The princess herself, on a false accusation of adultery, was, with her mother Prisca, sentenced to exile, ignominiously hurried from place to place, and at length confined to a sequestered village, in the deserts of Syria, where their shame and distress were exposed to the provinces of the East, which had during thirty years respected their dignity.

Diocletian, the father of Valeria, who, having abdicated the purple, had retired to a private condition in Dalmatia, his native country, made several ineffectual efforts to alleviate the misfortunes

of his daughter; and entreated Maximin, that, as a last acknowledgment for an empire resigned, he would allow her to share with him his retreat, and to close the eyes of her afflicted father. Since he could no longer command, his supplications produced no effect; the pride of the tyrant was gratified by the humiliation of the man to whom he owed the power of insulting him, whose prayers were received with coldness, and answered with scorn, and whose daughter was treated as a criminal.

The death of Maximin seemed at length to promise the princesses a more favourable destiny. The vigilance of their guard having relaxed in the public disorders, they contrived to effect their escape, and repaired, though in disguise and with precaution, to the court of Licinius, who succeeded to the empire, and whose conduct for the first few days of his reign had revived their confidence. But the bloody executions which quickly followed filled them with horror and astonishment, and convinced them that the throne was filled by a monster, not less inhuman than him by whom he had been preceded. Valeria, still accompanied by her mother, consulted her safety by a precipitate flight: concealed in plebeian habits, they wandered for fifteen months through the provinces of the empire.

At Thessalonica they were at length discovered, and the sentence of death, already pronounced, in-

flicted upon them: their bodies, having been beheaded, were thrown into the sea. The people gazed at the tragical spectacle, but were compelled by a military guard to stifle their grief and indignation. Such was the fate of the wife and daughter of the emperor Diocletian: their crimes have never been discovered, but their misfortunes are worthy of sympathy and commemoration.

Gibbon's Decline of the Roman Empire.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA VALLIERE.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA VALLIERE, mistress of Lewis XIV. deserves to be distinguished from those women, whom ambition has led to prefer to the domestic duties, and the honourable obscurity of a private life, a state of venal and splendid degradation. The tender and unfortunate La Valliere was the daughter of the principal maitre-d'hotel to the lady of Gaston. Her mother, becoming a widow, took for her second husband St. Remi, chief maitre-d'hotel to Monsieur (brother of Lewis XIV.) who introduced his daughter-in-law into the family of Henrietta *, as one of her maids of honour. La Valliere, when at

* Daughter of Charles the First of England, and wife to Monsieur.

Blois, in the court of Gaston, had been asked in marriage by a gentleman of Bragela; a circumstance which afterwards gave some umbrage to the pride and delicacy of Lewis, who wished to believe that no other man had ever excited in the heart of his fair mistress sentiments of tenderness or partiality. La Valliere is thus described by contemporary writers: "She was a most lovely woman; the lucid whiteness of her skin, the roses on her cheeks, her languishing blue eyes, and her fine silver-coloured hair, were altogether captivating." To her person and face Choisy applies the following line:

"And grace still more charming than beauty."

"That La Valliere (says Anquetil in his Memoirs) who was so engaging, so winning, so tender, and so much ashamed of her tenderness; who would have loved Lewis for his own sake had he been but a private man; and who sacrificed to her affection for him her honour and conscientious scruples, with bitter regret and remorse." The king is said to have first conceived a passion for her, from having accidentally heard her, from the back of an arbour, confessing to one of her companions, the emotions which she felt in his presence, and the impression which he had made on her heart. The certainty of finding, what he had long sought in vain, a heart attached to him for his own sake, attracted him to-

wards her. Other circumstances also combined to draw closer the union between them. Philip duke of Orleans * had espoused Henrietta of England, in whose society, from a similar turn of mind and sentiment, the king took great delight, and at whose apartments he first saw La Valliere. Monsieur became jealous of his brother's attentions to his wife, and complained to the queen-mother, who remonstrated with her son on the occasion: to avoid the lectures of the queen, and the jealousy of monsieur, it was concerted between madame and the king, that the latter should affect a passion for one of her maids of honour. Mademoiselle La Valliere was for her simplicity, her gentleness, and her artless character, selected for the purpose. Henrietta flattered herself, that should the monarch actually become attached to her, it would not be difficult whenever she should think proper, to divert his inclinations. Such is the account of madame De la Fayette.

According to others, while the king frequented the apartments of madame and the countess de Soissons, in order to obtain a glance of La Valliere, these ladies considered his attentions as addressed only to themselves: they interpreted in the same manner the feasts, the tournaments, and the balls, of

* Monsieur, the king's brother.

which La Valliere was the real object, and for which her heart, that understood that of her lover, thanked him. In the distribution of ribands, feathers, toys, diamonds, and expensive articles of dress, among the ladies of the court, they suspected not that the monarch, by this lavish generosity, sought only to present to his mistress what otherwise she would have refused to receive. This modest reserve was long maintained by La Valliere, who, a stranger to ambition, and not less timid and scrupulous than tender, avoided the monarch, while she cherished in her heart an affection for the man. At a review, the king, who watched her with a jealous eye, observed her smile on a young man, who saluted her familiarly in return. The same evening Lewis enquired, in a tone of disquietude and anger, the name of the person whom she had thus distinguished. La Valliere discovered some confusion at this address, but at length replied that it was her brother who had saluted her. The monarch, on receiving this information, heaped on him favours and honours: it was this gentleman who was father to the first duke De la Valliere.

Fouquet, the superintendant of the finance, whose profligacy was equalled only by his prodigality in his pleasures, was captivated by the charms of La Valliere, to whom he caused it to be intimated, that he had at her service twenty thousand pistoles.

This offer, which was treated with becoming disdain, was thought to have accelerated the fall of the inspector.

Proofs at length exhibited themselves of the weakness of La Valliere, who had yielded to love what interest and ambition had demanded in vain: humbled at her situation, she retired in confusion from the public eye, and injured her health by confinement, to avoid those observations which filled her with remorse and shame. Her penitence, her anguish, and her despair, embittered the triumph of her lover, who was harassed at the same time by the jealousy of the young queen, and the reproaches of his mother. The connection of Lewis with La Valliere was but yet imperfectly rumoured, when, by her own imprudence and scruples, it became revealed to the public. In a fit of repentance and despondency, mingled with jealousy, from slight and accidental circumstances, she, one day, quitted the court, and shut herself up in a convent at St. Cloud. The king, when apprised of what had passed, without listening to the reproofs of his mother, who remonstrated with him on his conduct, seized the first horse that came to hand, and, on full speed, rode after his mistress. Having ordered the convent to be opened to him, he expostulated with the lady, reproached and importuned her, prevailed over her pious resolutions, and carried her back with him in triumph to court.

'Adieu, sister,' said she to the nun who opened the gate for her, as, with a fluttering heart and swimming eyes, she passed the threshold of the cloister; 'you shall soon see me again!' During the most intoxicating moments of her passion, her pleasures were mingled with contrition, and resolutions to expiate, by the severity of the future, the frailty of the present moment.

From the time that La Valliere, shunning the public gaze, lived in retirement, the king mixed but little with the circles of the court. The ladies, piqued at his conduct, determined to detach him from his mistress, for which purpose they sought to sow discord in the royal family. They contrived, by a stratagem, to inform the young queen of the triumph of her rival, in the hope that she would complain to the king's mother, and that by their joint attacks they would oblige him to abandon La Valliere; or that, ashamed of exciting uneasiness in the family of her lover, she would herself return to the convent. A forged letter, fabricated for this purpose, with an intention that it should fall into the hands of the queen, was, through an accident, delivered to Lewis, who, astonished at the perfidy of the transaction, and unable to guess at the agents, applied for information to a man in the plot of the ladies, and who artfully contrived to fix the suspicions of the monarch on madame de Navailles, who had not long

since incurred his displeasure by the severe propriety and rectitude of her conduct.

The duchess of Navailles had been lady of honour to the queen, in which situation she had watched over the conduct of the young ladies* committed to her charge. Some steps which the king had taken, led her to suspect him of designs which she considered it her duty to prevent. She addressed him on the occasion, and remonstrated respecting the impropriety of his behaviour, in terms at once firm and respectful. Lewis shewed at first no displeasure at these lectures; he, however, became at length dissatisfied by precautions that continually frustrated and interfered with his inclinations. He expressed this dissatisfaction, but with a politeness and delicacy that gave the lady no cause to fear his resentment. His vexation after some time growing stronger, he hinted to the duchess that she was risking his displeasure, and forbade her to interfere so officiously in what respected the maids of honour. By his command, several methods were proposed to her of preserving appearances, without opposing his wishes. The duchess replied magnanimously to these representations, that, without persisting in the strict discharge of her duty, she could not fulfil her obligations; and that

* Maids of honour.

so long as his majesty should be pleased to continue her in her office, she should certainly exert the same vigilance. The king thoroughly irritated by this answer, bade her reflect on what she might suffer from his resentment, and, as she regarded her own interest, to beware of disobeying him. 'I have, sire,' returned she nobly, 'fully considered this subject; I perceive clearly the disadvantages which the loss of your favour may produce to me. It is to your majesty that both my husband and myself owe our rank and fortune; he, the lieutenancy of the light horse and the government of Havre; and I, my place in her majesty's household. You may deprive us of these. But even such a prospect shall not induce me to alter my resolution of satisfying my principles by the discharge of my duty. I entreat you, sire,' continued she, kneeling before him, 'to look out for objects to gratify your desires elsewhere than in the household of the queen.' The king replied with severity; but, the next day, came up to the duchess, in the apartment of the queen-mother, and took her kindly by the hand, in token of reconciliation. But the proper reflections of the monarch on this incident, and his good dispositions, were dissipated and perverted by the raillery of the countess of Soissons, an intriguing and unprincipled woman, who was desirous of superseding the duchess in her office. By this lady the honourable

conduct of madame de Navailles was branded as a pretence, and the patience of Lewis, who suffered her to lay a restraint on his pleasures, treated with ridicule. Assisted by the passions and the vanity of the king, and intent on humbling her rival, she prevailed by her insinuations over his better resolutions, and laid a train for the fall of the duchess.

In the mean time, madame de Navailles, fearful, in a situation of so much delicacy, of trusting wholly to her own judgment, solicited the advice of a virtuous and learned man, who confirmed her in her duty, and determined her against a criminal complaisance to the monarch. "I saw her," says madame de Motteville, from whose Memoirs this account is extracted, "under the impression of that advice. I was witness of her anxiety and distress. She shed many tears, and felt the utmost agony at the hard alternative, before she could determine on following counsel so dangerous to her worldly interest." Her resolution being at length fixed, she no longer preserved any measures, but caused all the private passages, by which Lewis might steal into the apartments of the maids of honour, to be barricaded with iron grates. The consequences which she expected from this conduct did not immediately follow; the king satisfied himself with depriving her of her office of governess, which he conferred on her more accommodating enemy. The courtiers were divided

in their opinions on this subject: by some the conduct of the duchess was blamed, as an imprudence which made public the foibles of majesty; by others it was highly applauded; but all agreed in doing justice to the rectitude of her intentions*. It was upon this lady that the cabal against La Valliere, of which the countess of Soissons was the principal instrument, prompted the vengeance of the monarch to fall. The king, with a mind poisoned by the insinuations that were artfully distilled into his ears, was persuaded with little difficulty to punish a woman, who had more than once placed herself in opposition to his inclinations. The duke and duchess of Navailles were, in despite of the entreaties of the queen-mother, who pleaded their cause with her son, deprived of all their employments, and exiled to their estates.

But the malice of which they became the victims remained not unrecompensed. The bonds which unite the unprincipled are of an unstable nature: some intrigues among the cabal terminated in a rupture; the king was informed of all that had passed, and the countess of Soissons banished for ever from

* This episode in the life of madame de la Valliere is not irrelevant to the nature of the present work. The conduct of madame de Navailles, in a dissolute court, justly entitles her to a rank among illustrious women.

court. The duke and duchess of Navailles were not, however, recalled, although the mother of Lewis solicited on her death-bed their reception to favour. The monarch contented himself with naming the duke governor of the district of Aunis, Brouage, and Rochelle, and, some years after, without having the favour demanded, created him a marshal of France. After the perfidy to which he had been a witness, it was remarked that Lewis became suspicious, reserved, and jealous of those who surrounded him. "Had kings," observes Anquetil in his Memoirs, "none about them but men of virtue, even though that virtue were obstinately rigid, and did they but know the worth of such men, they would be less frequently exposed to those perplexities which continually harass them, and which surround a throne."

The death of the queen-mother, who expired in Jan. 1666, and whose influence had in some measure restrained the levities of the court, was sincerely lamented by her son. But love healed his afflictions, and consoled him for his loss: La Valliere, in obedience to her lover, and from tenderness to her children, ventured once more to appear in public, and accepted the title of duchess, with the honours annexed to the rank. Mademoiselle de Blois, her daughter, and M. de Vemandois, her son, were brought up openly under the eye of their mother.

La Valliere is accused, and not without cause, of having treated with disrespect the queen, to whose court she belonged. Maria Teresa, following the king on a journey towards the frontiers, forbade any person to go before her, that she might herself have the pleasure of coming up first to her husband. La Valliere, imprudently contemning this order, made her carriage withdraw from the line of procession, and cross the fields, that she might first reach the monarch. The queen, incensed at this temerity, was about to have her stopped; but the ladies of her train, laying before her the probable consequences of such a step, and properly blaming the conduct of the favourite, prevailed on her to let it pass. 'For my part,' observed one lady *, 'God keep me from becoming mistress to his majesty! Were I so unfortunate, I should never have the effrontery to appear in the presence of his queen.'

Madame de Montespan, daughter to the duke de Mortemart, had obtained, by the interest of her husband with monsieur, the place of a lady of the palace. Her beauty, though faultlessly perfect, added to an extraordinary share of wit and address, did not for some time attract the notice of the amorous monarch. *The tongue of the Mortemarts* was a pro-

* The celebrated madame de Montespan, who soon succeeded to the situation of La Valliere.

verbial expression at court, the whole family being distinguished for the felicity of their language. Madame de Montespan had formed a habit of passing her evenings with the queen, when she was waiting on the king. Lewis was insensibly attracted towards her by her powers of entertainment, her talent of mimicry, her address in relating a story, the poignancy of her replies, and the satirical turn of her conversation. The queen, confiding in the professions of the lady, observed without alarm this growing intimacy, which had already become the theme of the court. La Valliere, whose discernment affection had quickened, was not ignorant of what was passing, far less could she observe it with indifference; but if she formed schemes of vengeance, they were directed only against herself. She once more retired from court, and shut herself up among the nuns of Chaillot. Lewis did not, as before, immediately follow her; he contented himself with sending to her Colbert, to whose care her children were entrusted, and Lazun, who was master of the arts of persuasion. La Valliere sent a message to the king, importing, that, after having lost the honour of his good graces, she should much earlier have quitted the court, had she been able to prevail on herself to see him no more; but that her weakness on that subject was so great, that she was scarce capable of making a sacrifice of it to God:

but she was now resolved the remains of that passion she had once felt for him should make a part of her penance; and that, as she had devoted to him her youth, it could not be thought unreasonable if the rest of her life was spent in cares for her own salvation. The king wept bitterly on receiving this message, and entreated the fair penitent to return immediately to Versailles, that he might speak to her once more. She obeyed this summons, unable to resist the importunity of the man she loved. She had an hour's conversation with the monarch, during which they both shed tears. Her rival, madame de Montespan, ran to meet her on her return, and received her with open arms. Several interviews followed between Lewis and the unhappy La Valliere, who suffered herself to be prevailed upon to resume those chains, the weight of which had already become galling, and to continue to drag on a life of pain and conflict.

The queen was still lulled in security respecting the ascendancy of madame de Montespan. 'I have a letter by the post,' says she, writing to mademoiselle, 'informing me that the king is no longer attached to La Valliere, but has transferred his attentions to madame de Montespan. I do not believe a syllable of it.' This letter was sent by her majesty to her husband: thus was the aim of the writer defeated. La Valliere, though not absolutely deserted,

retained over the mind of the monarch the influence only of habit, and regard for their mutual offspring. She felt this too sensibly; but love taught her resignation, and at length made her suffer with patience the avowed preference to her rival. A desire to please the king made her carry her complaisance yet farther, even to ornament with her own hands the woman who had robbed her of his affection. Madame de Montespan, incapable of generous sympathy, abused her triumph, and added insult to cruelty. Affecting to admire the taste and dexterity of the humbled La Valliere, she frequently declared maliciously, that she could never be pleased with her dress unless assisted by this unfortunate woman, who shewed the utmost solicitude to please her. Lewis knew that it was only as a pretence still to linger in his presence, that La Valliere paid these attentions to her rival: he saw the secret inquietude which consumed her, but he saw it with little emotion: sensuality had hardened his heart. An expression of her uneasiness once escaped La Valliere, in the presence of another lady, who, with her, witnessed the dalliance of the monarch with his new favourite. 'When any thing occurs,' said she, 'among the Carmelites to give me pain, I will then think of what these people have made me suffer.'

But the period approached when, by a last heroic effort, she broke from her fetters, and bade a final

adieu to the court. She had long deliberated respecting this measure, the execution of which had been delayed by various obstacles. The devotees advised her to set a signal example of penitence: the more moderate wished her merely to retire to a cloister, without taking the vows. Her mother, an ambitious woman, was desirous that her daugher, still retaining her rank and household, should live with her and educate her own children. The king, who esteemed not the mother, doubted whether La Valliere would be safe under her protection: and La Valliere herself timidly believed that she needed, to attach her irrevocably to virtue, some powerful obligation. It was then proposed, that if she assumed the veil, she should make choice of an order in which she might be raised to the dignities consistent with the retirement of a cloister. 'Alas!' replied she, 'having shewn myself unable to regulate my own conduct, shall I presume to direct that of others?' Propositions of marriage were offered to her; but St. Simon attributes to the king the proud delicacy, 'that she who had once been his, should never after belong to any but God.' Rendered selfish by the indulgence of his inclinations, and by his devotion to the object of a new passion, he consigned, without compunction, to a convent, in the bloom of her youth and beauty, the victim of his caprice. In this decision she cheerfully acquiesced.

On the 19th of April, 1674, she received the farewel compliments of the court ('Happy region!' exclaims madame de Sevigné, 'where the unfortunate are so soon forgotten!') and supped at madame de Montespan's. The next morning, after hearing mass in the king's chapel, she threw herself into her carriage, and proceeded, at thirty years of age, with her beauty yet unimpaired, to bury herself in a cloister. The convent of the Carmelites was made choice of for her retreat. On the 4th of June, in the following year, she took the vows in the presence of the queen and the whole court, under the name of sister Louisa, of the order of Mercy. She survived this sacrifice six-and-thirty years, devoted to the performance of the regular austerities of the conventual life, and not without the consolations which arise out of the tender enthusiasm of a susceptible heart. Madame de Montespan went sometimes to visit her. 'Are you really so happy,' said she to her one day, 'as people tell?' 'I am not happy,' replied the gentle Carmelite, 'but content.' In the calm of the passions, or in the new direction which devotion had given to them, she probably found comparative repose.

Madame de la Valliere left in the world one daughter, mademoiselle De Blois, afterwards married to the prince of Conti; and a son, Lewis of Bourbon, count de Vermandois, whom, according to some, an

acute distemper cut off at the siege of Courtrai, in 1683. Others assert, that, having struck the dauphin in a dispute, he was condemned to death, but snatched from his fate by the paternal kindness of the king, and conveyed secretly to the Bastille, where he was living in 1703, and known by the appellation of *the man with the iron mask*. But this tale abounds with improbabilities. M. Bonnet was deputed to inform his mother of his decease. 'Alas, my God!' said she, prostrating herself before the cross, 'must I weep for his death, before my tears have expiated his birth?' After the retreat of La Valliere, the king appeared wholly devoted to madame de Montespan, whom jealousy instigated to use her influence with her lover to suppress the establishment of the queen's maids of honour. 'A dangerous cavern,' 'says madame de Sevigné, 'whence issued a hydra with heads constantly multiplying.' Their place was supplied with *ladies of honour*, a substitute which did not prove particularly favourable to the morals of the court: in young hearts even vice is timid; and over those yet unestablished in life the terrors of infamy have their full force.

Madame de Sevigné, speaking of the duchess de Fontange, another transient favourite of the voluptuous Lewis, thus contrasts her with La Valliere: "She was so elated with the splendor of her situation, that we may consider her character as the very

reverse of that gentle creature, who, like the humble violet, sought only to conceal her beauties, and who, far from being vain of the honours conferred upon her, blushed at the titles of a mistress, a mother, or a duchess. Never shall we again see her match!"

Anquetil's Memoirs of the Court of Lewis XIV.—Marchioness de Sevigné's Letters, &c. &c.

VETURIA.

VETURIA, the mother of Coriolanus (who had joined the Volsci), with the Roman matrons, prevailed on her son to lay aside his resentment, and to return to the bosom of his country. The senate having requested that Veturia and her companions would ask their reward, they only solicited permission to build, at their own expence, a temple to the Fortune of Women. This edifice was, by the orders of the senate, erected on the spot where the circumstance it was designed to commemorate had taken place. On its completion, Veturia was consecrated perpetual priestess.

Roman History.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA VIGNE.

ANNE DE LA VIGNE, daughter to a physician at *Vernon*, was born 1634. Celebrated for her poetical taste and genius, she holds a distinguished place among French literary women. Her ode, entitled "*Monseigneur le Dauphin au Roi*," obtained great reputation, and was praised by the poets and wits of the age.

Soon after the publication of this piece, she received from an unknown hand a little box, containing a lyre richly enamelled, ornamented with gold; and a complimentary ode accompanied this elegant present, in which were the following lines:

"Reçois donc, belle héroïne!
Une lyre qu'Appollon,
Pour ce dessein te destine.
Souvent son illustre son
A, sous une main divine,
Charmé le sacre vallon:
Trop heureuse, qu'elle obtienne,
De résonner sous la tienne."

Anne de la Vigne also addressed a congratulatory ode to mademoiselle de Scudery, on her obtaining the prize from the French Academy. The ode, with the reply of M. de Scudery, were published. The answer of mademoiselle de la Vigne to a gallant

letter addressed to her, from *Les Champs Elisées* *, on her recovery from a dangerous sickness, was greatly admired, as were several other poems, written by this lady, of equal merit. Her father, a man of learning, and eminent in his profession, who had a son *un peu borné* †, was accustomed to say of his children—'Quand j'ai fait ma fille, je pensois faire mon fils; & quand j'ai fait mon fils, je pensois faire ma fille."

This lady died in Paris in 1684.

Dictionnaire Historique, &c.—Ann Thicknesse's Sketch, &c.

MARY, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

MARY was the thirteenth of the fifteen children of the great earl of Cork, founder of the illustrious house of Boyle. Her mother was second wife to the earl, and daughter of sir Geoffry Fenton. Mary married Charles earl of Warwick, whom she survived five years. From her liberality to the poor, the earl her husband was said to have left his estate to charitable uses. The fame of her hospitality and benevolence advanced the rent of the houses in her neighbourhood,

* The Elysian Fields. † Of confused intellects.

where she was the common arbitress of all differences. Her awards, by the judgment and sagacity which they displayed, prevented many lawsuits. The earl her husband, alluding to her economy and other admirable qualities, was accustomed to declare, that he would have chosen her, upon a mere prudential calculation, with five thousand pounds, in preference to any other woman with twenty thousand. She died April 12, 1678. Her funeral sermon was preached at Felsted in Essex, April 30th, 1678, by A. Walker, D.D. rector of Fyfield, and published in 8vo.

ELIZABETH JANE WESTON.

THIS lady, who was born about the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, is supposed by Dr. Fuller to have been a branch of the ancient family of the Westons, of Sutton in Surrey. She appears to have left England at an early age, and to have settled at Prague in Bohemia. She was skilled in the languages, particularly in the Latin, in which she wrote with elegance and correctness. She was greatly esteemed by learned foreigners. She is commended by Scaliger, and complimented by Nicholas May in a Latin epigram. She is placed by Mr. Evelyn, in his *Nu-*

mismata, among learned women; and by Mr. Philips among female poets. She is ranked by Mr. Farnaby with sir Thomas More, and the best Latin poets of the sixteenth century. She translated several of the fables of Æsop into Latin verse. She also wrote a Latin poem in praise of typography, with many poems and epistles, on different subjects, in the same language, which were collected and published. She married John Leon, a gentleman belonging to the court of the emperor; and was living in 1605, as appears from an epistle written by her, and dated Prague, in that year.

ANNE WHARTON,

Was the daughter and co-heiress of sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley in Oxfordshire, who, dying without a son, left his estate between his two daughters; Anne, and the countess of Abingdon. The memory of the latter is celebrated by Dryden, in a funeral panegyric entitled "Eleonora." Anne, who was distinguished for her poetical genius, was first wife to Thomas, afterwards marquis of Wharton, by whom she had no issue. Many of her poems are printed in the collections

of Dryden and Nichols. The mother of John Wilmot, earl of Rochester, was her aunt. "They were allied," says Mr. Waller, speaking of Rochester, "in genius as in blood." Anne died at Adderbury, October 29th, 1685, and was buried at Winchenden the 10th of the following November. From a caveat entered on the books of the Stationers'-company it appears, that she was the author of a play entitled "Love's Martyr, or Wit above Crowns."

Biographium Fœmineum.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

Anne, daughter of sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, Hants, knight, was maid of honour to the duchess of York, second wife to James II. She married Heneage, second son of Heneage earl of Winchelsea. Her most celebrated production was a poem upon the Spleen, printed in "A new Miscellany of original Poems, on several Occasions," published by Mr. Charles Gildon, 1701. This poem gave birth to another, by Mr. Nicholas Rowe, entitled "An Epistle to Flavia, on the sight of two Pindaric Odes, on the Spleen and Vanity, written by a Lady to her Friend." A collection of the countess's poems was printed

in London, together with a tragedy, never acted, entitled "Aristomenes." A number of her poems remain still unpublished. She died without issue, August 5, 1720.

Biographium Fœmineum.

ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA, the celebrated queen of Palmyra, a descendant from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled her ancestor Cleopatra in beauty, and surpassed her in every admirable and heroic quality of mind. Her stature was majestic, her complexion dark, her teeth of a pearly whiteness, her large black eyes sparkled with fire, tempered by an attractive sweetness. Her constitution was robust, her habits chaste, temperate, and hardy, while she excelled in every martial exercise. Her strong understanding, improved by study, rendered her not less able in the cabinet than formidable in the field. She was mistress of the Greek, the Syraic, and the Egyptian languages, and not unskilled in the Latin. She drew up for her own use an epitome of oriental history, and, under the tuition of the celebrated Longinus, familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato.

Odenathus, a Saracen prince, whom she espoused, had raised himself from a private station to the dominion of the East: the friend and companion of a hero, Zenobia greatly contributed to the important victories gained by her husband over the Persians, which preserved to the Romans the empire of the East. In the intervals of war, she delighted in accompanying Odenathus to the chace, and pursued with ardor the lion and the panther of the desert. Inured to fatigue, and disdaining covered carriages, she was accustomed to appear on horseback, in a military habit, in which she frequently performed on foot long and toilsome marches, at the head of the troops. In the year 264 of Rome, when Odenathus, as the reward of his services, was made emperor by Gallienus, the title of Augusta was conferred upon Zenobia.

To the prudence and fortitude of Zenobia, Odenathus was, in a great measure, indebted for his military successes: their victories over the Great King, whom they twice pursued to the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the basis of their united fame and power. The armies they commanded, and the provinces they saved, acknowledged no other sovereigns. Odenathus at length returning to the city of Emesa in Syria, after a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia,

was cut off by domestic treachery. His nephew Mæonius, having, at the chace, darted his javelin before that of his uncle, was reprimanded by him for his presumption: this reproof prevented him not from repeating his temerity. Odenathus, as a sovereign and a sportsman, incensed at this pertinacity, ordered his horse to be taken from Mæonius, a mark of ignominy among barbarians, and inflicted on him a short confinement. The offence was quickly forgotten, but the punishment was remembered: Mæonius, with a few daring associates, assassinated his uncle in the midst of an entertainment. Herod, the son of Odenathus, perished with his father.

The assassin, by his crime, obtained only the transient pleasure of vengeance: he had scarcely assumed the sovereign title, before he was sacrificed by Zenobia to the manes of her husband. With the assistance of the friends of Odenathus, his widow seized the reins of empire, and governed Palmyra and the East five years with vigour and ability. By the decease of the emperor, the authority which she held, as a personal distinction, from a grant of the Roman senate, was at an end. But Zenobia, disdaining the control of Rome, and ambitious of independence, obliged one of its generals, sent against her, to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and reputation.

Not less prudent in peace than active in war, her steady administration was guided by the wisest maxims of policy: when mercy was expedient, she knew how to sacrifice her vindictive feelings; when severity became necessary, she imposed silence on pity. Her strict economy was by many censured as avarice, but, on proper occasions, she was liberal and munificent. The neighbouring states of Armenia, Arabia, and Persia, dreaded her power and courted her alliance. To the dominions of Odenathus, which extended from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, she added the inheritance of her ancestors, the fertile and populous kingdom of Egypt.

The emperor Claudius, acknowledging her merit, was content that she should assert the dignity of the eastern empire, while he pursued with his legions the Gothic war. Her conduct, however, appeared equivocal to Rome, which suspected her design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy.

Zenobia blended with the popular manners of the Roman princes, the stately pomp of the oriental courts, and exacted from her subjects the adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She gave to her three sons a Roman education, while she frequently shewed them to the troops, adorned with the imperial purple; for herself she

reserved the diadem, with the title of Queen of the East.

An adversary thus formidable, notwithstanding her sex, awakened the jealousy of the Roman senate: Aurelian passed over to Asia in arms against her, and, by his presence, restored to its obedience the province of Bithynia, subdued by the intrigues and the power of Zenobia. He also received, at the head of his legions, the submission of Ancyra, and, after an obstinate siege, was admitted by perfidy into Tyana. The traitor, receiving the reward of his crime, was abandoned by Aurelian to the rage of the soldiers, while respect for the philosopher Apollonius, born at Tyana, induced the conqueror to treat his countrymen with lenity. At the approach of the Roman army, Antioch was deserted, till, by salutary edicts, the emperor recalled the fugitives; while to those who had engaged in the service of Zenobia from necessity rather than choice, he granted a free pardon. Having by a policy thus wise and humane conciliated the minds of the Syrians, the wishes of the people, even to the gates of Emesa, seconded the terror of his arms.

Zenobia saw not inactively the advance of the western emperor towards her capital. Two great battles, one fought near Antioch, and the other near Emesa, decided the fate of the East. In

both these engagements Zenobia, by her presence, animated her forces; the execution of her orders was committed to Zabdas, who had in the conquest of Egypt signalised his military talents. The force of the queen consisted chiefly of light archers, and heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of the enemy, unable to sustain their ponderous charge, fled in real or feigned disorder, and, having engaged the Palmyrenians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them in a desultory combat, by which the unwieldy and impenetrable cavalry were fatigued and discomfited. The archers having, in the mean while, exhausted their quivers, remained exposed without protection to the swords of the legions. Aurelian had, on this occasion, selected the veteran troops usually stationed on the Upper Danube, whose valour the Alemannic war had severely proved.

After the defeat of Emesa, Zenobia found herself unable to collect a third army; the nations subject to her empire, even to the frontier of Egypt, had joined the victor, who detached from his army the bravest of his generals to possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. The queen, finding in Palmyra her last resource, retired within the walls of her capital, where, preparing for a vigorous resistance, she intrepidly declared, the last moment

of her reign and of her life should be the same. The emperor, with incessant vigour, pressed the siege in person, and was himself wounded with a dart.

" The Roman people," says he, in an original letter, " speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman: they are ignorant of the character and power of Zenobia. It is not possible to enumerate her warlike preparations, of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the wall is provided with two or three *balistæ*, while artificial fires are thrown from the military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage; yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto favoured all my undertakings. It is, I hear, objected to me, that I acted not a manly part in triumphing over Zenobia. Those who censure would commend me, did they know the woman; what prudence in her designs, what constancy in her resolutions, with what dignity does she conduct herself towards her army, how bountiful is she upon necessary occasions, how severe where severity is requisite! It is to her that I ascribe the victories of Odenathus over the Persians. I can affirm, that she was so formidable to the eastern nations, that

the Arabians, the Saracens, and the Armenians, remained quiet, and dared not oppose her, &c."

Doubtful of the event of the siege, so spirited were the efforts of the besieged, Aurelian offered terms of advantageous capitulation; to the queen a splendid retreat, to the citizens their ancient privileges. These proposals were rejected with obstinacy and insult. The hope that famine would in a short time compel the Romans to repass the desert, supported the spirits of Zenobia; who beside expected, and not without reason, that the kings of the East, more especially the Persian monarch, would arm in defence of their common rights. But to the perseverance of the Western emperor every obstacle was forced to yield. The Persian counsels were at this time distracted by the death of Sapor; the inconsiderable succours with which they attempted to relieve Palmyra, were intercepted without difficulty by the arms or the liberality of Aurelian. A regular succession of convoys also, from every part of Syria, arrived safely in the camp, while the Roman forces were strengthened by the return of Probus, with the troops from the conquest of Egypt.

Thus beset, and deprived of every succour, it was now that Zenobia resolved to fly. Mount-

ed on the swiftest of her dromedaries, she had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, sixty miles from Palmyra, when, pursued by the light-horse of Aurelian, she was overtaken, captured, and brought back to the emperor. Her capital, compelled to surrender, was treated by the conqueror with lenity. The arms, horses, camels, treasures of gold, of silver, of silk, and precious stones, were delivered to Aurelian, who, leaving in Palmyra a garrison of archers, returned to Emesa with the spoils; where, at the end of a war which restored to the empire its revolted provinces, he employed himself in the distribution of rewards and punishments.

The captive queen having been brought into the presence of the conqueror, he sternly demanded of her, how she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome. 'Because,' replied she, with mingled firmness and respect, 'I disdained to consider as Roman emperors Aureolus or Gallienus:—*you*, alone, I acknowledge as my conqueror and sovereign.'

In the hour of trial, it is added with regret, the courage of the heroine deserted her: trembling at the clamours of the soldiers, who called loudly for her execution, she purchased life with the sacrifice of her fame and of her friends, to whose counsels she imputed the obstinacy of her

resistance, and on whose heads she drew down the vengeance of the emperor. Among the victims of this weakness, was the celebrated Longinus, whose learning and genius failed to move the illiterate and barbarous Aurelian. The philosopher, without uttering a complaint, calmly resigned himself to his fate, pitying his unhappy mistress, and comforting his afflicted friends.

On his return from the conquest of the East, the emperor, who had already crossed the streights which separate Europe from Asia, was incensed by the intelligence that the Palmyrenians, having massacred the garrison, had already raised the standard of revolt. Once more he turned his face towards Syria, and the city of Palmyra suffered the consequences of his rage. The innocent and the guilty, old men and women, children and peasants, citizens and nobles, were involved in one undistinguishing carnage. His savage fury at length appeased, after directing his principal attention towards the re-establishment of a temple of the sun, he granted to the wretched remnant of the people permission to rebuild and inhabit the city. To restore is less easy than to destroy. The city of Zenobia, the seat of arts and commerce, sunk into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and, at length, a miserable village.

Aurelian, on his return to Rome, received the honours of a triumph, which was celebrated with superior magnificence. Four-and-twenty elephants began the cavalcade, followed by four royal tigers, and two hundred curious animals, from every climate; sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted to the barbarous amusement of the amphitheatre, succeeded: after these were displayed the wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of conquered nations, with the superb plate and wardrobe of the Syrian queen, disposed with artful negligence. Embassadors of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, Bactriana, India, and China, clothed in rich and singular habits, exhibited the power and fame of the Roman emperor; who also exposed to the public the presents he had received, with a number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. A long train of captives, in barbarous pomp, reluctantly followed;—Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians, each nation distinguished by appropriate inscriptions. Ten martial heroines, taken in arms, of the Gothic nation, on whom the title of Amazons was bestowed, succeeded. But, disregarding inferior captives, every eye was fixed on the lovely Zenobia, who, confined by golden fetters, a gold chain (supported by a slave) encircling her neck, and almost fainting under

the weight of her jewels, preceded on foot the magnificent chariot in which she hoped to have entered Rome. The chariots of Odenathus, and that of the Persian monarch, still more splendid, followed. Next came Aurelian, drawn by four elephants*. The most illustrious of the senate, the army, and the people, closed the procession.

The pride of Aurelian having thus ignobly indulged itself in insulting his vanquished enemies, he displayed in his future conduct a generosity more worthy of a conqueror. He presented to Zenobia an elegant villa at Tibur (or Tivoli), twenty miles from the capital, where the Syrian heroine gradually sunk into the Roman matron: her daughters contracted noble alliances, and her race was not extinct in the fifth century.

Previous to her defeat by Aurelian, in the year 272, she interested herself in the theological controversies of the times, and, either from policy or principle, protected Paul of Samoseta, the celebrated philosophical unitarian, whom the council of Antioch had condemned.

Gibbon's Decline of the Roman Empire—Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

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* Or, according to some, four stags.

THE END.

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